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Collier's

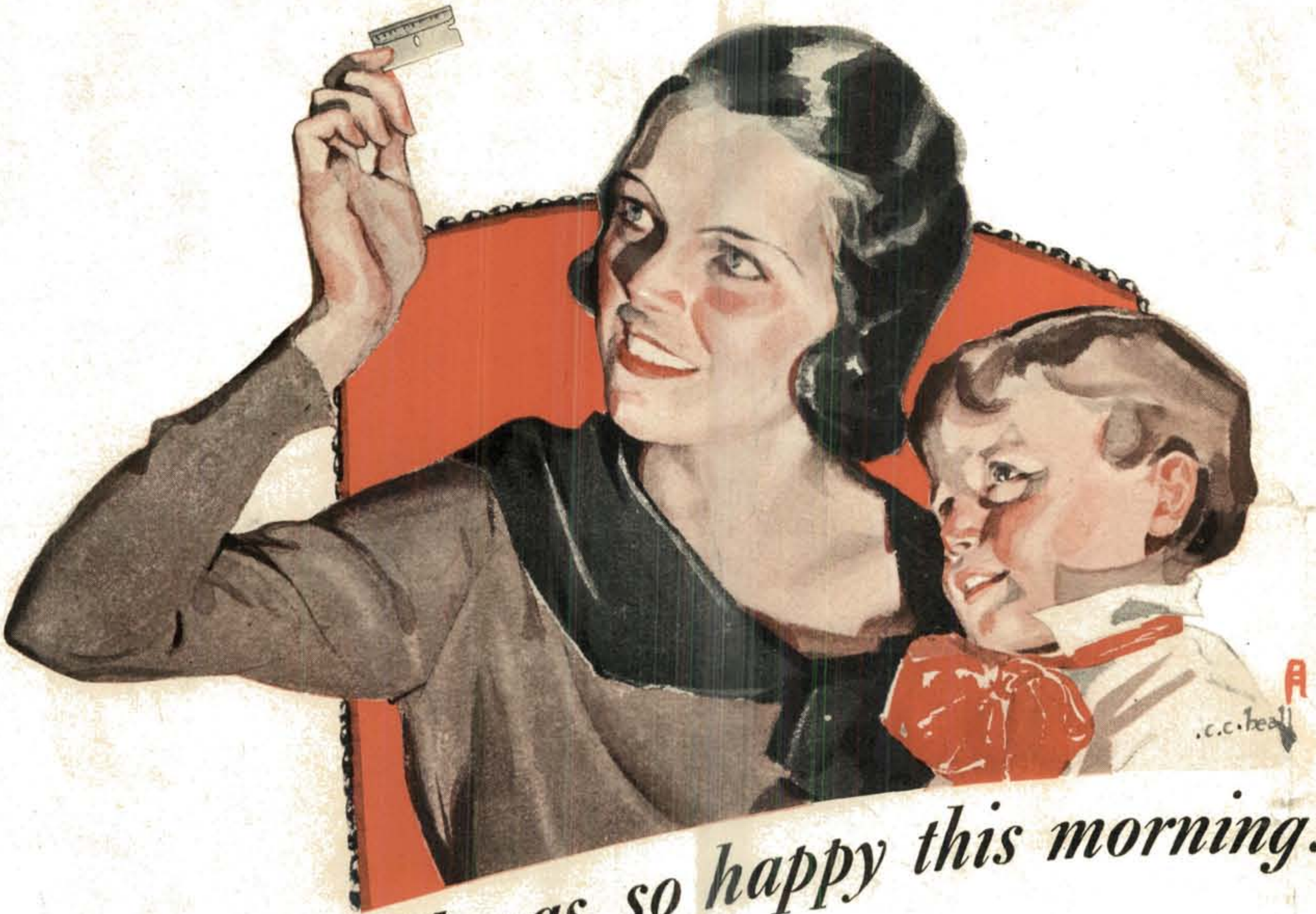
THE TIO EEKLY

Little Miss Marker

a short story

By DAMON RUNYON

March 26, 1932



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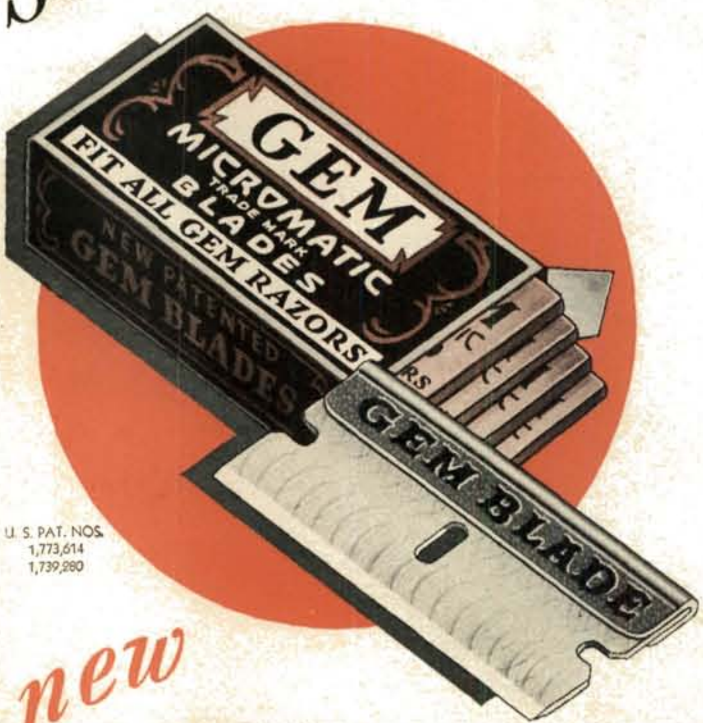
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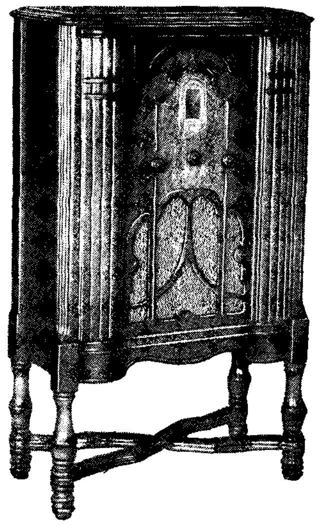

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

A YEAR ago if you had walked up to Wildeth Christie in Morgan Park, Illinois, and said, "You are going to fall in love with a cashiered naval officer who is an opium runner on a Chink freighter called the East Wind's Sweetheart," she'd have come right back with: "Oh, yeah? Now I'll tell one."

But the sad fact is that Wildeth did just that. And it only took eleven months in Shanghai to send her haywire. The whole affair looked pretty dubious for a time, especially when the Chinese bandits began to act up in a way peculiarly characteristic of Chinese bandits. Wildeth emerged from the mess with a feeling of triumph from which we glean a grain of truth *she* discovered instinctively: calling a man an outcast doesn't necessarily make him act like one. "Shanghai Madness" is the title of Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's story.

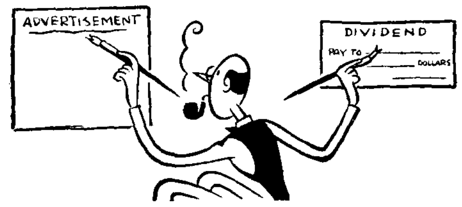
—

WHEN a young professor of English literature knocks out an All-America halfback, that, fellow students, is news. It was Percy Cabot Lawrence who performed that feat in Lucian Cary's short story not long ago and Mr. Cary's newest story, "They're All That Way," deals with the sequel thereof. "One Punch" Percy, long on culture and the science Mr. Tunney mastered so thoroughly, is still an ignoramus in love. Women, he discovered when his beloved Harriet arrived from Boston, don't like fighting. As every student of the sex knows, this view is erroneous but Percy Cabot Lawrence is still puzzled about it.

—

LEAVING for a moment the fields of romance, we discuss a matter very closely connected with your immediate welfare. The advertisements you see and hear cost money. If they work, that is, if they sell you the goods they present, everyone is ahead because of lowered selling costs, the opportunities for cutting prices or improving quality, and more certain dividends. If they don't work they constitute a dead investment for which we all have to pay.

Roger W. Babson, famous analyst of business, has written an article called "As Advertised" in which he says: "Very clearly, very closely, the dividend checks you will get in the future are written by the same hand that is now writing and placing the company's advertising." You are the ultimate judge and dictator of this advertising. Mr. Babson summons you to take an active part in determining what it is to be and so hasten our approach to that corner round which we shall find ourselves wading in the promised milk and honey.



BACK again to the glamorous, exciting things of life and listen to Gene Tunney tell about that Chicago fight and the famous long count. M. C. Blackman writes the story of a wise policeman; Arthur Somers Roche, Arthur Train, Grantland Rice and their customary associates bang away in high form.

THIS WEEK

March 26, 1932

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Bid 'em and weep.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: The Weekly Newsreel.

Page 62—Editorials

Any Week

A TELEGRAM from Mr. Jim Justus of Zanesville, Ohio: "The people of United States want Justus in Washington so I bow to popular clamor and announce candidacy."

—

HONEST honesty has been located in Washington. Mr. Homer Joseph Dodge reports that Colonel Nelson B. Gaskill, lawyer and former member of the Federal Trade Commission, found three little mildewed volumes in an old book store the other day. He paid ten cents apiece for them.

That night he scanned them. On the flyleaf of each he found the authentic autograph of Aaron Burr, one of his own forebears. The news is that Colonel Gaskill returned to the bookseller the next day and managed to induce him to accept something much nearer a collector's price.

—

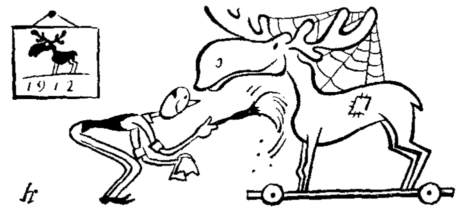
"YOUR mention of wall mottoes," writes Mr. Charles D. Hawkins from Centralia, Illinois, "reminds me that I saw a wowser last week: Come Back, Good Times —All Is Forgiven." The trouble is that Good Times are waiting for somebody to send the price of transportation.

—

FROM the gallant Captain John Livingstone of Kingston, Washington, comes a protest. He has caught one of our writers referring to the government's "spending money like a drunken sailor." The captain strides the quarter-deck in anger. He insists that sailors are no more addicted to alcoholic excesses than soldiers, lawyers, bankers, politicians and authors. He asks us to acknowledge this. So we do, glad to agree with him and hoping never to see the phrase again.

—

"WHAT," asks Mr. C. M. Garland of Chicago, "would be your reaction toward a third party, possibly the revival of the old Bull Moose party, with Representative McFadden its head?" What would yours be, Mr. Garland?



"AS I get it," says Mrs. Janet Montgomery Lukens of Paoli, Pennsylvania, "the delegates at the Geneva Peace Conference want to make war humane. The spirit seems to be that if we must kill a million men we should do it politely. What has become of the original plan to abolish war and thereby avoid the possibility of offending anybody by shooting him?"

—

SEVERAL readers, including Mr. Leverne Hamilton of Musselshell, Montana, think we did not go far enough when, editorially, we said, "President Hoover can do nothing to please Senator Johnson." The commentators assure us that had Mr. Hoover written that line he would have added to it: "or anyone else."

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Fight—
to a Finish!

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PHYSICIANS, nurses and public health workers are fighting brilliantly, doggedly and untiringly to conquer tuberculosis. They have cut the deathrate two-thirds in the past thirty years. But because the deathrate has steadily declined, many people are being lulled into a false sense of security, making the fight more difficult.

Tuberculosis is still the chief cause of death of persons between the ages of fifteen and forty-five in this country. Last year, in the United States alone, the disease cost about 86,000 lives.

Not merely the underfed and undernourished are stricken. Many who have every advantage that money and care can provide, unexpectedly develop active tuberculosis.

There is a modern defense against mankind's old enemy, once the most destructive of all diseases. By means of annual physical examinations which include X-ray and other tests for children, and fluoroscopic or X-ray examinations for older persons, the presence of tuberculosis can be detected before serious damage has been done to lungs, bones or other tissues.

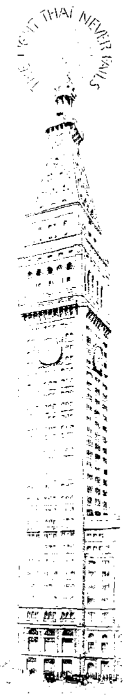
Failing such regular health examinations—for old and young—tuberculosis will continue to attack unwary and unsuspecting victims.

Tuberculosis doesn't "just happen." Those in close contact with tuberculosis may contract the disease if not properly guarded against infection. Children are especially susceptible.

Early recognition is the all-important element in preventing the spread of tuberculosis in a family. Immediately after a person is discovered to have the disease, every member of his household should have a complete examination. Clinics are usually available if a private physician cannot be afforded. By prompt measures, it is often possible to find other cases of the disease in such early stages that a rapid and complete cure may be effected.

When each family gives this most valuable co-operation and when each doctor promptly searches for and reports all active cases, tuberculosis will be well on the way to extinction.

Victory can be won in this splendid war — *but not until all take part in this fight to a finish.*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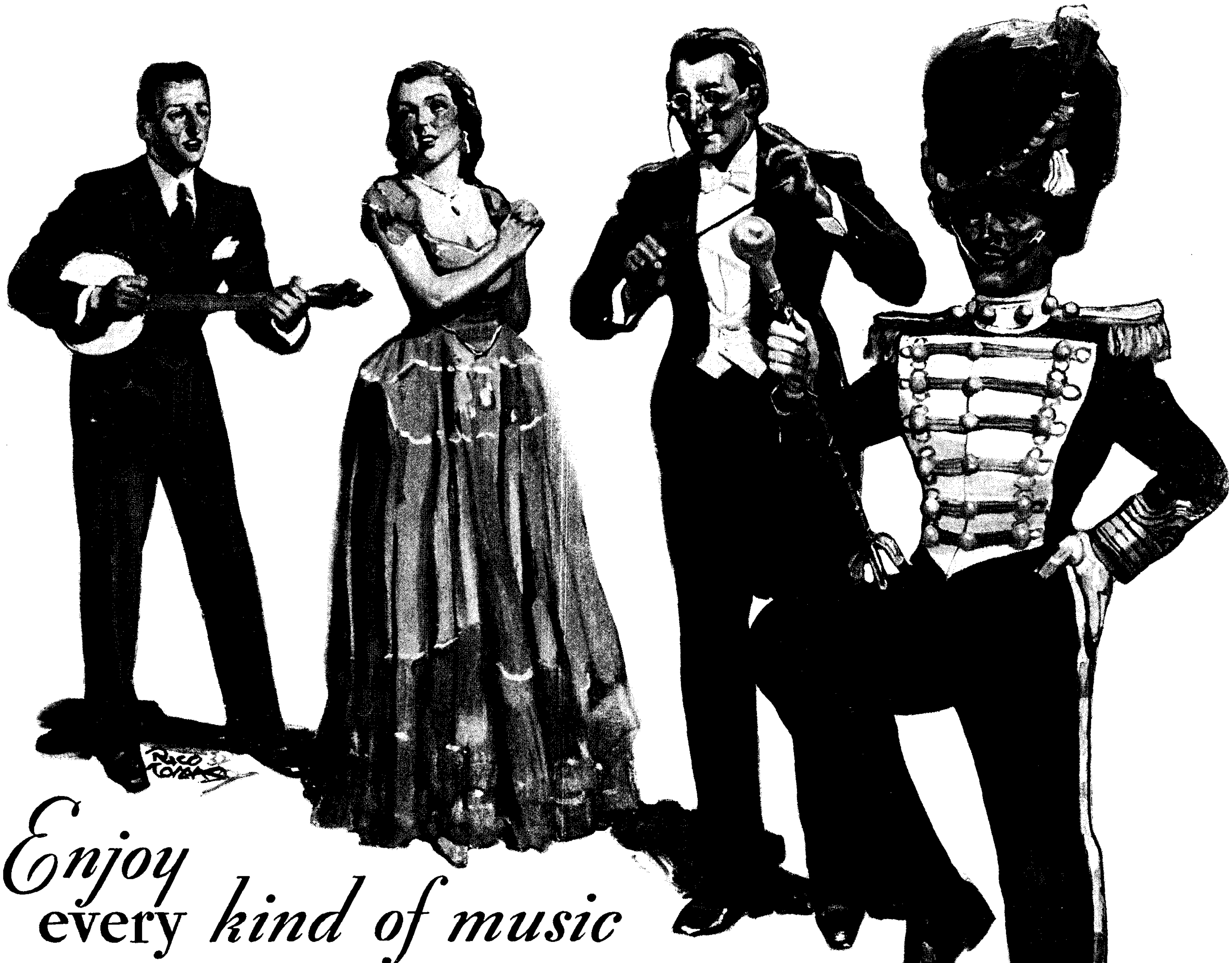

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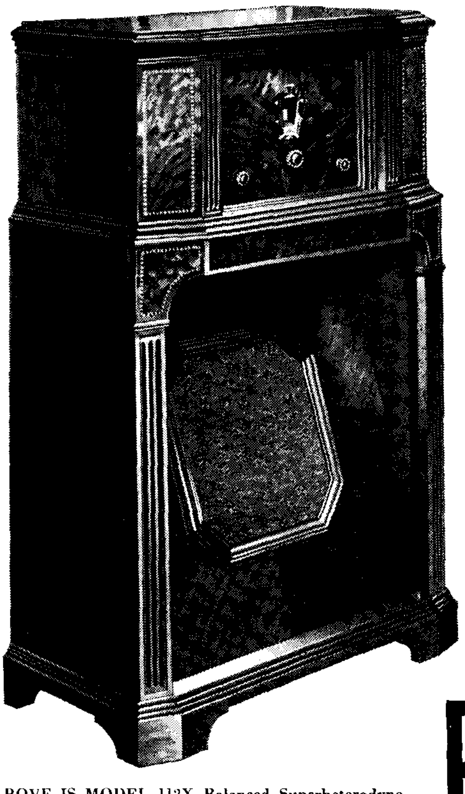

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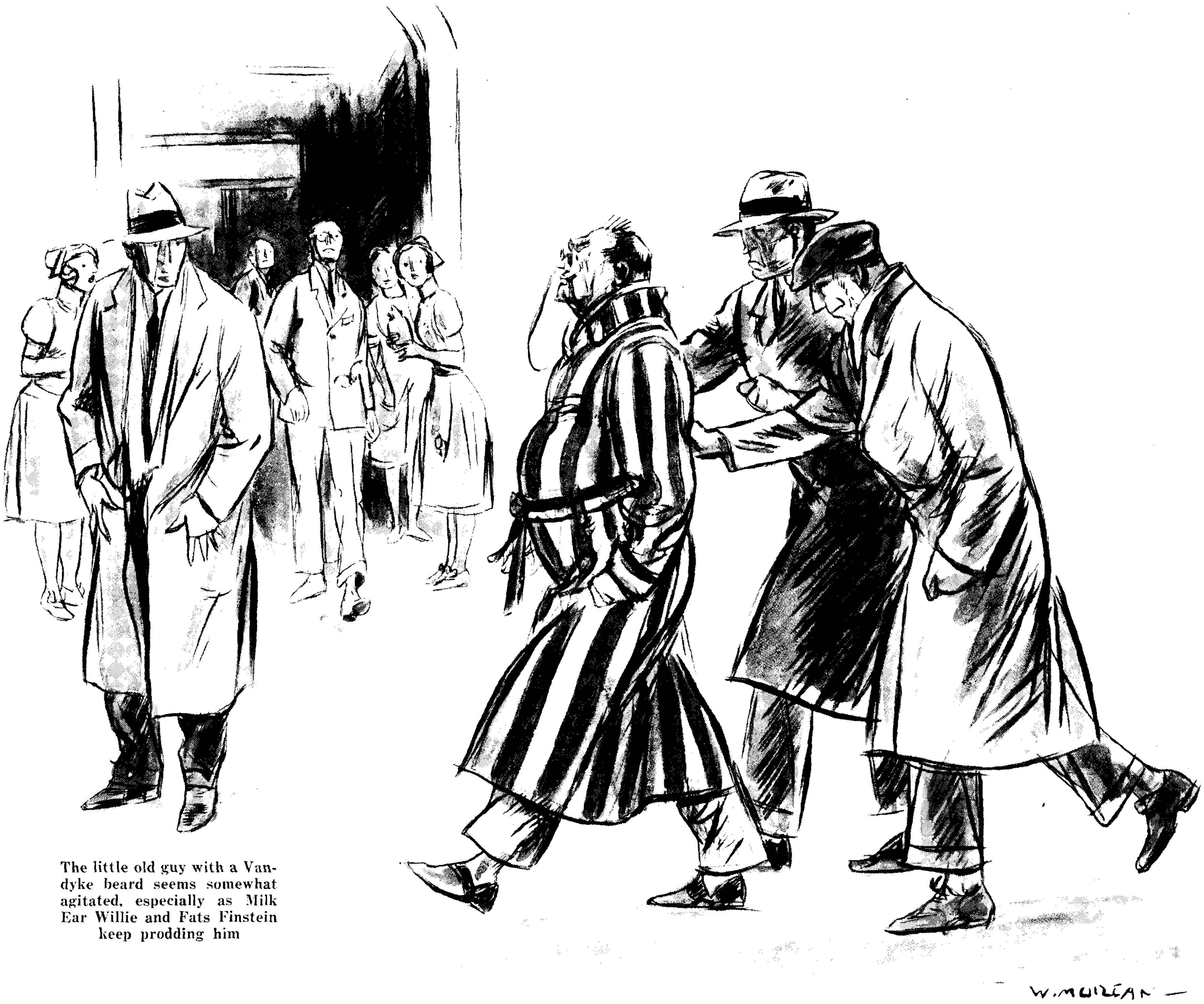


The little old guy with a Vandyke beard seems somewhat agitated, especially as Milk Ear Willie and Fats Finstein keep prodding him

Little Miss Marker

A story of Broadway, involving the softer side of a number of very hard citizens

By Damon Runyon

ONE evening along toward seven o'clock, many citizens are standing out on Broadway in front of Mindy's restaurant, speaking of one thing and another, and particularly about the tough luck they have playing the races in the afternoon, when who comes up the street with a little doll hanging onto his right thumb but a guy by the name of Sorrowful.

This guy is called Sorrowful because this is the way he always is about no matter what, and especially about the way things are with him when anybody tries to put the bite on him. In fact, if anybody who tries to put the bite on Sorrowful can listen to him for two minutes about how things are with him and not bust into tears, they must be very hard-hearted, indeed.

Regret, the horse player, is telling me that he once tries to put the bite on Sorrowful for a sawbuck, and by the time Sorrowful gets through explaining how things are with him, Regret feels so sorry for him that he goes out and puts the bite on somebody else for the saw and gives it to Sorrowful, although it is well known to one and all that Sorrowful has plenty of potatoes hid away somewhere.

He is a tall, skinny guy with a long, sad, mean-looking kisser, and a mournful voice. He is maybe sixty years old, give or take a couple of years, and for as long as I can remember he is running a handbook over in Forty-ninth Street next door to a chop-suey joint. In fact, Sorrowful is one of the largest handbook makers in this town.

Any time you see him he is generally by himself, because being by himself is not apt to cost him anything, and it is therefore a most surprising scene when he comes along Broadway with a little doll.

AND there is much speculation among the citizens as to how this comes about, for no one ever hears of Sorrowful having any family, or relations of any kind, or even any friends.

The little doll is a very little doll indeed, the top of her noggin only coming up to Sorrowful's knee, although of course Sorrowful has very high knees, at that. Moreover, she is a very pretty little doll, with big blue eyes and fat pink cheeks, and a lot of yellow curls hanging down her back, and she has fat little legs and quite a large smile, although Sorrowful is lugging her along the street so fast that half the time her feet are dragging the sidewalk and she has a license to be bawling instead of smiling.

Sorrowful is looking sadder than somewhat, which makes his face practically heart-rending as he pulls up in front of Mindy's and motions us to follow him in. Anybody can see that he is worried about something very serious, and many citizens are figuring that maybe he suddenly discovers all his potatoes are counterfeit, because nobody can think of anything that will worry Sorrowful except money.

Anyway, four or five of us gather around the table where Sorrowful sits down with the little doll beside him, and he states a most surprising situation to us.

It seems that early in the afternoon a young guy who is playing the races with Sorrowful for several days pops into his place of business next door to the chop-suey joint, leading the little doll, and this guy wishes to know how much time he has before post in the first race at Empire.

Well, he only has about twenty-five minutes, and he seems very downhearted about this, because he explains to Sorrowful that he has a sure thing in this race, which he gets the night before off a guy who is a pal of a close friend of Jockey Workman's valet.

THE young guy says he is figuring to bet himself about a deuce on this sure thing, but he does not have such a sum as a deuce on him when he goes to bed, so he plans to get up bright and early in the morning and hop down to a spot on Fourteenth Street where he knows a guy who will let him have the deuce.

But it seems he oversleeps, and here it is almost post time, and it is too late for him to get to Fourteenth Street and back before the race is run off, and it is all quite a sad story indeed, although of course it does not make much impression on Sorrowful, as he is already sadder than somewhat himself just from thinking that somebody may beat him for a bet during the day, even though the races do not start anywhere as yet.

Well, the young guy tells Sorrowful he is going to try to get to Fourteenth Street and back in time to bet on the sure thing, because he says it will be nothing short of a crime if he has to miss such a wonderful opportunity.

"But," he says to Sorrowful, "to make sure I do not miss, you take my marker for a deuce, and I will leave the kid here with you as security until I get back."

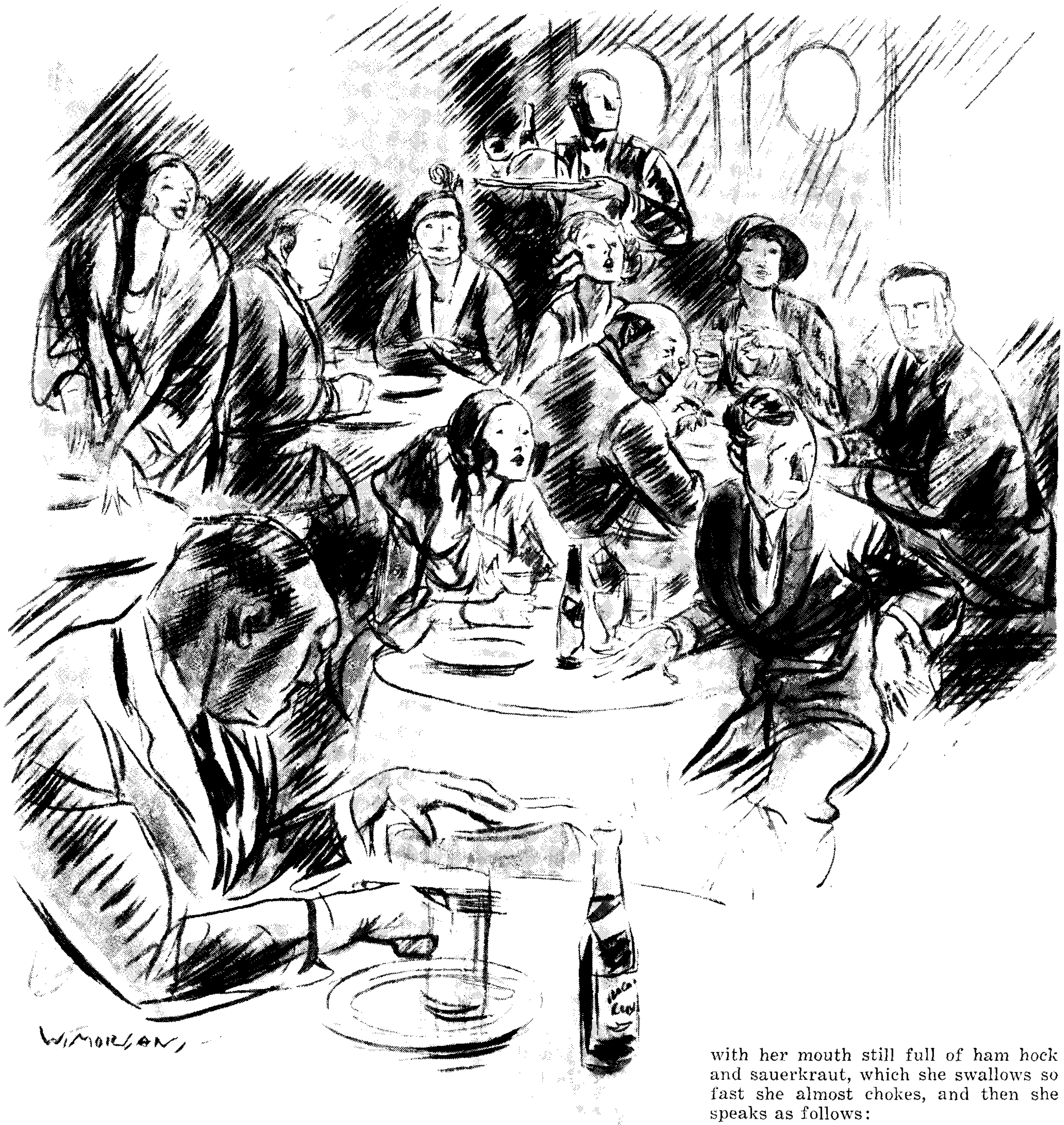
Now, ordinarily, asking Sorrowful to take a marker will be considered great foolishness, as it is well known to one and all that Sorrowful will not take a marker from Andrew Mellon. In fact, Sorrowful can almost break your heart telling you about the poorhouses that are full of bookmakers who take markers in their time.

But it happens that business is just opening up for the day, and Sorrowful is pretty busy, and besides the young guy is a steady customer for several days, and has an honest pan, and Sorrowful figures a guy is bound to take a little doll out of hock for a deuce. Furthermore, while Sorrowful does not know much about kids, he can see the little doll must be worth a deuce, at least, and maybe more.

So he nods his head, and the young guy puts the little doll on a chair and goes tearing out of the joint to get the dough, while Sorrowful marks down a deuce bet on *Cold Cuts*, which is the name of the sure thing. Then he forgets all about the proposition for a while, and all the time the little doll is sitting on the chair as quiet as a mouse, smiling at Sorrowful's customers, including the Chinks from the chop-suey joint who come in now and then to play the races.

WELL, Cold Cuts blows, and in fact is not even fifth, and along late in the afternoon Sorrowful suddenly realizes that the young guy never shows up again, and that the little doll is still sitting in the chair, although she is now playing with a butcher knife which one of the Chinks from the chop-suey joint gives her to keep her amused.

Finally it comes on Sorrowful's closing time, and the little doll is still there, so he can think of nothing else to do in this situation but to bring her around to Mindy's and get a little advice from



different citizens, as he does not care to leave her in his place of business alone, as Sorrowful will not trust anybody in there alone, not even himself.

"Now," Sorrowful says, after giving us this long spiel, "what are we to do about this proposition?"

Well, of course, up to this minute none of the rest of us know we are being cut in on any proposition, and personally I do not care for any part of it, but Big Nig, the craps shooter, speaks up as follows:

"If this little doll is sitting in your joint all afternoon," Nig says, "the best thing to do right now is to throw a feed into her, as the chances are her stomach thinks her throat is cut."

Now this seems to be a fair sort of an idea, so Sorrowful orders up a couple of portions of ham hocks and sauerkraut, which is a very tasty dish in Mindy's at all times, and the little doll tears into it very enthusiastically, using both hands, although a fat old doll who is sitting at the next table speaks up and says this is terrible fodder to be tossing into a child at such an hour and where is her mamma?

"Well," Big Nig says to the old doll, "I hear of many people getting a bust in the snoot for not minding their own business in this town, but you give off an idea, at that. Listen," Big Nig says to the little doll, "where is your mamma?"

But the little doll does not seem to know, or maybe she does not wish to make this information public, because she only shakes her head and smiles at Big Nig, as her mouth is too full of ham hocks and sauerkraut for her to talk.

"What is your name?" Big Nig asks, and she says something that Big Nig claims sounds like Marky, although personally I think she is trying to say Martha. Anyway, it is from this that she gets the name we always call her afterward, which is Marky.

"IT IS a good monicker," Big Nig says. "It is short for marker, and she is certainly a marker unless Sorrowful is telling us a large lie. Why," Big Nig says, "this is a very cute little doll, at that, and pretty smart. How old are you, Marky?"

She only shakes her head again, so Regret, the horse player, who claims he can tell how old a horse is by its teeth, reaches over and sticks his finger in her mouth to get a peek at her crockery, but she seems to think Regret's finger is a hunk of ham hock and shuts down on it so hard Regret lets out an awful squawk. But he says that before she tries to cripple him for life he sees enough of her teeth to convince him she is maybe three, rising four, and this seems reasonable, at that. Anyway, she cannot be much older.

Well, about this time a guinea with a hand organ stops out in front of Mindy's and begins grinding out a tune while his ever-loving wife is passing a tambourine around among the citizens on the sidewalk and, on hearing this music, Marky slides off of her chair with her mouth still full of ham hock and sauerkraut, which she swallows so fast she almost chokes, and then she speaks as follows:

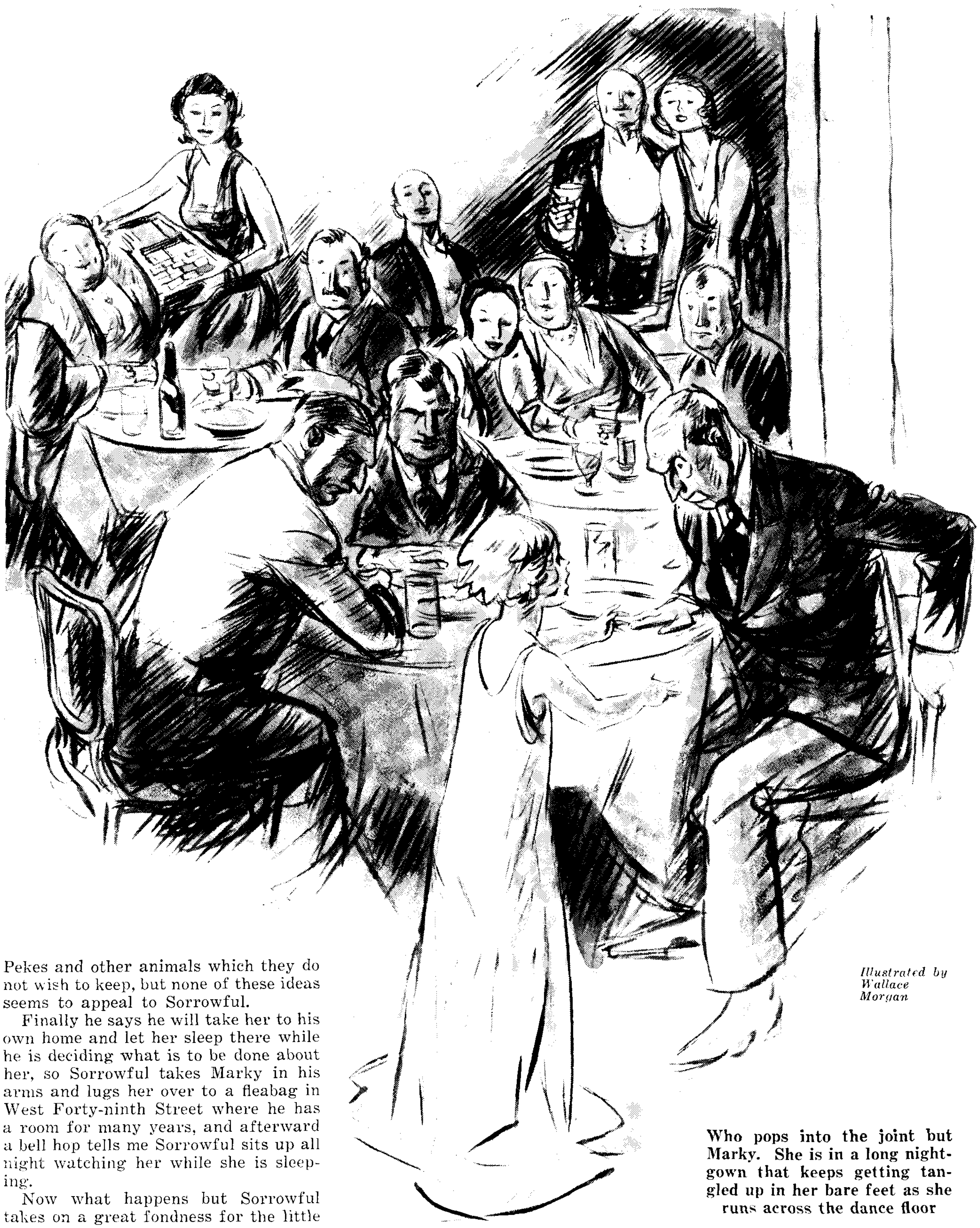
"Marky dance," she says.

Then she begins hopping and skipping around among the tables, holding her little short skirt up in her hands and showing a pair of white panties underneath. Pretty soon Mindy himself comes along and starts putting up a beef about making a dance hall of his joint, but a guy by the name of Sleepout, who is watching Marky with much interest, offers to bounce a sugar bowl off of Mindy's sconce if he does not mind his own business.

So Mindy goes away, but he keeps muttering about the white panties being a most immodest spectacle, which of course is great nonsense, as many dolls older than Marky are known to do dances in Mindy's, especially on the late watch, when they stop by for a snack on their way home from the night clubs and the speaks, and I hear some of them do not always wear white panties, either.

Personally, I like Marky's dancing very much, although of course she is no Pavlowa, and finally she trips over her own feet and falls on her snoot. But she gets up smiling and climbs back on her chair and pretty soon she is sound asleep with her head against Sorrowful.

Well, now there is much discussion about what Sorrowful ought to do with her. Some claim he ought to take her to a police station, and others say the best thing to do is to put an ad in the Lost and Found columns of the morning bladders, the same as people do when they lose or find Angora cats, and



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Who pops into the joint but Marky. She is in a long nightgown that keeps getting tangled up in her bare feet as she runs across the dance floor

Pekes and other animals which they do not wish to keep, but none of these ideas seems to appeal to Sorrowful.

Finally he says he will take her to his own home and let her sleep there while he is deciding what is to be done about her, so Sorrowful takes Marky in his arms and lugs her over to a fleabag in West Forty-ninth Street where he has a room for many years, and afterward a bell hop tells me Sorrowful sits up all night watching her while she is sleeping.

Now what happens but Sorrowful takes on a great fondness for the little doll, which is most surprising, as Sorrowful is never before fond of anybody or anything, and after he has her overnight he cannot bear the idea of giving her up.

Personally, I will just as soon have a three-year-old baby wolf around me as a little doll such as this, but Sorrowful thinks she is the greatest thing that ever happens. He has a few inquiries made around and about to see if he can find out who she belongs to, and he is tickled silly when nothing comes of these inquiries, although nobody else figures anything will come of them anyway, as it is by no means uncommon in this town for little kids to be left sitting in chairs, or on doorsteps, to be chucked into orphan asylums by whoever finds them.

Anyway, Sorrowful says he is going to keep Marky, and his attitude causes great surprise, as keeping Marky is bound to be an expense, and it does not seem reasonable that Sorrowful will go to any expense for anything. When it commences to look as if he means what he says, many citizens naturally figure there must be an angle, and soon there are a great many rumors on the subject.

Of course one of these rumors is that the chances are Marky is Sorrowful's own offspring which is tossed back on him by the wronged mamma, but this rumor is started by a guy who does not know Sorrowful, and after he gets a gander at Sorrowful, the guy apologizes, saying he realizes that no wronged mamma will be daffy enough to permit herself to be wronged by Sorrowful. Personally, I always say that if Sorrowful wishes to keep Marky it is his own business, and most of the citizens around Mindy's agree with me.

BUT the trouble is Sorrowful at once cuts everybody else in on the management of Marky, and the way he talks to the citizens around Mindy's about her, you will think we are all personally responsible for her. As most of the citizens around Mindy's are bachelors, or are wishing they are bachelors, it is most inconvenient to them to suddenly find themselves with a family.

Some of us try to explain to Sorrowful that if he is going to keep Marky it is up to him to handle all her play, but right away Sorrowful starts talking so sad about all his pals deserting him and Marky just when they need them most that it softens all hearts, although up to this time we are about as pally with Sorrowful as a burglar with a copper. Finally every night in Mindy's is meeting night for a committee to decide something or other about Marky.

The first thing we decide is that the fleabag where Sorrowful lives is no place for Marky, so Sorrowful hires a big apartment in one of the swellest joints on West Fifty-ninth Street, overlooking Central Park, and spends plenty of potatoes furnishing it, although up to this time Sorrowful never sets himself back more than about ten bobs per week for a place to live and considers it extravagance, at that. I hear it costs him five G's to fix up Marky's bedroom alone, not counting the solid gold toilet set that he buys for her.

Then he gets her an automobile and he has to hire a guy to drive it for her, and finally when we explain to Sorrowful that it does not look right for Marky to be living with nobody but him and a chauffeur, Sorrowful hires a French doll with bobbed hair and red cheeks by the name of Mam'selle Fifi as a nurse for Marky, and this seems to be quite a sensible move, as it insures Marky plenty of company.

IN FACT, up to the time that Sorrowful hires Mam'selle Fifi, many citizens are commencing to consider Marky something of a nuisance and are playing the duck for her and Sorrowful, but after Mam'selle Fifi comes along you can scarcely get in Sorrowful's joint on Fifty-ninth Street, or around his table in Mindy's when he brings Marky and Mam'selle Fifi in to eat. But one night Sorrowful goes home early and catches Sleep-out guzzling Mam'selle Fifi and Sorrowful makes Mam'selle Fifi take plenty of breeze, claiming she will set a bad example to Marky.

Then he gets an old tomato by the name of Mrs. Clancy to be Marky's nurse, and while there is no doubt Mrs. Clancy is a better nurse than Mam'selle Fifi and there is practically no danger of her setting Marky a bad example, the play at Sorrowful's joint is by no means as brisk as formerly.

You can see that from being closer than a dead heat with his potatoes, Sorrowful becomes as loose as ashes. He not only spends plenty on Marky, but he starts picking up checks in Mindy's and other spots, although up to this time picking up checks is something that is most repulsive to Sorrowful.

He gets so he will hold still for a bite, if the bite is not too savage and, what is more, a great change comes over his kisser. It is no longer so sad and mean-looking, and in fact it is almost a pleasant sight at times, especially as Sorrowful gets so he smiles now and then, and has a big hello for one and all, and everybody says Mayor Walker ought to give Marky a medal for bringing about such a wonderful change.

Now Sorrowful is so fond of Marky that he wants her with him all the time, and by and by there is much criticism of him for having her around his handbook joint among the Chinks and the horse players, and especially the horse players, and for taking her around night clubs and keeping her out at all hours, as some people do not consider this a proper bringing-up for a little doll.

We hold a meeting in Mindy's on this proposition one night, and we get Sorrowful to agree to keep Marky out of his joint, but we know Marky is so fond of night clubs, especially where there is music, that it seems a sin and a shame to deprive her of this pleasure altogether, so we finally compromise by letting Sorrowful take her out one night a week to the Hot Box in Fifty-fourth Street, which is only a few blocks from where Marky lives, and Sorrowful can get her home fairly early. In fact, after this Sorrowful seldom keeps her out any later than 2 A. M.

THE reason Marky likes night clubs where there is music is because she can do her dance there, as Marky is practically daffy on the subject of dancing, especially by herself, even though she never seems to be able to get over winding up by falling on her snoot, which many citizens consider a very artistic finish, at that.

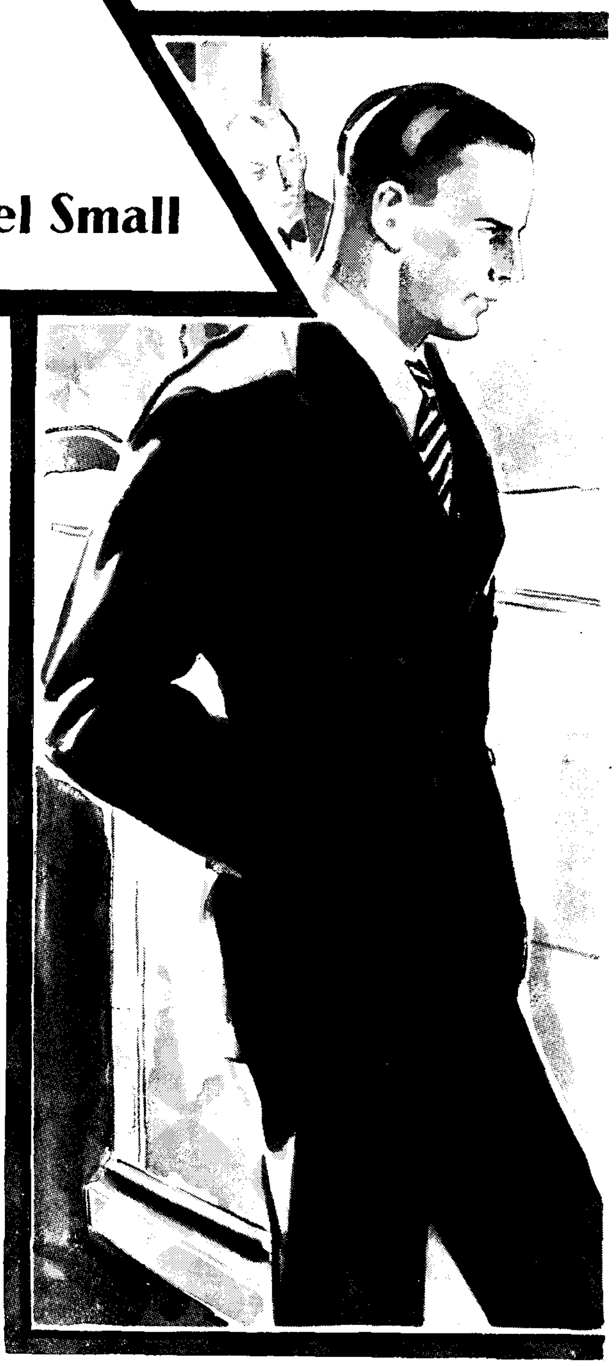
The Choo-Choo Boys' band in the Hot Box always play a special number for Marky in between the regular dances, and she gets plenty of applause, especially from the Broadway citizens who know her, although Henri, the manager of the Hot Box, once tells me he will just as soon Marky does not do her

(Continued on page 40)

Rubies Aren't Blue

There's a fascination about fine gems. This jewelry story deals to some extent with a girl whose eyes were like sunstones

By Sidney Herschel Small



"I'm awfully sorry," Jenkins

THE heavy cream-colored curtains were being drawn back to expose the jewels and bracelets and silver services and gemmed watches in McFee-Ferrier-Sloan's windows when Richard Jenkins opened the rear door to Alexander Sloan's office. Jenkins said his good morning cheerfully, although he was wondering if Uncle Alec, austere in gray for all the cornflowers in his buttonhole, would remark the brilliant stripes of Richard's blue-and-white tie.

He prepared his defense as the older man raised a thick, quizzical eyebrow, but Sloan said only, "Ah, Richard. We're in for a warmish day. Glance over this notification of releases and paroles from the penitentiary. I recognize no gem thieves on the list. However, it is an excellent habit for you to acquire."

The mimeographed sheet in his hand, Jenkins glanced dutifully down the list. Although his nephew appeared entirely at ease, Sloan must have marked the momentary shifting of weight from foot to foot.

"Well, Richard?" he asked, the casual note gone. "You might as well say it."

"There's nothing, sir. I'll be getting to work."

Alexander Sloan said dryly, "I'm very glad to hear that. I was afraid you might be having rather a time of it."

Ignoring the obvious invitation to unburden himself, the younger man grinned. "You were almost in for it yourself, yesterday, Uncle Alec. I was on the balcony, wishing something would happen so I could press the alarm buzzer leading to police headquarters just to start some excitement. I heard a terrible racket below. It looked as if one of the salesmen had caught a shoplifter—"

"You shouldn't call jewel thieves shoplifters."

"No, sir. As nearly as I could see, an old woman was fighting over a watch, as if she'd been caught helping herself—"

"Mrs. Roger Chambers," Sloan said. "I recognized her before I barged in. I'd seen her somewhere on the Continent a few years ago."

"Luckily. If you had shown up, Rich, she would probably have poked you in the middle with her cane. She's a grand old dowager; her account is a considerable one. One daren't agree with her. You must argue every point, as our man was doing. Now, you've learned that, eh? It all"—Sloan leaned back—"it all confirms the wisdom of my decision about you, Rich."

A second time Jenkins seemed about to say something; then, as if deciding definitely against it, he threw back his coat. "First time I catch a crook, sir, I want a bigger and shinier star," he announced.

Sloan smiled. "You're something new in house detectives, Rich."

A handsome chap, young Richard. Nice boy, not having a nice time, but going to say nothing of it. Sloan liked that. The people in the store had resented what appeared as old Dennis O'Shea's discharge to make way for a younger man, although none of them except Sloan's secretary knew Jenkins' relationship to the head of the establishment. Nor did they know of Richard's foreign training in the manufacture and cutting of settings and gems, immediately after his technical college work. He was just the fellow who must have done old Denny out of a job.

Combined with Rich's training, Alexander Sloan believed that acting as the house detective would enable his nephew to obtain an understanding of people which would make him extremely valuable to McFee-Ferrier-Sloan. Some day the place would be the boy's. What he was doing should develop his instincts, his knowledge of many customers, vastly better, more rapidly and more surely, than merely placing him behind a counter. And all without the salesmen feeling that he was in any way watching them as a superior, as the some-day head of the business.

Sloan was very pleased with the way his theory was carrying along. He had, true, intended explaining to everyone that O'Shea had been sent to pasture on full pay; now, he wouldn't do it. He must remind Miss Averill to say nothing about it. A bit of a problem would do Rich much good. In addition, it should show him how employees could build up resentment. A good object lesson.

It was this, Sloan guessed correctly enough, which Richard had thought of mentioning; this resentment he did not understand. Alexander Sloan was glad that his nephew intended puzzling the matter out for himself.

"That is all, Rich," he said pleasantly. "I'll see you at dinner?"

"Yes, sir." With his uncle's eye keenly on him, Richard said uneasily, "This tie. I put it on . . . you see . . . well . . ."

SLOAN thought, amused, "You put it on so you wouldn't look like a house detective," but he said, "Try to be inconspicuous. And tell Miss Averill I want her, as you go out, please." It wouldn't be possible, Sloan felt, for the youngster to achieve grayness, thank heaven.

Lattimer, head gem salesman of McFee-Ferrier-Sloan's, was standing beside Anne Averill's desk when Jenkins stepped into the smaller office; Rich heard him say, ". . . smart college kid, that's all. The first real crook who comes along will steal his shirt—"

"Why not?" Rich asked. "It's a good shirt, Mr. Lattimer."

Lattimer, immaculate, seemed to be thinking things about Rich's gayly striped tie. He said easily, "Ah. Good morning. . . . Dick."

The word wasn't being used as a friendly nickname. Jenkins realized this perfectly. Dick. Slang for detective. The other shop people used the same word, uttering it with the same cloying, nasty cadence. Richard liked the word less here in Miss Averill's little office than he did in the store.

"It'll cause a sensation, anyhow," he grinned.

Anne Averill looked up and then looked down again.

"How is that?" Lattimer asked, as if interested. "Explain, Dick. I'm willing to learn, you know."

"A shirtless man in McFee-Ferrier-Sloan's." Perfectly seriously, Rich added, "Why, Mr. Lattimer, think of the scandal!"

Anne Averill made a suspicious sound in her throat, and Lattimer demanded, "What did you say, Anne?"

"She giggled," Rich said instantly. "I heard her do it. She was thinking how embarrassed you'll be, Mr. Lattimer, without your shirt."

HE GLANCED down at the sleek, averted head of the girl, and felt immeasurably better. More, he noticed with fresh interest that she was a very pretty girl.

"I shouldn't think," Lattimer said coldly, "that you would care to laugh about such things, Dick. You know perfectly well what I meant. It takes experience to circumvent a gem thief. O'Shea had it. You don't understand But wait until the word is about that we've a theoretical detective here . . . we'll pay for it."

Rich said slowly, "I know there's a lot I don't know about all this. I'm sorry about O'Shea. But I'm going to keep my eyes open—" he smiled.

"If I were a betting man," Lattimer suggested, "I'd be willing to wager—"

"Your shirt against mine?" Rich chuckled.

Lattimer's eyes lit. "The idea being that the loser appears in the store in his . . . his . . ."

"Underwear from the trousers up," Jenkins said helpfully.

"If you don't apprehend the first person to rob us, you've lost the wager," Lattimer said happily. In his mind's eye he saw the shirtless detective—not only in the opulent shop, but before Sloan's desk, being summarily discharged. "It's—it's a wager," the gem salesman said excitedly. Wait until he told the people in the store about it! "A wager," he repeated. "And Miss Averill is a witness."

"The bet is on," admitted Rich, feeling coldness creep down his legs. Why couldn't he have kept his fool mouth shut? He continued, "But Miss Averill needn't be a witness unless she wants. I mean . . . afterward." Crisply, "Mr. Sloan wants to see you, Mr. Lattimer."

The moment the door was closed, Richard said, "Ass Number One: Richard Jenkins. Why, I wouldn't know a crook if I saw him behind bars. Now I've done it."

The girl said seriously, "Mr. Sloan won't like it."

"NEITHER will I. Oh, go ahead and laugh! I'd better be looking up what the well-undressed man is wearing this season, hadn't I?"

"A criminal," Anne said suddenly, eyes on her typewriter, "never looks like one. Not gem thieves."

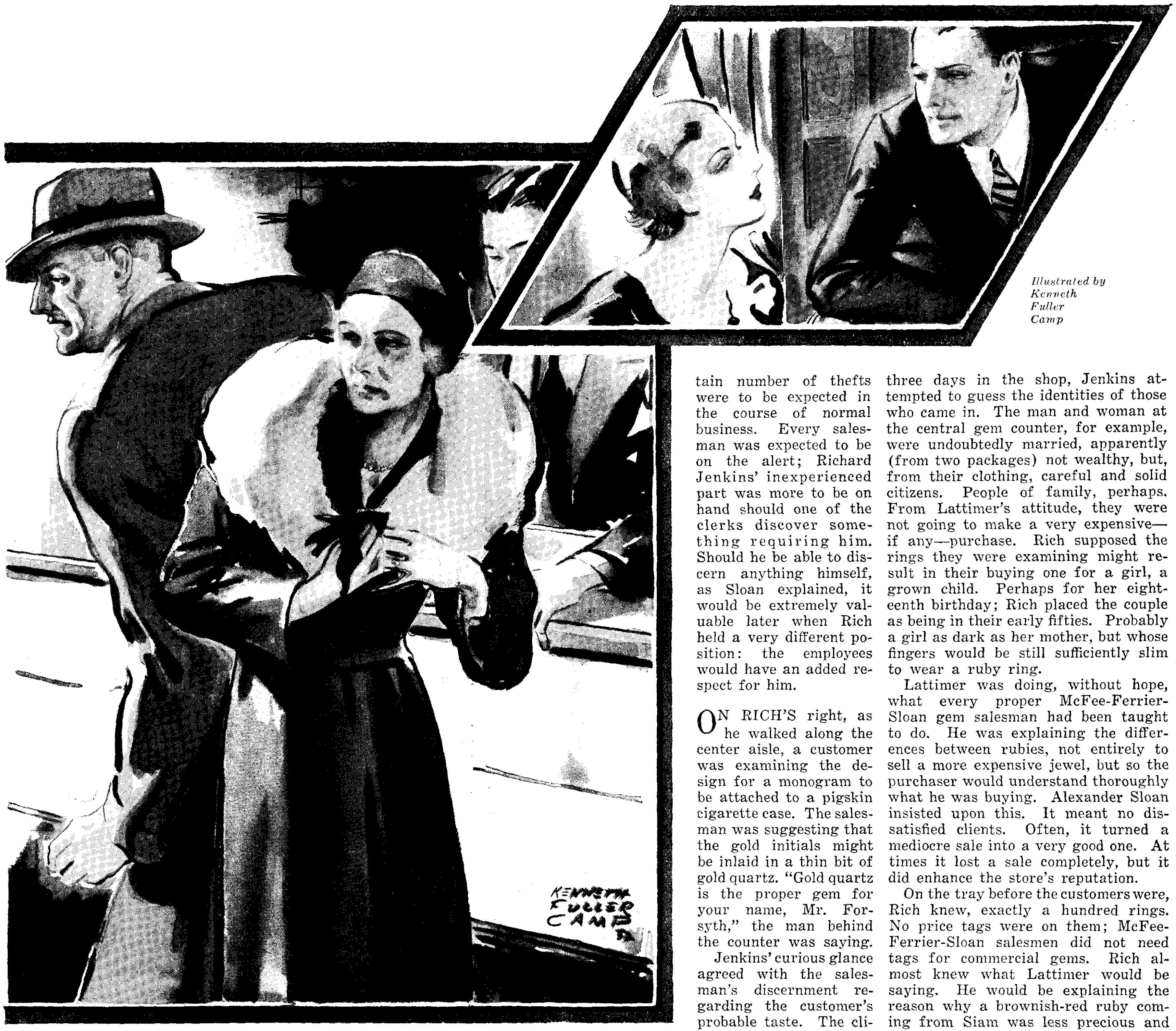
Rich said, "I—" and then stopped. "Hmm," he said softly, the corners of his mouth working. "It could all be a lot worse."

"I don't see how," Sloan's secretary said severely.

"I do. You mightn't have tried to help me. For which, thanks."

"I was just—"

"Don't spoil it," Rich pleaded. He wondered if her eyes were as shining as her hair, and as dark. "Well, here goes to prevent any increase in crime! In case Mr. Sloan asks, he really told



Illustrated by Kenneth Fuller Camp

insisted, "but I want to see the ring you just purchased, if you don't mind"

me to ask you to come to his office. I sent Lattimer instead, because . . . because . . ."

The girl was looking up now, puzzled.

"Because," Rich said firmly, "I wanted to see if your eyes were the color of sunstones. They are. Aren't you glad to know that?"

Frigidly, Anne said, "No. I'm not," and then she, too, smiled. "Whatever you do," she told him, "don't wear red flannels."

"There's sympathy," Richard said mournfully. "Not that I don't deserve what I'm going to get."

"You've got to watch every minute! Everybody! Everybody who comes into the shop!"

Rich's hand was on the doorknob as, sadly as before, he said, "Yes, Miss Averill. Thank you. Mightn't it be a good plan if you explained more about detecting to me at luncheon?"

"No," said Anne. "It wouldn't be."

"Just an idea. Of course, should I secure a good class-A crook, I'd need to tell you all about it at noon—"

"The formula for such invitations," Anne suggested, "is first to catch your crook, Mr. Jenkins."

"I knew there'd be a catch to it somewhere. I'll whistle three times when the thief's caught, and by the time the police arrive to take him to jail, you'll be all ready for lunch."

"THANK you," the girl said, too demurely.

"Don't mention it," Rich said airily. "Have a good appetite ready. I know a place where the food is marvelous, and . . . oh, lord, Lattimer's coming back . . . he's certainly going to make a monkey out of me, isn't he?"

Jenkins didn't wait for any answer; he was out of the office with one swift stride.

McFee-Ferrier-Sloan's head salesman was going to show the house detective up as a fool; Rich knew that only too well. Uncle Alec had explained that gem thieves worked out every detail of their robberies until they were perfect. Catching the criminals—at the time of the commission of the crime—was practically impossible. More, Alexander Sloan had told his nephew that a certain number of thefts were to be expected in the course of normal business. Every salesman was expected to be on the alert; Richard Jenkins' inexperienced part was more to be on hand should one of the clerks discover something requiring him. Should he be able to discern anything himself, as Sloan explained, it would be extremely valuable later when Rich held a very different position: the employees would have an added respect for him.

ON RICH'S right, as he walked along the center aisle, a customer was examining the design for a monogram to be attached to a pigskin cigarette case. The salesman was suggesting that the gold initials might be inlaid in a thin bit of gold quartz. "Gold quartz is the proper gem for your name, Mr. Forsyth," the man behind the counter was saying.

Jenkins' curious glance agreed with the salesman's discernment regarding the customer's probable taste. The client's name, Rich knew, must be Guy . . . Guy Forsyth. Quartz was the name-gem for Guy. The incident took his mind from his own predicament. He knew some of the talismanic gems, principally those worn in Holland. A nephrite had been on old Nicolaus Spaener's finger—Nicolaus, who had taught the American the intricacies of diamond-cutting. Marta, Spaener's wife, had worn her name-gem, an emerald. Adolphus, the son, albite; Christian, the brother, rock-crystal. . . .

Rich's training had been on the technical side; he knew gems, their origins, classifications, compositions, peculiarities.

In this early hour, unengaged salesmen behind the long glass counters stood together, waiting.

The morning wore along.

By eleven Rich, on the balcony, where he took his post, had seen the ordinary transaction of business below. And he had seen no crooks.

For all he could tell, a clever robbery might have already been committed. Just the same, and notwithstanding his feeling of importance, he kept on examining each entering and prospective customer.

As he had done on each of his other three days in the shop, Jenkins attempted to guess the identities of those who came in. The man and woman at the central gem counter, for example, were undoubtedly married, apparently (from two packages) not wealthy, but, from their clothing, careful and solid citizens. People of family, perhaps. From Lattimer's attitude, they were not going to make a very expensive—if any—purchase. Rich supposed the rings they were examining might result in their buying one for a girl, a grown child. Perhaps for her eighteenth birthday; Rich placed the couple as being in their early fifties. Probably a girl as dark as her mother, but whose fingers would be still sufficiently slim to wear a ruby ring.

Lattimer was doing, without hope, what every proper McFee-Ferrier-Sloan gem salesman had been taught to do. He was explaining the differences between rubies, not entirely to sell a more expensive jewel, but so the purchaser would understand thoroughly what he was buying. Alexander Sloan insisted upon this. It meant no dissatisfied clients. Often, it turned a mediocre sale into a very good one. At times it lost a sale completely, but it did enhance the store's reputation.

On the tray before the customers were, Rich knew, exactly a hundred rings. No price tags were on them; McFee-Ferrier-Sloan salesmen did not need tags for commercial gems. Rich almost knew what Lattimer would be saying. He would be explaining the reason why a brownish-red ruby coming from Siam was less precious and expensive than a light red ruby from Ceylon, and why the few clear deep red Burmese rubies cost the most and were the most valuable.

IF LATTIMER did his job thoroughly he would go further, and show the customers a spinel ruby, almost indistinguishable to the layman from the rarer stones, and which could be found in the same three color ranges—deep red, rose-red and the orange-red rubicelle. McFee-Ferrier-Sloan's name was guarantee that the purchaser would get exactly what he paid for, even if the man and woman themselves could not tell the difference. . . .

While the man and woman picked up ring after ring, holding them to the light, debating, admiring, discussing price with Lattimer, Rich, with no one else to watch, kept his eyes on the pair. He was not thinking of them now at all, but of rubies . . . in olden times, old Nicolaus had said, rubies were ground and made into medicine. Or, in Burma, thrust into the flesh to prevent sickness. Rubies were living fire.

Indeed, on the tray, which was shaded almost entirely by the bodies of the customers, here and there a ruby caught light and burned gorgeously. Even the

(Continued on page 38)

Tax Everyone But Me

This nation was once the most thoroughly taxed country in the world. It was just after the Civil War. No matter what this Congress does nobody will cry about "cradle-to-grave" taxes. War costs more, of course, but we have more business, more people—it spreads thinner. Even so, it's enough to make you squirm. But no nation ever counts the cost of war until the morning after. We're just waking up now—with a headache

By William G. Shepherd

"WHAT are you doing here in Washington?"

"Shhhh. Shhhh. I'm here on the quiet. A little bunch of us want to head Congress right about taxes on—"

Fill in the blank to suit yourself. Almost any noun from "pups" to "skyscrapers" will fit.

At the end of the year, and again at the opening of 1932, the hotel rooms and lobbies of Washington were crowded and swarming with citizens who had come to play, in paraphrased adult form, an old game of their childhood:

Congress! Congress! Don't tax me,
Tax that fellow behind the tree.

Any time you saw three heads together or clouds of tobacco smoke floating over a transom or a couple of men whispering together over a luncheon table, you could be sure they were playing the popular game of "Don't Tax Me." If Congress by the time this article appears in print has not yet passed a tax law, the game is still going on.

"I don't think Congress ought to tax the necessities of life," one very prominent business man told me. "They ought to tax luxuries." Needless to say, he sold necessities.

Another man, later discovered to be in the business of selling decorations for women's hats, was against taxes on certain forms of luxuries.

"Tax luxuries and you stop our imports," he said. "People don't have to buy luxuries. Tax 'em too high and they'll stop buying 'em and you kill the goose that lays the tax eggs. Taxes don't stop people from buying necessities. They've got to buy 'em whether there are taxes on 'em or not."

"Don't tax small incomes," one adviser will tell you.

"Don't put too high a tax on big incomes," says another.

Don't tax farm products. Don't tax this. Don't tax that. There are plenty of other things to tax. That is the cry of the "Don't Tax Me" crowd which has been flooding Washington.

Something to Worry About

Come with me up into the press gallery, above the clock, right over Speaker Garner's chair, and look down on our assembled House of Representatives.

Do you see any signs of worry down there? You do. There's little smiling. Faces are earnest. Brows are knit. What's even more important, over one hundred of these individuals are brand-new to this business of being congressmen. The last election produced a very heavy overturn in congressional personnel. Newcomers to Congress have to learn how to do things before they can get well started. They must learn the rules and how to follow them.

Upon these members of the House, including the one hundred strangers or "baby congressmen," as they're called, each one of them representing 300,000 citizens, rests the responsibility of deciding how to raise our next taxes.

When anyone sings the "Don't Tax Me" song he is addressing it to some one or other or to some group of this newly formed body known as the House of Representatives. It's a bewildering medley for any congressman—or for anyone else, for that matter—to listen to.

Who shall be taxed and who shall not, or who shall be taxed heavily and who only lightly is not a single problem; it presents ten thousand problems.

Not the least of these problems is based on the fact that in most cases the man who is taxed doesn't stand the brunt of the tax. Who does stand it will be pointed out later on in this article.

It's a good idea, in the midst of this problem of taxation, to go back into the history of taxation in the United States. It isn't as dry a subject as you think. It's full of booming guns and rifle spatter; of Old Glory waving in the breezes; of throbbing drums and screaming fifes; of "Johnny Comes Marching Home." It isn't a long history to review but it's a crowded, fast one.

Every time Johnny has come marching home from one of our wars, we Americans have settled down immediately to pay higher taxes.

We have an amazing record among the nations of the earth for paying off our war debts quickly.

"It was surprising to me," said a British statesman who visited the United States after the Civil War, "to see how the men had sprung forth with their money to pay their taxes on war." Just a little farther on we'll consider the almost unprecedented "cradle-to-the-grave" taxes of the Civil War times.

But let's get clear back to the early years of our nation. It may help some of these "Don't Tax Me" people in Washington to see that, in other times, every person and almost every conceivable thing or institution has been taxed, at some rate or other, and that the nation has survived very well in spite of that fact.

So now, clear back to 1791. The population was about 4,000,000. There was that little matter of raising money to settle the debts of the Revolution.

Gentlemen in charge of the government set about immediately to achieve this end.

They picked on booze and pleasure vehicles, meaning carriages. People who used white (but not brown) sugar were levied upon. There were no cigars or cigarettes (cigarettes yield almost half a billion dollars a year in Federal taxes today) so the statesmen taxed snuff, which was the popular form of tobacco of that time.

Drinkers, carriage riders, white-sugar eaters and snuffers paid internal revenue taxes; their peak payment was a little over one million dollars in 1801, the peak year.

By 1802 the debt was paid! And what did Congress do then? It immediately and forthwith cut out the taxes. For almost a decade citizens paid little or nothing at all in direct Federal taxes. Cities, counties and states didn't depend on the Federal government then, as now. They were for home rule; fearful of the power of the Federal government. Each community paddled its own canoe. For almost a decade Federal running expenses were paid out of customs duties; tariff, as we call it now.

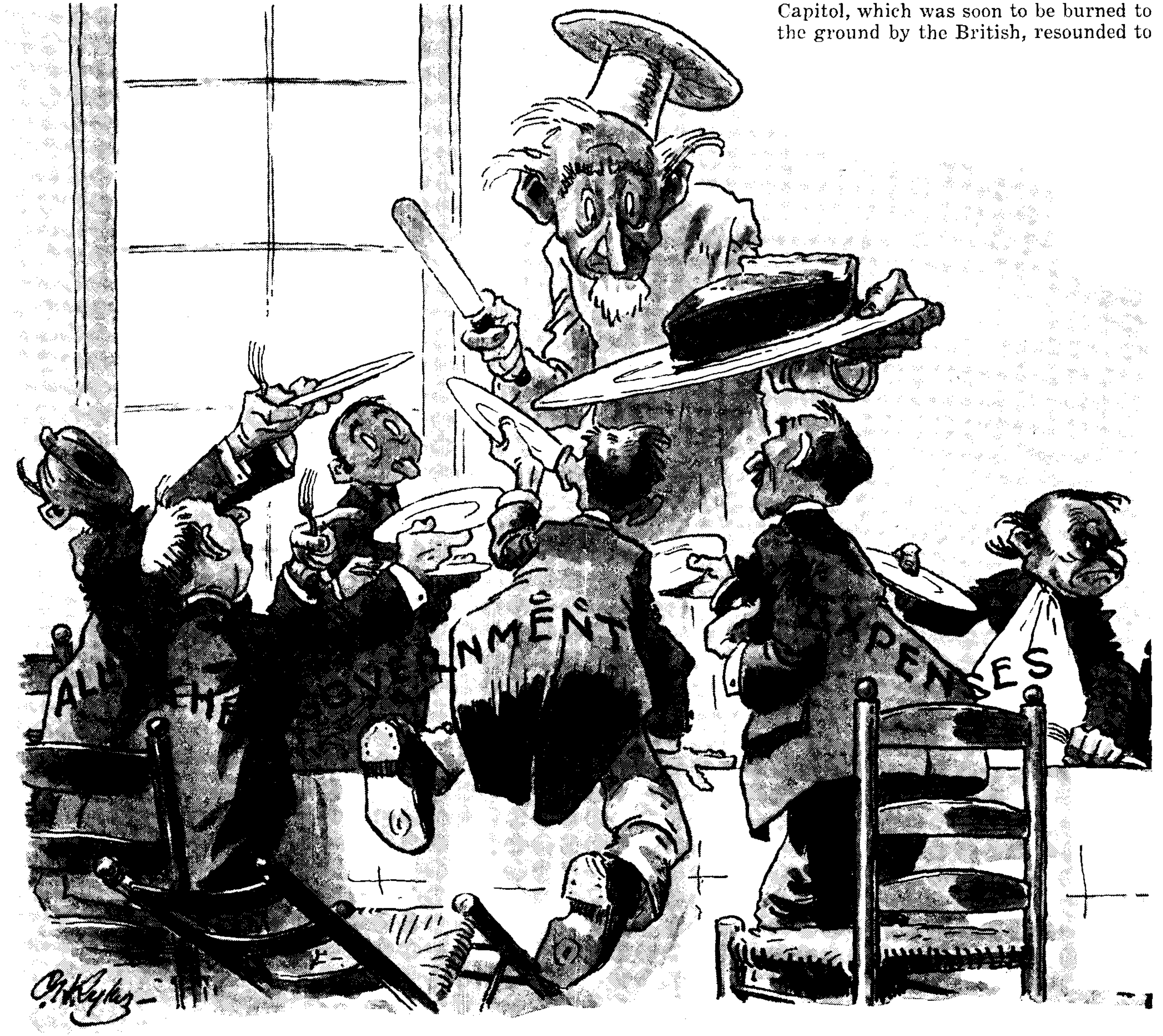
Tunes and Taxes Change

It was all simple then. But in the year 1931 the Federal government collected more than 400 times as much money in internal revenue as the United States collected in similar taxes in the ten years from 1791 to 1801.

Then, in 1812, WAR!

Back went the taxes again. The snuff users, carriage riders and white-sugar eaters again took up the burden. But they had several new allies. One of these was the auctioneer. Merchants felt that he often injured their trade.

It is possible that the lobbies of the Capitol, which was soon to be burned to the ground by the British, resounded to



Nobody seems to be able to do anything about the star boarder the tread of early Americans who were playing the "Don't Tax Me" game. Fancy furniture was taxed; so were watches. Makers of gold, silver and plated ware were taxed. And, to top it off, a tax was placed on jewelry. Incidentally, such a howl went up about this jewelry tax that the Congress dropped it.

The highest internal revenue tax collected by the Federal government in any one year in the period of the War of 1812 was about five million dollars. The year was 1816. The population was about eight and a quarter millions.

Notice this: the per capita internal revenue tax, in the peak year of revenue for the War of 1812, was about sixty-two cents. Compare this with the twenty cents per capita on a similar basis of the Revolutionary War, for the peak year of 1801.

War was beginning to go up in price.

Young Uncle Sam did not lower his taxes when the war was ended. He stuck to them. There was that war debt to be settled. Again the Americans cleared the war-debt slate as quickly as possible.

Uncle Sam made a fine Christmas present to the people in 1817. He ended their Federal taxes again and arranged to settle the remnant of this war debt out of ordinary income.

The Federal government went back to living on its customs revenue and income from land. Uncle Sam asked not a penny of his people, directly. And he thrived.

How does this sound? It's from the New York Evening Post of one hundred years ago:

"The United States Treasury report is very satisfactory. The receipts during the year 1830, it appears, exceed twenty-four millions of dollars. Those of 1831 are set down at more than twenty-eight millions."

Fine business for those days. That was about $2 a head. Federal income, for every man, woman and child in the United States, at that time. By far the largest part, however, of these millions came from customs duties paid finally, of course, by consumers.

And what did Uncle Sam do with his money? Read the rest of the report:

"A sum of sixteen million dollars has been applied on the national debt, leaving unpaid only $24,220,000."

National debt in those days was only one thing: it was war debt.

National debt, today, is practically the same thing. But more of that later.

For forty-five sweet, happy years, the Federal government went along without directly collecting taxes from its citizens. And then—

War again! The Civil War.

When Everything Was Taxed

There were about 28,000,000 of us in the United States at that time, not counting about 4,000,000 slaves.

Nine millions, in the South, against twenty-three millions in the North, was the population line-up in the Civil War, but, in the South, the nine millions included almost 4,000,000 slaves. Thus five million white citizens in the South, ranged against more than four times their number in the North, removed themselves from Uncle Sam's tax list, having arranged for one of their own.

It didn't do much good for a man to run around Washington along in early 1862 chanting the "Don't Tax Me" song.

"If there was anything that Congress did not tax in those days it was merely because Congress didn't discover it" is a sentence I found in a record of the United States Treasury the other day.

This isn't saying that the "Don't Tax Me" crowds didn't turn up in Washington. One delegation went straight to Abraham Lincoln. They were Prohibitionists; teetotalers.

"Mr. President," they said, in effect, "forty-five years ago, on December 23, 1817, the United States stopped taxing liquor. We implore you not to put a tax on it now."

"Lincoln listened intently," writes Honoré W. Morrow, in her book Tiger! Tiger! "He sighed as he replied, 'Gentlemen, I dislike the measure as much as you do. . . . We must have the money. The liquor traffic exists and persists in spite of all efforts against it. Now we will make it help us save this Union—the one decent act in its history—then we will withdraw and destroy it.'

"Horace Greeley, critic of Lincoln, one of the delegation, spoke up:

"'You mean you will make yourself a party to crime by signing that revenue bill?'

"'That's a foolish way to put the question to a man who's signed documents that sent thousands of his fellow men to death,' returned Lincoln harshly. 'Put yourself in that position, with that thought to take to bed with you o' nights, Mr. Greeley. If I sign the bill it will be with the understanding that this particular measure will be repealed as soon as the national emergency is passed.'"

Those five million people in the South not only made the twenty-three million fight but they made them scratch for Federal tax money as no Americans had ever scratched for that purpose before.

It's hard to think of a thing that was *not* taxed. We moderns may think our income tax is sort of new. It isn't. Incomes of fifty dollars a month were taxed in the Civil War days. Every storekeeper had to pay ten dollars a year for a Federal license. Horse traders and cattle traders paid ten dollars a year. So did restaurants and candy stores. So did insurance agents, real estate agents and employment agents. So did photographers. Jugglers who traveled about had to pay twenty dollars a year. Peddlers, of whom there were thousands, paid fifty dollars a year, if they used more than two horses or mules; twenty-five, if they used two; fifteen dollars with one. A food peddler paid ten dollars a year. Any peddler who sold jewelry paid fifty dollars a year extra. What's more, the professions were taxed. Lawyers, architects and civil engineers paid ten dollars a year for a Federal license. Carpenters, contractors and builders paid twenty-five for an annual license.

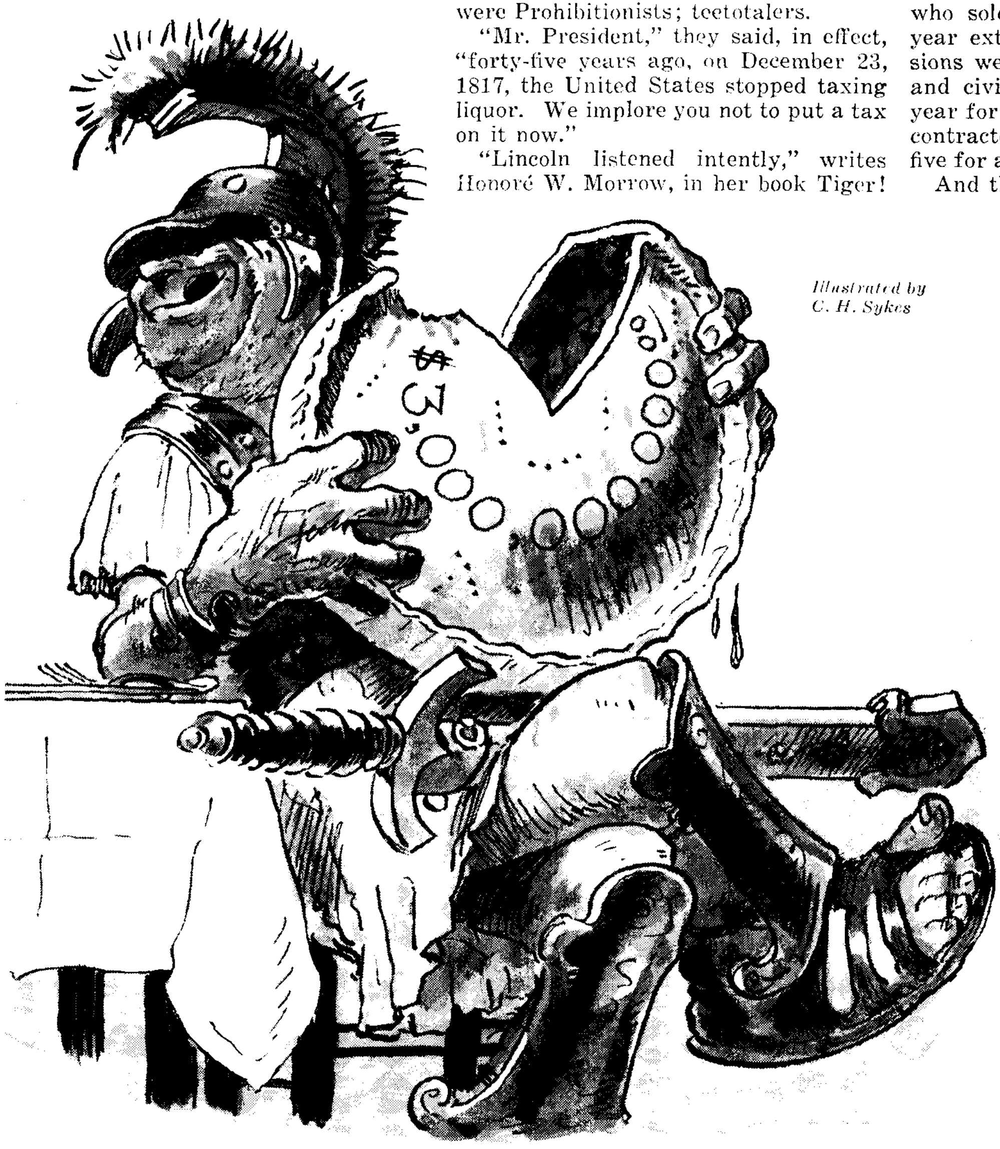
And these are only samples. Just to top it all off, so that no one would be missed, the Congress, in 1864, when war costs were mounting, passed this law:

". . . A license fee of ten dollars shall be required of every person, firm or corporation engaged in any business, trade or profession whatsoever for which no other license is herein required, whose *gross* annual receipts therefrom exceed the sum of $1,000 a year."

Most of the above taxing was the government's second lick at commerce. It had already taken a first crack by taxing manufacturers on every article they turned out of their factories, from varnish to umbrellas, from clocks to ground coffee, from soap to furs and from molasses to candles.

Even the home gas bills of citizens were taxed by the government; ten to twenty-five cents a thousand cubic feet!

Many articles that were sold had to carry government sales-tax stamps.



Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

who has been with us for a long, long time

Abraham Lincoln's Congress not only taxed everything but it taxed everything several times, over and over again.

Objects like matches, cosmetics, photographs, patent medicines, perfumes, carried several taxes. That was about the most thorough taxing a modern nation ever got.

The national debt jumped over fivefold, from $90,000,000 to over $500,000,000, the first year of the war. That looked like a lot of money then for a nation's debt, $500,000,000, though today this generation of Americans pays $600,000,000 every year as mere *interest* on its war debt of sixteen billions. But more of that later.

The national debt grew to nearly two and three-quarter billions in 1865, a thirtyfold jump from that of the last year of peace.

But the taxes produced; they produced splendidly for "Old Abe."

The Rising Cost of War

Three hundred and nine million dollars was the peak collection of internal revenue taxes, in the year 1866. But notice again:

The Civil War forced us to pay internal revenue taxes, during the peak year, 1866, of about $9 per capita.

War was growing in cost, from tax payments of twenty cents per year, per capita, in 1801 and sixty-two cents in 1816 to nine dollars half a century later.

Moving soldiers by train, building bigger guns, shooting more ammunition and, in many ways, making war a more elaborate thing than marching and trench-digging by comparatively small forces, began to pile up war costs.

But we dug in immediately after the war, as usual, to pay off the debt, though Congress began to cut down taxes in 1866. Income taxes were gradually dropped as well as all the trade, mercantile and professional taxes.

The tax load, except for more stamp taxes, was taken off almost everything except the old stand-bys, booze and tobacco.

For the next forty-five years, Treasury records show, almost ninety per cent of all internal Federal tax income came from these two commodities.

The tax on liquor that Abraham Lincoln approved has not come off, theoretically, to this day. Now and then a bootlegger is sent to jail for not paying his income tax on profits of illegally produced or distributed alcohol.

Deep in the Red Again

The Spanish-American War in 1898 moved over us with scarcely a ripple in the growth of the debt. A soldier could be killed just as dead in it as in any other war but it wasn't so very big or expensive. Our nation's debt ran along at the rate of about seventeen dollars per capita, with a total debt of about one billion dollars. We were heading for the day, however, when we would be paying $600,000,000 a year *interest* on a war debt. And also, toward this day, when our per capita national debt would be $143.

War came again! Nineteen seventeen!

Remember how, in the peak year, 1801, we paid twenty cents per capita; in the peak year, 1816, we paid sixty-two cents; in 1866 nine dollars. While war was costing more we were, on the other hand, becoming more able to shell out hard cash. We were becoming richer. Now let us look at the peak year of our tax payments for the Great War.

The peak came in 1920.

It was approximately fifty-two dollars per capita! We paid in almost five and

(Continued on page 30)

The Unguarded Queen

By Arthur Train

The Story Thus Far:

HELEN STEVENS, the great American tennis champion, is the daughter of Crown Prince Dushan of Illyria. Dushan renounced his right to the throne to marry Helen's mother. After the death of her parents Helen was brought up in America in ignorance of her royal lineage until she was twenty. Then she received an invitation to visit her grandfather, King Stephan Stephanovitch.

Events proceed swiftly on her arrival. She is proclaimed a royal princess and is called Stephanie Stephanovitch. Crown Prince Milan, a philanderer and a waster, is the present heir, and son of King Stephan's second wife. He is suspected of being hand in glove with powers in Italy trying to take the Tokar oil fields from Illyria.

King Stephan, disappointed in Milan, decides to make Helen his heir and, to make her position stronger, persuades her to become betrothed to Prince Marko, a distant cousin. Helen consents, but is upset to stumble upon evidence of an affair between Marko and Josephine Ellis, daughter of the American chargé d'affaires. She also has misgivings when she thinks of John Brent, who fell in love with her on the trip from New York to Trieste.

Brent had spent a number of years in Zeta as a diplomatic attaché and is therefore chosen by the Cosmopolitan Petroleum Company of New York to secure for them the leases of the Tokar oil fields. He is completely unaware of Helen's connection with Illyria. On the afternoon they landed in Trieste he took her to tea. A man insulted Helen and Brent knocked him down. Brent was dragged off to jail and it was not until after his release he discovered he had attacked Crown Prince Milan.

Helen left Italy before Brent was allowed to return to his hotel and he is deeply hurt because she leaves him only a little note with no explanation of her sudden departure or hint of her destination.

V

BRENT had abandoned his impulse to lodge a formal complaint against the two Fascisti who had illegally arrested and detained him after the affair at the Café Croce d'Oro, less by reason of any fear of what might happen to him through the influence of Crown Prince Milan than from his knowledge that an attempt to seek justice would involve inordinate delay even if it should not prove fruitless.

What deprived him of all zest for carrying the matter farther was the defection of the girl who had indirectly been the cause of it. The more he thought of it, the shabbier her conduct had seemed. So he had washed his hands of her, shaken the dust of Trieste from his feet and taken the train for Rome.

The directors of the O. I. G. were politeness itself; several of them were attractive young men who did their best to give him a good time, but nothing happened and at the end of ten weeks they were no farther along than at the beginning.

He had therefore cabled Washburn that, for the time being at any rate, there was nothing doing, and forthwith had been instructed to go to Zeta as originally planned, notifying Sloat of his intended arrival. This last he had done, suggesting that the agent should meet him at Tokar in order that, before proceeding to the capital, they might go over the terrain together.

AFTER sending his wire it had occurred to him that, with so much intrigue going on, it might be better to reach his conclusions independently. Reasons of which he knew nothing might make it to Sloat's interest either to bull or to bear the value of the field. It would be far better to make his inspection alone and without the latter's knowledge.

Instead, therefore, of following the route he had selected in the first instance, he cut short his stay and, by taking steamer directly across the Adriatic, arrived at Tokar two days ahead of the time appointed.

From the bridge of the Molfetta his eye ranged over a plain of twenty square miles of salt marsh and boulder-strewn river bed. The sight of an oil rig half a mile up the Dravitza was hardly needed to attract his attention to the fact, obvious to any experienced oil man, that in all probability the land between the mountains had once been invaded by the sea. This in time had receded, leaving a barren terrain half a dozen miles in width, with gradually ascending ridges on either side—an anticlinal structure favorable to an inverted dome formation, like that, for example, at Salt Creek in Wyoming. Whoever had driven that wildcat on the Albanian side had known what he was about! The question was what he had found.

TO THINK that he had looked across that same valley a thousand times during the Great War with eyes blind to its possibilities! Only, he had known nothing of oil in those days. He stood up, his heart pumping. The valley might hold one of the biggest oil pools in the world—enough to supply all central and southeastern Europe with cheap gasoline, lubricating, lighting and fuel oil for years. Think what it would mean to Italy—lowest on the list of annual world production, with sixty thousand barrels against the nine hundred million barrels of the United States! Fuel for her warships which in time of hostilities she might not be able to procure in any other way! It would be almost a necessity to her!

He borrowed the captain's binoculars and focussed on the oil rig. He could plainly see the bull wheel and the jets of steam issuing from the side of the boiler-house near by. Clearly the flow had stopped and they were having to pump it. Yet she must have come in with a rush at first—blown her head off—for they had not yet completed their pipeline to the shore and the oil was being collected in hastily thrown up earthen reservoirs.

If there was oil in the valley and the wildcat on the Albanian side of the river was petering out, it meant that the pool lay on Illyrian territory. There might be half a billion dollars in a dome formation like that! Or more! A slight difference in percentages would run into millions! He'd give a hundred dollars for a sample from one of those reservoirs! No wonder the big oil companies had rushed their scouts to Tokar. The town was probably alive with French, Italian and British "rock-hounds" and "wrinkle-chasers."

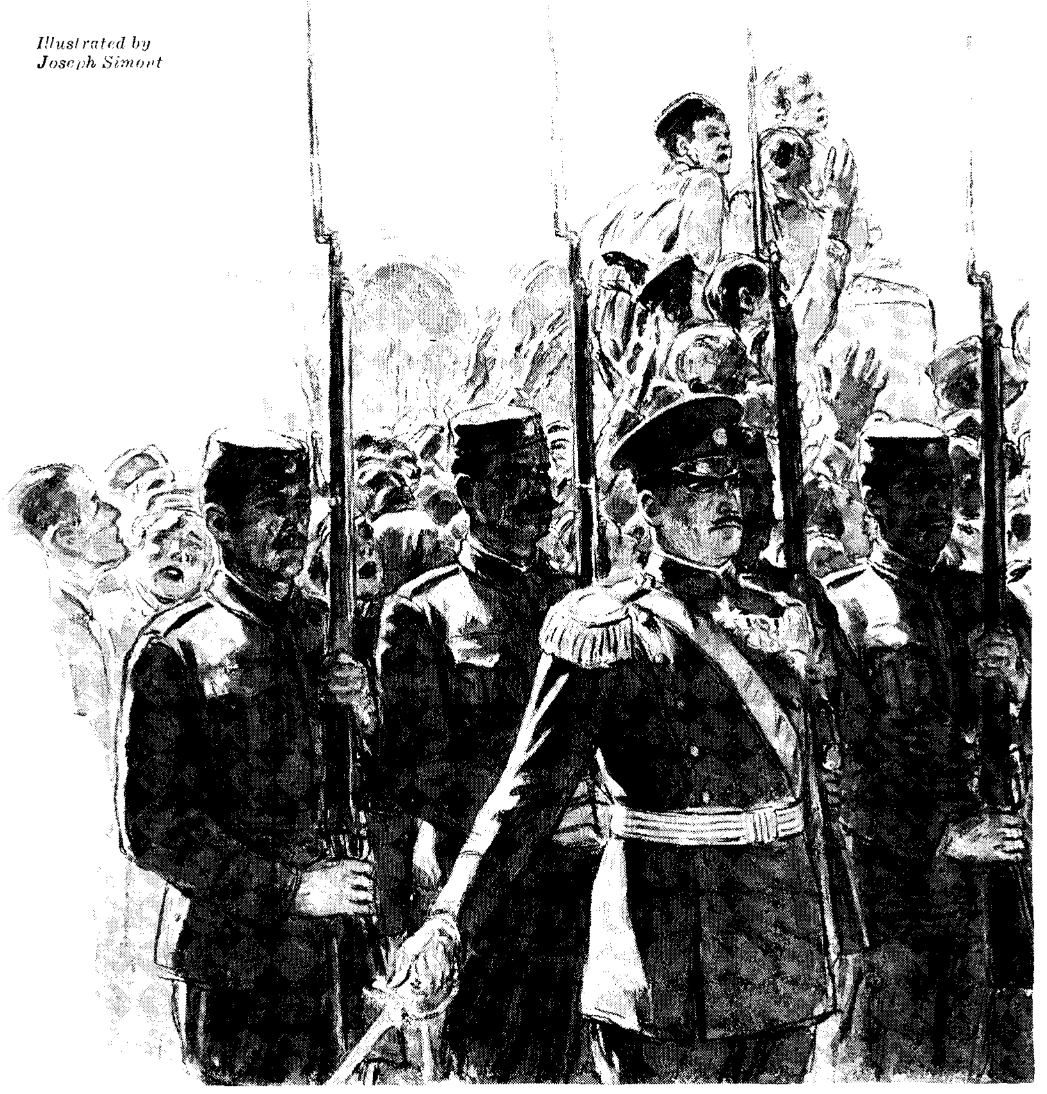
He could hardly wait for the Molfetta to dock and, as soon as the gangplank had been let down, grabbed his bags and pushed his way through the crowd to the insanitary little hotel where he had put up so often in the old days.

The proprietor, a Spanish Jew in greasy frock coat, gray trousers, white canvas sneakers and fez, fawned a garlic-scented welcome. Tokar was crowded, he said, and the hotel full, but he could give Colonel Brent a special suite overlooking the garden until Saturday, when it was reserved for a Mr. Sloat. Brent followed him up the narrow stone staircase and down a sagging hall to an enormous room with a balcony, beside which two palms raised withered topknots into the white glare. A million flies vibrated unceasingly about an oil lamp, covered with mosquito netting, which hung from the center of the ceiling. A dank, green smell pervaded the apartment.

It was only three o'clock and Brent changed into the khaki riding-suit and gaiters which he had used at Tampico, descended into the courtyard, procured a donkey from the porter and, having filled his pockets with bread, cheese and raisins, set forth on his explorations. There were two main roads out of the town—one to the south along the shore and across the bridge to Albania, the other to the north over the hills to Zeta. Brent followed neither. There was no use trying to cross the bridge, for his passport had no Albanian visa; and he was not yet ready to meet Sloat. Instead he turned eastward straight up the valley, following the Dravitza as closely as the uncertain character of the terrain would allow. Half an hour's ride brought him opposite the oil rig.

He had already devised his plan. Of course, the proprietors, who undoubtedly were in cahoots with the Italians, would not allow anyone to approach the plant or take samples of the oil in the reservoir. Any effort to procure a sample by bribery, or through the services of an undercover man, would be useless, since there would be no way of knowing whether or not the samples furnished were genuine. Besides, he had no time to make the attempt even if it had offered any hope of success.

THE river was shallow and at this point not over a quarter of a mile in width. It should be comparatively simple to wade part of the distance and swim the rest, creep along under cover of the bank until abreast of the nearest reservoir, swarm across the necessary twenty or thirty yards, reach over the edge, fill his sample bottle and make a quick get-away. He had his buglight in his pocket. There was little likelihood of being fired upon unless he invaded a building, and the Albanian frontier patrols concentrated their attention upon the fords. There would be two full hours between darkness and moonrise, affording favorable opportu-



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

Brent had become rigid. The instant she had sent that

nity; and, once back on the Illyrian side, the moon would light him home.

Carefully marking the spot at which he would cross—a solitary ilex tree that leaned out over the river until its branches almost touched the surface—he went on up the valley, looking everywhere for seepages. The farther he got from the coast the more favorable the surface indications appeared for a true anticline. Footprints everywhere in the mud and sand showed that the plain had been thoroughly scoured. It would not be dark for another five hours, and in order not to excite suspicion he turned to the left, away from the river, and skirted the edge of the hills on the Illyrian side.

Toward five o'clock he came to a melon patch at the foot of the ridge about a mile from the river, where outside a hut an aged peasant was milking a goat. It was a wretched hovel, partially surrounded by a cactus hedge to keep out wild dogs.

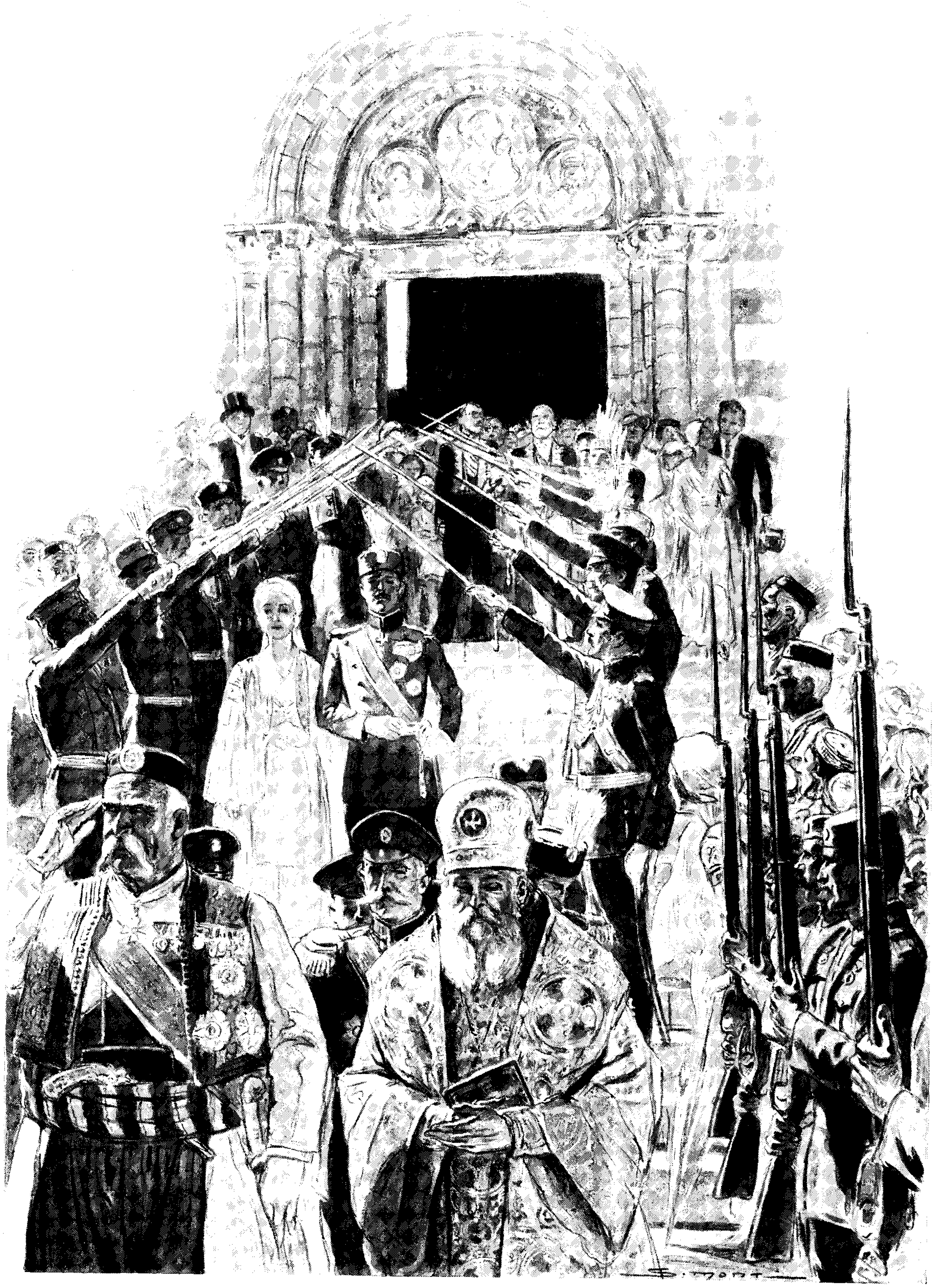
"Good evening," said Brent. "Have you any water?"

"I have no water, gospodin," answered the peasant, "but you are welcome to a cup of milk."

BRENT tethered his donkey behind the hut and sat down in the shade.

"Have you no spring?" he asked, tossing the man a cigarette.

"Yes, gospodin. There was no finer spring for miles than the one in yonder grove, but one day after I had quarreled with my wife I found a lamb lying dead beside it. There was no sign of violence upon the lamb and I sent for the priest. 'You have sinned,' he said, 'for you have quarreled with your own wife these three months. Therefore the devils have entered into the spring and poisoned the water.' Well, excellence, I made up with my wife, but it was too late. The devils remained. Moreover, they entered into her as well! And last week she ran away with a boy half her age." He spat. "Good riddance to her! But I have to take my goats a whole *milja* across the valley to water."


challenging glance over the crowd he could have sworn it was Helen Stevens

Brent strolled over to the clump of trees, where a patch of green indicated the site of the spring. As he had expected, the earth about it showed black gummy streaks and among the grass tufts glittered small iridescent pools of slime. There was an acrid smell in the air. He had found his seepage. There was oil on the Illyrian side!

It was sunset by the time he was once more abreast of the oil rig and the snow peaks of the Albanian Alps were pink in the afterglow. Another hour and he could cross. Darkness falls as swiftly in the Balkans as in the desert. Rapidly the plain between him and the Dravitza became inundated with gray dusk as if the river were overflowing its banks. There was still light enough for the donkey to pick its way—to see, but not be seen. Overhead, pinpoints in the mist, the stars came out thinly and by the time he reached the river bank the earth was black. He could hear the chug-chug of the engine on the other side and see the pale arc of the electric light in front of the office.

He tied the burro to the roots of the ilex, stripped, put his tiny sample bottle and flashlight in his shoes, hung them about his neck, and stepped into the water. The transition from the hot sand of the bank to the glacial chill of the river was a violent one, and his legs speedily became numb. Luckily the stream was shallow and he waded halfway across before having to swim. He was shaking with cold when he emerged, but the warmth of the night air and some vigorous rubbing soon restored his circulation.

TURNING inland, he came almost at once upon the embankment of one of the reservoirs. All he had to do now was to climb up and fill his bottle.

It was steep, but the mud had caked and he managed to get his toes into some cracks and work up to the flat top. The smell of oil was here overpowering. He lay down on his stomach, and dipped his arm into the viscous fluid. His hands became so slippery that he nearly lost the bottle in attempting to recork it. At that moment a wavering gleam of light shot out between the buildings fifty yards distant. Someone was coming with a lantern! His white body on the parapet would be as conspicuous as if a searchlight were playing upon him. He felt much too prominent up there under the stars. The lantern was coming nearer every instant. He must get out of there. Putting down his bottle and flashlight he swung over and, clinging to a measuring rod, lowered himself into the oil. It was warm and sickening but better than getting a bullet in his belly. What a stink!

He wondered what the fellow would think if he should climb up and find him there taking an oil bath! But he wouldn't come up. There was no earthly reason why he should come up. He was on his rounds. The light, however, stopped immediately below. Evidently the guard had seen something that struck him as suspicious. Footprints? Suppose he should come up! Brent lifted himself on his elbows and peeked over. The man was a huge Albanian in a skull cap and he carried a rifle. It had a wicked shine. He was swinging the lantern along the ground and examining it. He looked inquiringly up at the embankment. He was coming up! It would be only a matter of seconds. Like as not the fellow would grab him by the neck and force his head down under the oil until he drowned. A lousy way to die! Better run for it.

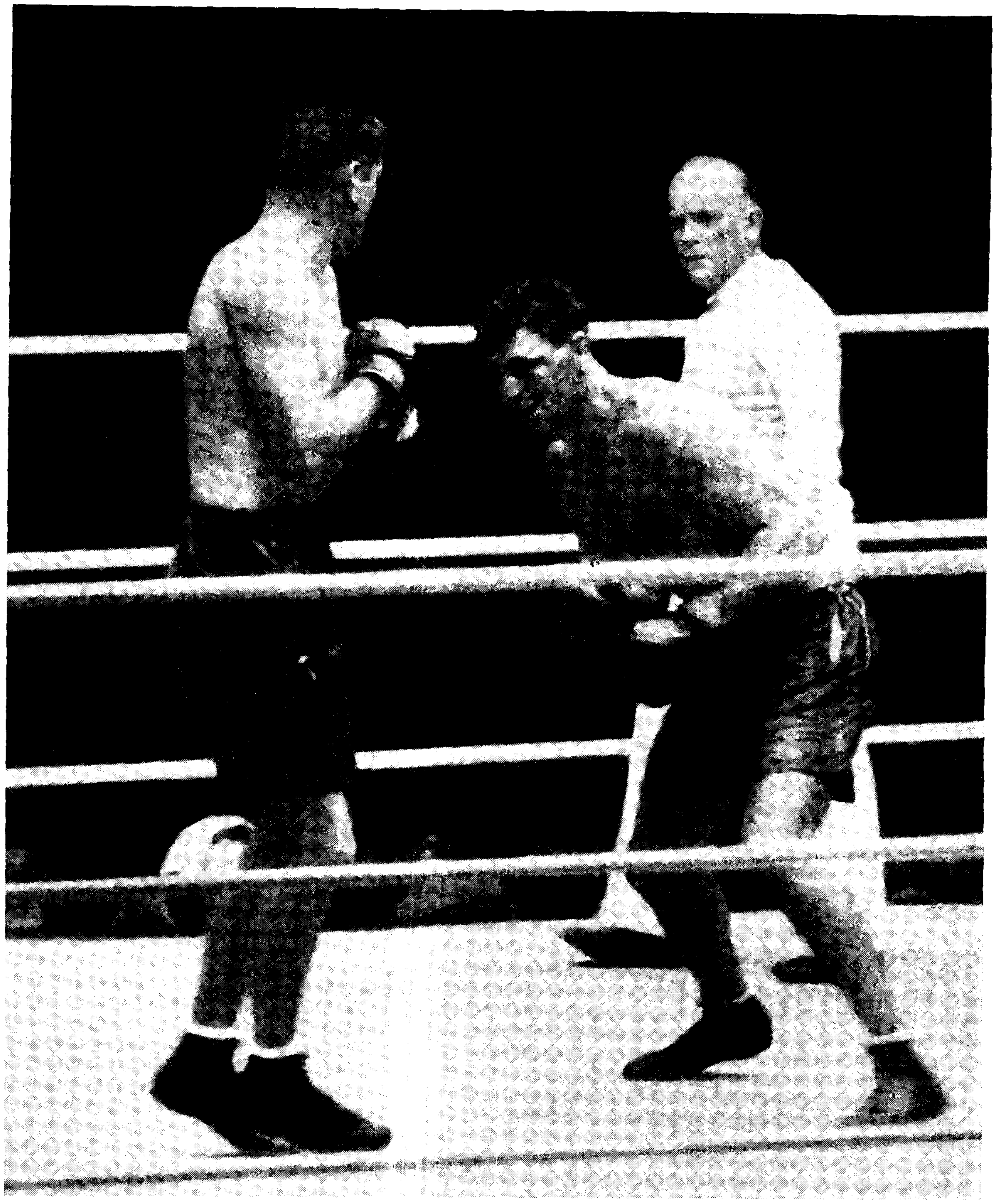
He made a mess getting out, for he kept slipping back on account of the oil, but luckily the guard was making

(Continued on page 35)

A Man Must Fight

While a vast throng waits to see him slaughtered, Gene steps into the ring at Philadelphia "as calm as an apple." In a rainstorm that makes the two fighters look like swimmers and inundates the astonished crowds, Tunney meets those berserk rushes with straight lefts and countering rights and finally, with both hands, lifts the crown of heavyweight championship off the swart brow of the killer Dempsey

By Gene Tunney



Underwood & Underwood

Tunney winning the world's heavyweight championship from Dempsey in their first fight, at Philadelphia, in September, 1926

I WAS summoned down to Philadelphia by Tex Rickard for a reception by the mayor and the Sesquicentennial Celebration Committee. As part of the ballyhoo I was introduced to the sports writers of all the Philadelphia papers after the reception. Knowing the Dempsey psychology, I never lost an opportunity to say something belittling about his fighting ability to anyone I thought would repeat it to him.

In answer to a general query of how I thought I was going to make out, I said: "If he stands up and fights I will knock him out in two or three rounds."

I knew that this would be sensational news and undoubtedly would get a full-page streamer. It did. This was the most effective way of getting my message to the champion.

After the Philadelphia ceremonies, I went to a new training camp that was prepared for me at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. On the whole the Stroudsburg experience was unpleasant. There was much disloyalty and dissension. I got the echoes. Until Jimmy Bronson came, two or three nights before the fight, I could depend on only two people—Bill McCabe and Lou Fink. McCabe joined the camp but a week before Bronson.

Billy Gibson was down at Rickard's headquarters in Philadelphia. About five nights before the fight, Gibson called me from Philadelphia to say that the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission insisted that a copy of their Boxing Commission form of contract be put on file with them. He also said that Rickard insisted on changing the terms of the contract from an option of fifteen per cent with $175,000 if the fight went to a million dollars, which in my interpretation was seventeen and one half per cent of a million, to a straight guarantee of $200,000. The fight had been sold out and according to my interpretation of the contract I *should* have received $325,000. I told Gibson that under *no* circumstances should he accept such a change in contract. He put Rickard on the phone to plead his own case. We argued for about an hour. Rickard told me of the extra cost of building seats, on which he was losing money, and other items that had not been anticipated. Bill Carey, current president of Madison Square Garden, who was in the room with Rickard, later told me that he was shocked by Tex's misrepresentation of figures. Presently, more through fatigue than satisfaction with the justice of Rickard's claims, I agreed to the change. Whether the pressure of the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission for a copy of the contract between Tex and me justified his calling me up at that hour of the night, and whether his insistence on the considerable change in the terms of the contract was warranted by the unlooked-for expenses that Tex encountered in Philadelphia, I have never found out. I do know, however, that a good portion of the night that was utilized in figures and contracts should have been given to slumber. As it turned out, the gross gate receipts were $1,895,723. Federal and state taxes took $274,880, leaving $1,620,843. My contention was that I should have received $283,648, representing 17½%, instead of the $200,000 that was given me.

None of the camp annoyances, none of the reports from Dempsey's camp or the predictions of my quick defeat were able to break down the confidence I had in myself. I had slowly and determinedly drawn my plan of battle. I was going to allow nothing to change my mind about the soundness of it. I believed I knew Gene Tunney's capabilities better than anyone else.

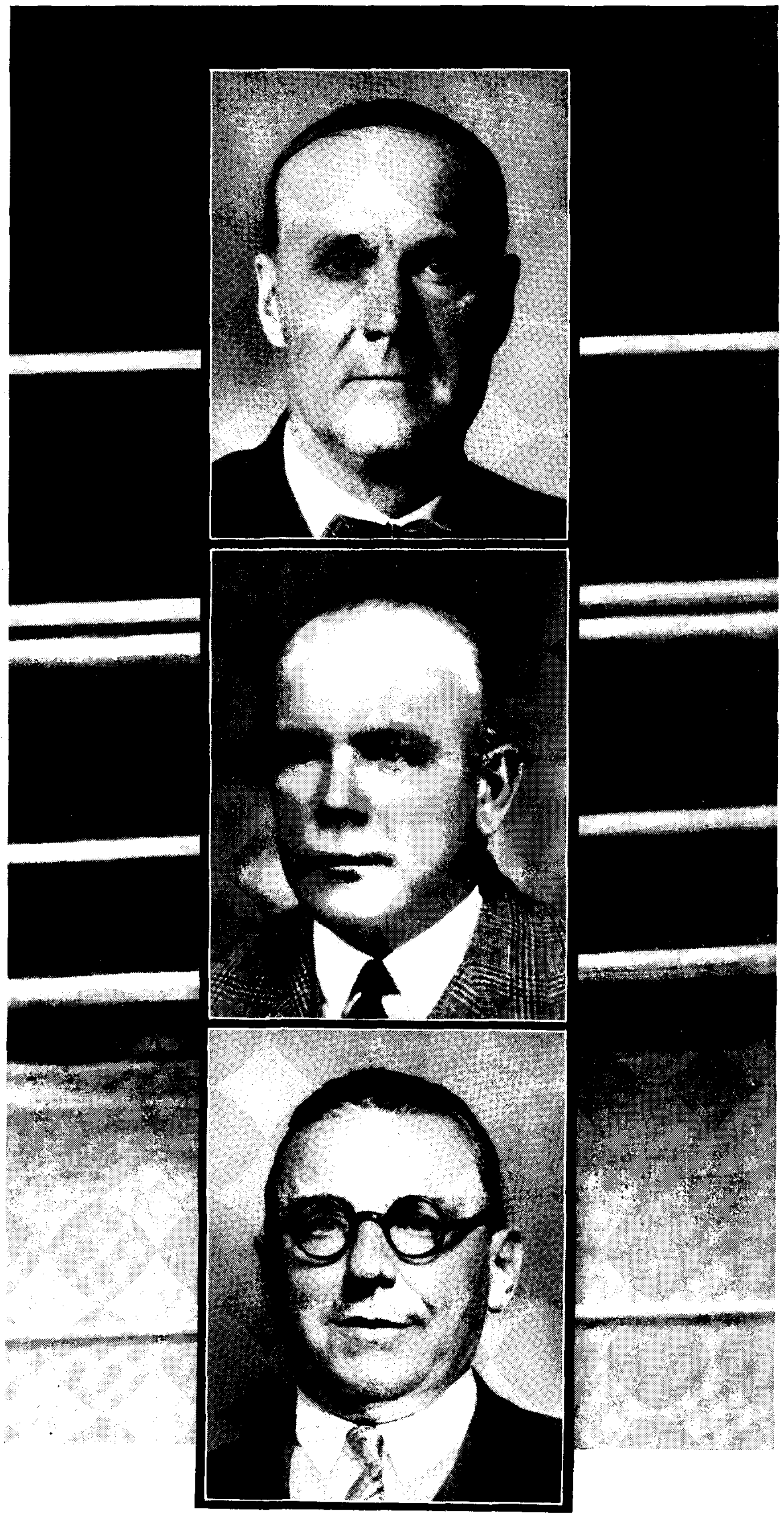
"Tunney's Scared to Death"

Weeks before the match I made arrangements through Wade Morton—automobile race driver—to have Casey Jones, best known pilot of that time, come to Stroudsburg on the *morning* of the contest to fly me down to Philadelphia. I had decided to fly rather than take a train or automobile down for the definite reason of its psychological effect on my opponent. I denied this, however. This flight very nearly proved a boomerang. Jones in an article subsequently published in an aviation magazine said he was lost in a dense fog the first hour flying across the Poconos. Moreover, I was air-sick *all the way.*

Our plane was met at the Naval Flying Field at 1:30 P. M. by a motor car. I was driven to the office of the Boxing Commission, still air-sick. Chairman Frank Weiner of the Boxing Commission weighed me. The scales balanced at 186½ pounds. I went to a private home, where I ate and rested until time to leave *for the arena.* Frank Weiner went direct to Jules Mastbaum's house, where many sportsmen had forgathered, among whom was a friend of mine. Commissioner Weiner said, "I have just weighed Gene Tunney. I never saw anybody so scared. He is as white as a sheet. *I hope he doesn't die from fright* between now and ring time."

This friend of mine, Bernard F. Gimbel, asked Weiner if he were sure Tunney's whiteness came from fright or illness, to which Weiner replied, "I tell you he is scared to death!"

"We will see tonight," said Bernard. I've always liked Frank Weiner. He is



a square shooter and possesses a charming gullibility.

The air-sickness brought on a sort of fatigue. When I got to the house, I went up to the room that had been assigned to me and went to sleep. An hour and a half later I was awakened by Ray Campbell, a newspaper man, who told me my food was ready. After the meal I went back to sleep.

Sometime around five o'clock I was awakened again, this time by Billy Gibson, who was accompanied by two others, one of whom I recognized as Max "Boo Boo" Hoff; the other, I later learned, was Hoff's lawyer. I had not seen Billy for several days except for a few minutes the night before at my camp in Stroudsburg, where he unexpectedly appeared in the company of Abe Attell, "to see if everything was okay."

He said, seeing I was angry at being disturbed: "It is very important that you witness a paper to make sure we get our dough."

Top, Tex Rickard, promoter, and Tommy Reilly, referee of the Philadelphia fight. Below, Anton Cermak, now Chicago's mayor, who advised Tunney before the second Dempsey fight

I had a mixed feeling of curiosity and agitation. He explained the paper concerned only Hoff and himself. I made a hurried inspection and, being assured it was as Billy claimed, witnessed it to get rid of them. The man with Hoff took from a briefcase another paper and, handing it to Gibson, said, "This one too." I happened to look at the first paragraph and saw it was "articles of agreement between William Gibson and Gene Tunney." This did involve me. It was a long-term contract between Gibson and me. Throwing the paper and some words at them I asked them to leave the room.

This experience with Gibson so infuriated me that after we had settled the financial affairs of the fight I told him that he was no longer my manager. I could not reconcile loyalty to me with his actions that afternoon. However, months later, after hearing in full his side of the case from mutual friends, I changed my mind about Billy's intentions. For some time before the match he had been irresponsible. This was later confirmed by diagnoses and the testimony of two famous neurologists before a court which declared Billy mentally incompetent.

Billy's peculiar condition is a type that takes from ten to twenty years to develop. There is a constant process of disintegration of brain tissue going on during this period.

Pre-fight Psychology

Instead of being a part of an ignoble scheme to secure a long-term contract with me, I unqualifiedly believe the scene which Billy and his associates staged in my room a few hours before the fight was the result of Billy's listening to their "cock and bull" story. They were merely trying to assure themselves of something in case I lost by a knockout. They undoubtedly bet that way.

Unless one is acquainted with the frame of mind of a boxer who is about to enter the ring, it is difficult to understand why these fellows were not summarily thrown down the stairs. I was once on a ship that was supposed to be sinking. It was an army transport in the "danger zone." The 4,500 troops rushed to the "abandon ship" stations. Nobody was interested in anything but getting off the ship. All minds suddenly became one-tracked. Every faculty was centered on ship-abandonment. There is no psychology that I have ever observed that resembles so closely the actions of a boxer on the day of a championship fight as that displayed by those 4,500 men. Nothing matters but the fight. There is a mental numbness regarding everything else. Things just don't register. A great percentage of long-term contracts between managers and fighters are signed on the day or eve of a fight. Managers know their psychology.

I arrived at the arena at the time appointed by Tex Rickard. I got myself in readiness for the ring. While sitting in the dressing-room, we had a visit from Chairman Weiner and Tommy Reilly, the referee. Reilly said: "In order to save time in the ring, I've come to tell you that we are going to box according to the rules of the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission. You have read them, haven't you?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, then, you understand what they are."

"I understand that the rabbit and kidney blows are barred. Am I right?" I asked.

"Yes, they are," he replied.

"How many times are you going to warn the man who uses either of these foul blows before you disqualify him?" I asked.

With a quick, belligerent glance and a raised voice Reilly said, "This ain't gonna be no pink tea. This is gonna be a fight for the heavyweight championship of the world."

"So I have read in the papers," I remarked, "but since you've come in to discuss the rules, I would like to know all about them, and just what you consider a foul or fair blow. It makes no difference to me if we go in there without gloves, just so I know beforehand."

In increasing anger and restrained voice, pointing his finger at me he said: "Lissen, I want you to understand that I don't want squawks from the loser when this fight is over."

"Go over and tell that to Dempsey. He will be more interested in what the loser has to say than I," I replied.

Reilly, followed by the Commissioner, left the room in a huff. Both Bronson and Fink broke into a laugh as they did.

I would like to say that though Reilly had absorbed the atmosphere of Philadelphia and believed that I would be knocked out quickly he was impartial at all times during the fight. No arbiter of any sporting event ever officiated more honestly or conscientiously than Reilly. Though Dempsey used the rabbit blow all through the contest, it was not because of absence of warning from Reilly. Dempsey simply ignored repeated warnings in the early rounds. Seeing they were doing no apparent damage, Reilly did not notice them in the later rounds. It is hard to stop a contest for the world's heavyweight championship because of so slight an infraction. Dempsey realized this.

Dempsey kept me waiting in the ring. Not purposely, however. He had gotten into the arena rather late.

Rickard upon meeting him at the gate said, "Jack, for God's sake, hurry up. It is going to rain any minute and here we have all these people in. What're we ever goin' to do?"

Dempsey, rushing to his dressing-room, said, "Don't worry about that rain, Tex. This guy ain't goin' over two rounds anyway."

As Dempsey entered the ring I got up from the stool and met him as he climbed through the ropes. I said, "Hello, Champion."

He answered, "Hello, Gene."

"May the better man win," I said.

"Yeh—yeh," he muttered as he went to his corner.

It had been provided by the Boxing Commission that the bandages which they were to furnish were to be put on in the ring. This was done to avoid any talk of loaded bandages. Jack hurriedly wound his bandages on his hands and waited for me to finish with mine. I deliberately delayed the bandaging as long as possible, sometimes rewinding several strands. I kidded with his seconds, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Gus Wilson, who were watching my bandaging. "Too bad, Jack," I said, "that you are seconding a loser tonight." "Yeah?" replied O'Brien, not quite comprehending. Dempsey had kept me waiting. I did not mind. But I knew that he would resent this waiting. He seemed to.

A Famous First Round

The bell rang! The fight was on! Dempsey cautiously advanced to meet me in the center of the ring, and after a little fiddling, he started a left hook, which I leaned outside of. We clinched and were broken by the referee. Again Dempsey led a left hook, this time a little wider than the first. Again I slipped it by leaning outside. We clinched again. There was little infighting. Dempsey was warming now to the business of defending his championship. I was cautiously waiting my chance in accordance with my plan.

After some more fiddling and a feint by me, Dempsey responded with another left hook, which was a little wider and longer than the last. This time I *stepped* outside.

In the front row sat Mike Trant, of the Chicago Police Department, Dempsey's bodyguard. Mike did not like me—he had read in the newspapers that much of my spare time had been given to books. That, in Mike's opinion, was proof of weakness.

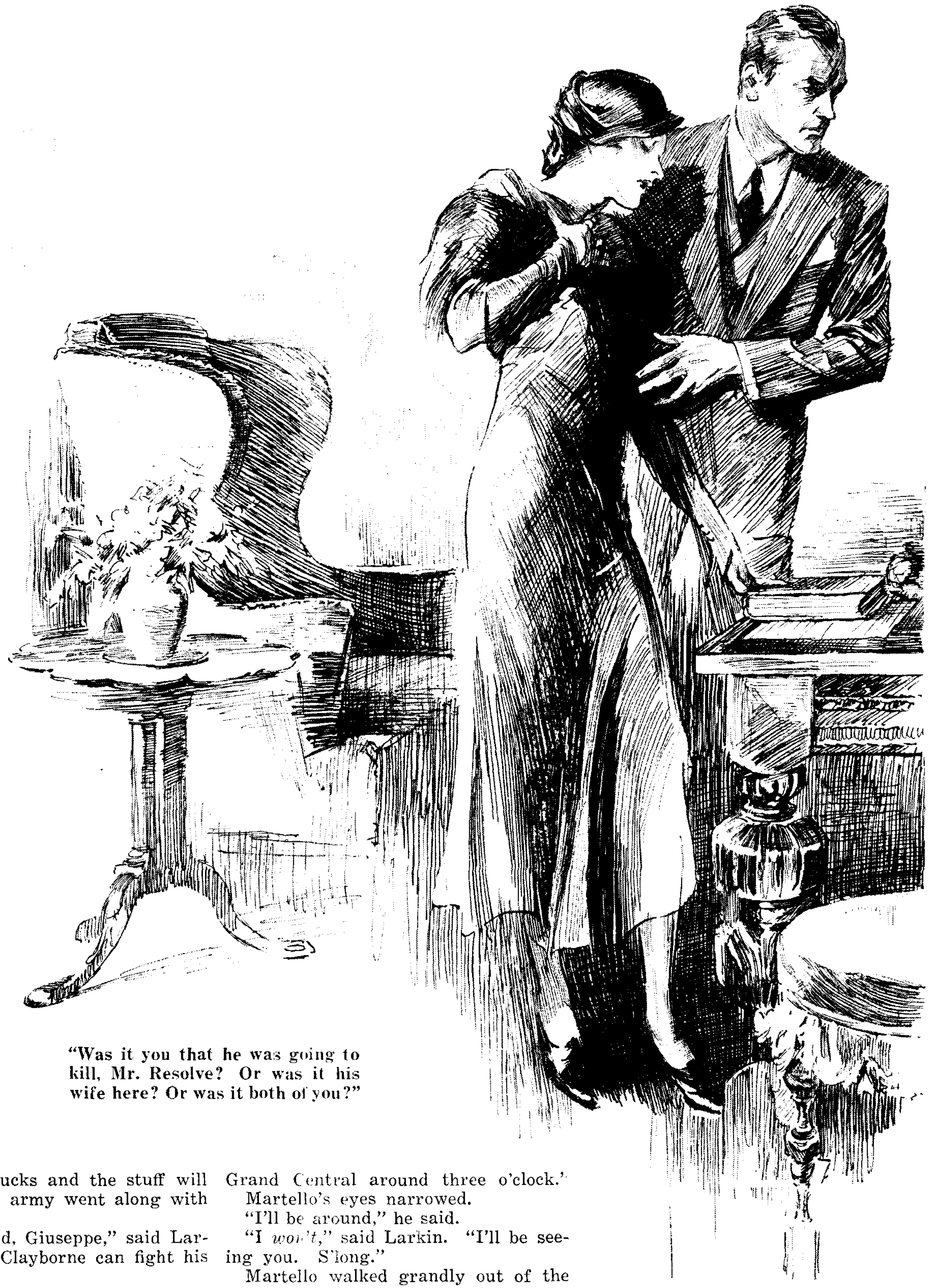
"Come on Jack," he bellowed, "knock the big sissy into my lap."

Strong words. But alas, Mike was immediately ejected from the stadium by a small tenor-voiced usher.

(Continued on page 55)

The Gracious Lady

By Arthur Somers Roche



"Was it you that he was going to kill, Mr. Resolve? Or was it his wife here? Or was it both of you?"

The Story Thus Far:

MARRIED to the brutal Sam Clayborne, Rita Clayborne is wretched. She loves Dean Resolve; dares not divorce Clayborne, for she *knows* Dean's father, old Sturgis Resolve, owes him a million dollars. . . . And she knows Sam Clayborne. . . .

Learning of the situation, Jinny Carpenter comes to the rescue. She is Rita's closest friend. She is wealthy. And (though no one suspects it) she, too, is in love with Dean Resolve. She "invests" a million dollars in Resolve and Company, the Resolves' real estate firm; and the debt to Clayborne is paid.

Rita goes to Reno to secure a divorce and marry Dean. But Clayborne has other plans. Jinny and Dean are guests at a house party. Aided by hired thugs, Clayborne attacks them, drenches them with whisky, and leaves them unconscious in Dean's car. To the cops who find them, it appears that they are two drunken neckers. . . . A sweet bit of news for the gossips! . . .

Giuseppe Martello, a racketeer, comes to Dean. "Want that guy Clayborne bumped off?" he asks. Dean gives the man (whom he had known, and liked, as a boy) an emphatic "No!" Having gotten her divorce, Rita is returning to New York, to marry Dean immediately.

Dean is ecstatically happy. At last—he thinks—Rita, his "Gracious Lady," is to be his wife. . . . Little does he dream, as he thinks of the morrow, what it is destined to bring.

VII

"YUH see," Giuseppe Martello said, "this Resolve guy is a friend of mine."

"Oh, yes?" asked Swede Larkin.

"Uh-huh. Knew him when we was both kids. Used to play around with him a lot."

"Had the same governess, eh?" sneered Larkin. "You and him went to the same debbytante parties, eh?"

"Well, if I'd ever run into him when he was with his swell friends he'd have glad-handed me like I was one of them," said Martello. "A right guy, Larkin. That's why I want you to lay off him. Let this Clayborne lad fry his own fish."

"And who told you I was cooking for him?" asked Larkin.

"It don't matter," said Martello. "The point is—I want Resolve let alone."

"You're coming over to Broadway and telling me this?" said Larkin.

"I'm not telling you; I'm *asking* you," said Martello.

"You don't know who Clayborne is, do you?" inquired Larkin.

"Sure I do. He's bankrolled you for eight years," said Martello.

"You know almost too much, don't you?" asked the other silkily. His white eyelashes were lowered over his palest of blue eyes.

"I know that when we guys go gunning for Park Avenue, we're looking for heavy trouble," said Martello sturdily. "As long as the boys bump each other off, things run along smooth and nice. But if we do any shooting up of the wrong people, there's bound to be a comeback. Well, what about it?"

The other looked at his swarthy vis-à-vis.

"You say you know Clayborne's bankrolled me. Well, that ought to make you understand that I got to be obliging to the lad."

"That's okay—so long as it don't mix you up with other people, Larkin," said Martello. "There's been a little hollering about shipments from Montauk, hasn't there? I want to tell you, Swede, that you can put a *boy* at the wheel of any of your trucks and the stuff will be safe like an army went along with it."

"Much obliged, Giuseppe," said Larkin. "I guess Clayborne can fight his own wars."

He sipped slowly at his highball, and glanced about the night club where the conference was being held.

"THIS Clayborne," he said slowly, "is a bad boy. You know—all the jack in the world, and gets into the racket because he's built that way. Not like us, who are in it to get along. Tip your friend Resolve that the lad is dangerous. If he can't get me to do his work, he'll do it himself."

"Much obliged, Swede," said Giuseppe. He rose to depart. At another table, two hard-faced youths also rose. The modern baron never moves without a bodyguard.

"Oh," said Larkin, as—apparently—an afterthought came to him. "I understand that Clayborne's wife gets in from Reno tomorrow afternoon. The Grand Central around three o'clock."

Martello's eyes narrowed.

"I'll be around," he said.

"I *won't*," said Larkin. "I'll be seeing you. S'long."

Martello walked grandly out of the club, giving that nod of recognition here, that smile of greeting there, that the recipients' standing in the world of gangdom entitled them to receive. On the sidewalk outside he paused a moment.

"We can't find Clayborne," he said, "and the Swede wouldn't give up his address. That's fair enough. But Clayborne's wife gets in from Reno at three tomorrow. Grand Central. And Larkin don't talk to hear his own voice. Both you boys be there. And if anything starts, you lads finish it. Get me?"

With that he stepped into the car that awaited him, and drove off to get that sweet repose which a clear conscience begets.

It was the longest morning that Dean Resolve ever experienced. He awoke—although he had not gone to sleep early—before eight. Petersen served him, on this morning of mornings, with a solicitude that was paternal. Norah found excuse to enter his room. Old Sturgis clambered heavily up the two flights of stairs, after his own breakfast, to wring his son's hand. His mother came in.

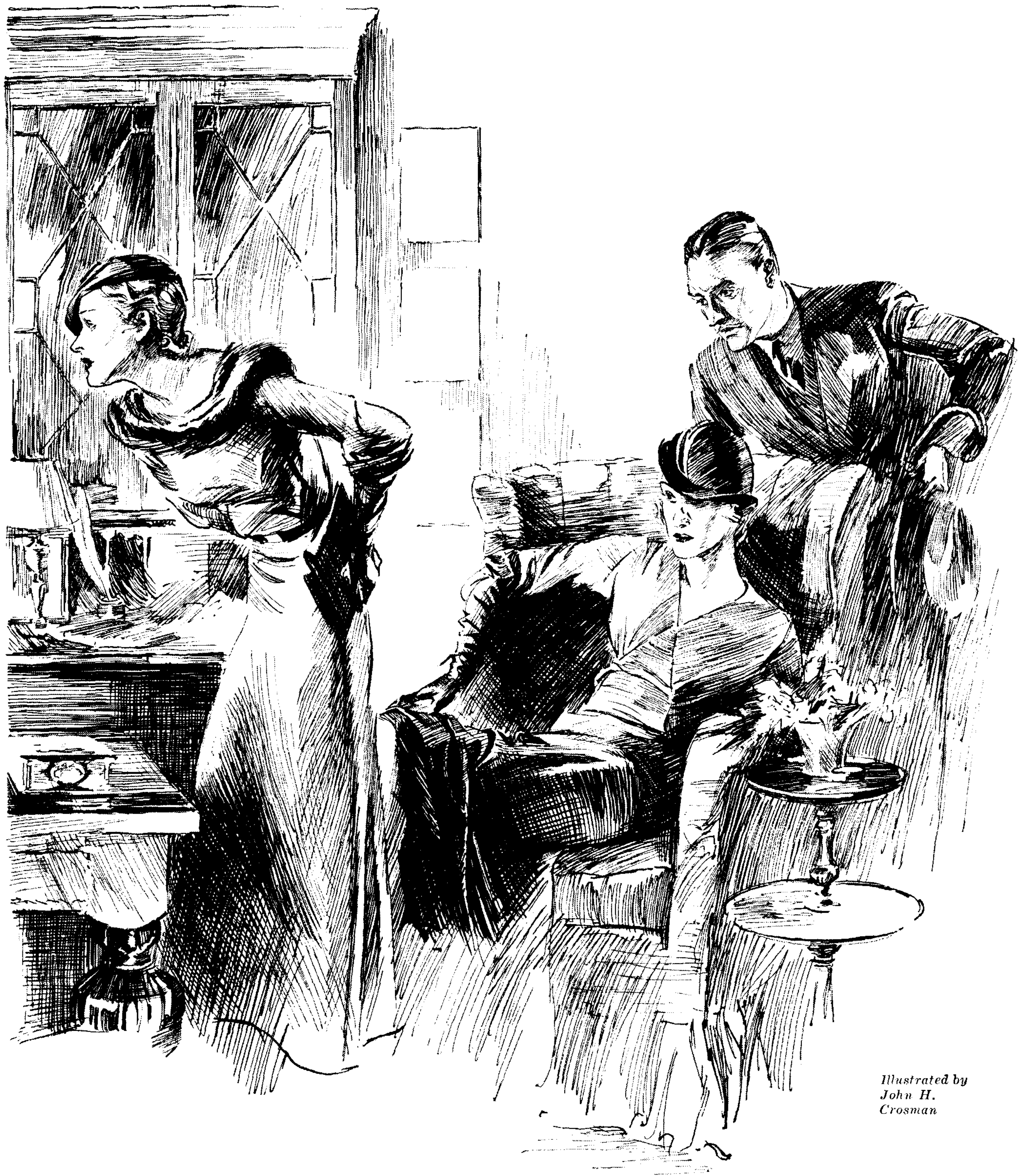
"IT SEEMS so awful," she protested. "Just Jinny Carpenter and Wallie Curtis—and you two."

"And we two," he smiled.

She frowned at him.

"I know—Rita's been divorced, and you don't want a big wedding, and you'd rather your father and I didn't come along."

"Because weddings make you nerv-



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

ous, Mother," he replied very gently.

"I guess I can be nervous if I want—at my own son's marriage," she pouted.

"We'd love to have you, you know that," he said.

Her frown vanished.

"Bless the boy's heart. But I know how Rita feels—it isn't as though she were a bride. I mean, she's been married before, and the quieter the ceremony the better she'll like it. No—I'm going to kiss you now, Dean, and—write to us."

"I'll write," he promised.

He smiled as she left the room. His mother liked Rita—loved her, when you came right down to it. But divorce—to both the senior Resolves—was something not too nice. They would stick by their son, but—they felt that a divorcée's remarriage, while not disgraceful, was something that should take place almost surreptitiously. No advertisement should be made of such an affair. Indeed, it should be really ignored, and people should greet the new husband without comment on his changed status. Dean's smile was slightly sad as he looked after the departing back of Mrs. Resolve.

Prejudice is of the bone, and no operation has yet been devised for its removal. Still, his parents would be sweet to Rita, and—well, he couldn't help it if they felt something akin to disapproval. But he was glad that he had not felt it necessary to urge them to attend his marriage. It would be better with just Wallie and Jinny.

Jinny! Bless her heart. There was a girl for you. Too bad she couldn't fall for Wallie. He'd make her a good husband. Or would he? His eyes narrowed as he considered Wallie as a possible husband for Jinny. A bit dull, after all, and Jinny was anything but dull. And then, because the only husband that could interest him was the picture of himself in that rôle, he forgot about Jinny and Wallie.

HE SHAVED more carefully than he had ever done in his life. He chose, finally, a double-breasted blue serge suit and a gray felt hat. His tie was blue and his shirt and collar were white. Petersen had seen to it that the polish on his black shoes was mirror-like. The carnation that the man adjusted in his lapel was fresh as the day, and the day, a glance out of the window assured him, was the most perfect one of the spring.

All through breakfast, thoughts of Clayborne intruded themselves, but he dismissed them. The man's viciousness had come to a climax on Saturday night. When he read the late editions of the evening papers today—or the morning journals, at the latest—he would know that it was beyond his power to do anything. Even Clayborne, vicious fool that he was, would not attempt trouble after the marriage. And so he banished that faint uneasiness which the thought of Rita's ex-husband induced.

Although he had settled all business details with Yardley on yesterday, he dropped into the office for a last look around. From there he telephoned to Dr. Lewis and received that clergyman's somewhat amused reassurance that there would be no hitch in the performance of the ceremony this afternoon. He taxied then, having said good-by to the office force, to the Pennsylvania Station, saw that his tickets for the evening were in good order, checked his bags, and then drove back to Fifth Avenue.

He entered the shop of Martine, that jeweler whose name upon a box lends more authenticity to its contents than would the word of the director of the mint, and received the rings which he had ordered weeks ago—the thin platinum band which was the wedding ring, and the rose diamond, square-cut, which would symbolize their brief engagement. For, he whimsically mused, a lady couldn't actually be engaged while still married. So their engagement really wouldn't begin until Rita got off the train and—must he formally propose to her, to justify this engagement ring? Well, Rita and he would laugh over that.

He telephoned Jinny after he left the jeweler's.

"I'm on the job, Dean," she laughed. "So is Wallie. We lunched here and have been waiting for your call. Where do we meet?"

"At Dr. Lewis'. I think—oh, at five. You won't be late?"

"No more than I'd be late—I hope—at my own wedding," she replied. "You can count on us, Dean. Nervous?"

"Jumping out of my skin," he said.

"As you should be," she laughed. "Want us to come down and hold your hand?"

"Wallie would rather be holding yours," he said.

"How did you guess? He's been suggesting that for an hour."

"No luck?"

"This is *your* lucky day, not his," she replied. "Have you lunched?"

"Is it time?" he asked.

"Oh, Dean, you do need a wife. I just told you Wallie and I had eaten. It's two o'clock. You must be white and weak with hunger. Go eat something now."

AFTER he hung up, he looked at his watch. Jinny had told the truth. Two minutes past two. No morning had ever dragged so interminably, yet at the same time, none had ever vanished so quickly. He walked to the station and in the restaurant ordered food.

He was surprised to find that, now Jinny had suggested it, he was hungry.

Nevertheless he ate little. In the great waiting-room he looked at the clock. It was two thirty-five. Nearly an hour to wait.

He walked over to Times Square and then, laughing at himself, deliberately walked back to the station, and went inside. He looked at the blackboard. Rita's train was marked "On time."

In half an hour she would emerge from the train platform. He would be in that semicircle of eager watchers straining their eyes into the semidusk of the platform, looking for father, mother, brother, husband, sweetheart.

Through the megaphone of the train announcer came a baritone roar. The waiting throng surged toward the track he named. Among them, holding himself in check lest he push and rush, was Dean. He took up his station by the left end of the semicircle. Someone touched his arm.

He turned, to look into the eyes of an alert and personable young woman.

"Mr. Resolve?"

HE NODDED, and his expression was bewilderedly embarrassed.

The girl laughed pleasantly.

"It's all right; you don't know me, Mr. Resolve, and you're not being rude by not calling me by name. Frances Stone, of the Glass. One of the tabloids, and I hope you don't hate them the way lots of people pretend they do."

"Yes, Miss Glass?" His voice was politely cool.

"Miss *Stone*. My paper is the Glass. But a prospective bridegroom is apt to be mixed up, isn't he?"

The sheer impertinence was mitigated somewhat by the merriment in her eyes.

"Oh, come now, Miss Stone."

"Mrs. Clayborne is on the train that's due now, isn't she?" asked the newspaper woman. "And you're meeting her?"

Dean shrugged.

"You seem quite familiar with the doings of both of us, don't you?"

"Not as familiar as I want to be," she smiled. "Getting married today? Now don't high-hat me, Mr. Resolve.

(Continued on page 60)

Summer Seasoning

A well-done baseball team, served hot to the fans and seasoned with a dash of showmanship. The seasoning is quite important. We recommend Pepper Martin, Hack Wilson, Dizzy Dean and Art (What-a-man!) Shires

By Grantland Rice

A NEW flare of color, the brightest flame in many seasons, helped to light up the last world series and give it more interest than any baseball championship had known in a long time. It was not only the fact that Pepper Martin blew himself to twelve hits and stole a flock of bases. The way he went about it was just as important—the speed, dash and general enthusiasm the young Oklahoma entry put into his Cardinal play.

For color and public interest the American League has held a big advantage in the last few years through the drawing power of Babe Ruth, assisted by the fame of such stars as Lou Gehrig, the Columbia Catapult; Bob Grove, the Rifleman; George Earnshaw, the Swarthmore Scythe; Ben Chapman, the Yankee Flash; Al Simmons, Mickey Cochrane, Wes Ferrell and others.

But this season the National League will challenge these color bearers with at least four entries. They are Pepper Martin and Dizzy Dean of the Cardinals, Hack Wilson of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Art (What-a-man!) Shires of the Boston Braves.

These four players all have outstanding ability, but they go about their trade in entirely separate fashions. For example, there is Pepper Martin, the world-series hero of 1931. How will this Cardinal star fare through the new campaign? What difference will his world-series fame make in his play?

A Player With a Future

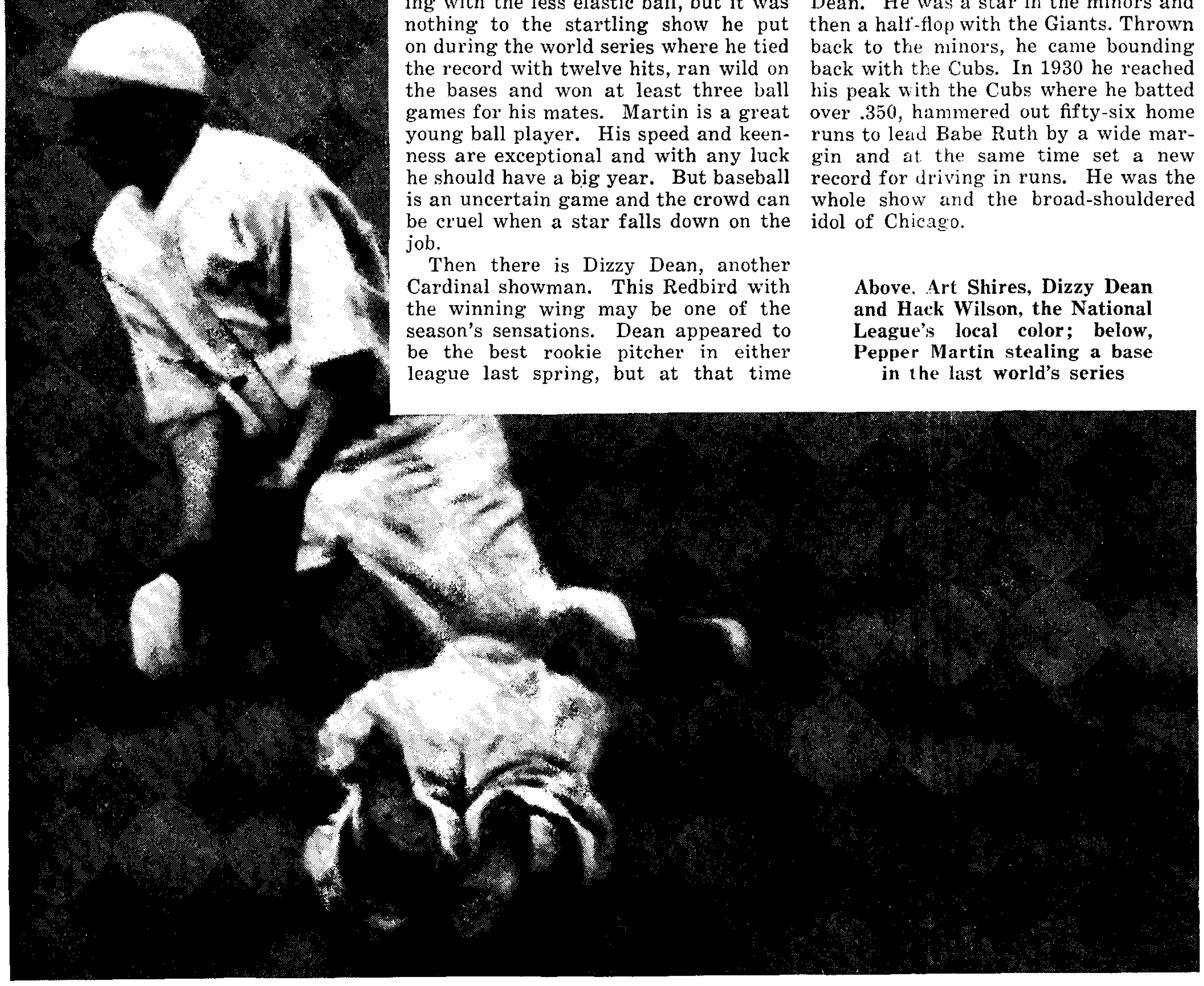
Last year Martin batted .300 for the Cardinals in 123 games, stealing sixteen bases. This is a first-class showing with the less elastic ball, but it was nothing to the startling show he put on during the world series where he tied the record with twelve hits, ran wild on the bases and won at least three ball games for his mates. Martin is a great young ball player. His speed and keenness are exceptional and with any luck he should have a big year. But baseball is an uncertain game and the crowd can be cruel when a star falls down on the job.

Then there is Dizzy Dean, another Cardinal showman. This Redbird with the winning wing may be one of the season's sensations. Dean appeared to be the best rookie pitcher in either league last spring, but at that time Gabby Street had all the pitchers a manager might need and he also figured that it would do no great harm to cut down some of the projecting edges of Dean's temperament by sending him back to Houston for another year in the minors. Dean blew back to Houston for a late start, but he lost no time in pitching Houston into a pennant and attracting crowds of from 12,000 to 16,000 at almost every appearance.

The dizzy one is not a fluke. He has everything a good pitcher needs, including coolness and confidence. He may turn in a certain number of daffy moves here and there, but he doesn't carry any of this to the ball field on a working day.

Whatever he lacks, it isn't self-confidence. When he signed his Cardinal contract this year he is reported to have said: "There go twenty-five games for St. Louis. You've signed up the biggest card in baseball."

The third color bearer who will draw his full share of inspection is Hack Wilson, the great up-and-down man of baseball. Hack has had a career that should have made him dizzier than Dizzy Dean. He was a star in the minors and then a half-flop with the Giants. Thrown back to the minors, he came bounding back with the Cubs. In 1930 he reached his peak with the Cubs where he batted over .350, hammered out fifty-six home runs to lead Babe Ruth by a wide margin and at the same time set a new record for driving in runs. He was the whole show and the broad-shouldered idol of Chicago.



Above, Art Shires, Dizzy Dean and Hack Wilson, the National League's local color; below, Pepper Martin stealing a base in the last world's series

Then came the big crash of 1931. Hack and Hornsby failed to click in any way and the temperamental Hack dropped to .260 for a season's average while his home-run output fell from fifty-six to thirteen. As the season wore along Hack passed into a brooding melancholy which had no great consideration for training rules. He was suspended, fined and finally traded to the Cardinals for Burleigh Grimes and his salary was reduced from $33,500 to $7,500, a world's record in big-league slashing.

All this time Max Carey, the new Brooklyn manager, was quite keen to bring Hack and his big war club into Brooklyn, where they have a strong leaning for color on the ball field. How will Wilson make out under Carey's more soothing guidance? Hack won't be thirty-two years old until April and Carey is confident that the ex-Cub slugger will come back with a rush in the 1932 scramble. Hack has the chance of a lifetime under a Brooklyn standard where the highly wrought fanatics will pay loud tribute to anyone who can paddle the stuffing out of a baseball.

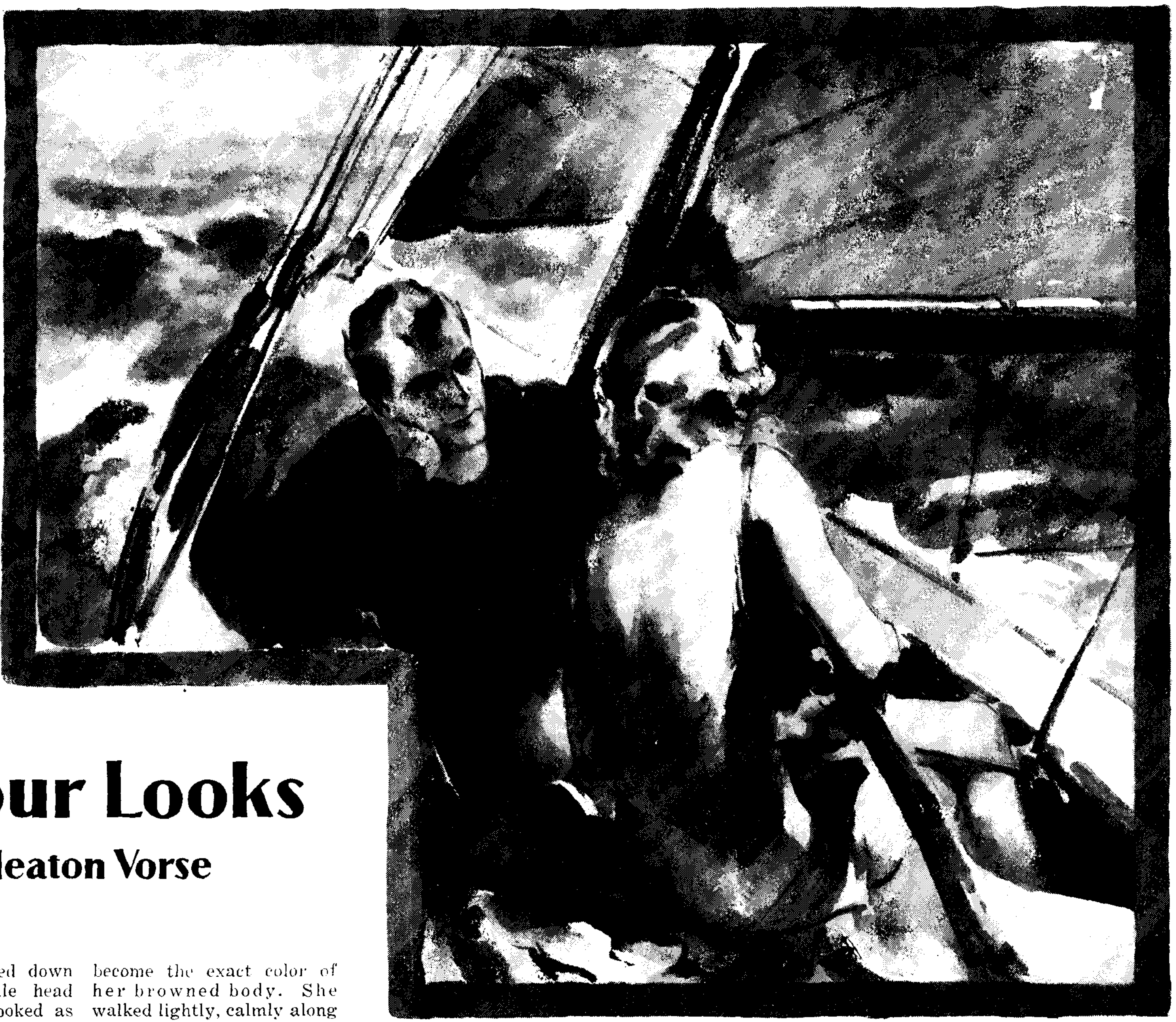
Baseball's Wild Man

Another young fellow, named Art Shires, is parked out with the Boston Braves. Shires stirred up more excitement in one season than any other young ball player on the game's roster. He was a combination typhoon and tornado as he scrapped his way around the circuit and then carried his scrapping over into the professional ring. The White Sox finally shipped the stormy petrel to Milwaukee, where last season he burned up the circuit. Shires will be another to come under close inspection when the new war breaks; for, like the others mentioned, he has more than his share of talent hooked to a temperament that makes publicity easy.

These are the four leading members of the color brigade the older league will toss in against Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Ben Chapman, Bob Grove, George Earnshaw, Al Simmons, Mickey Cochrane and others from the American camp. The National League entries may not rise to the same efficiency that Ruth, Gehrig, Grove and Simmons have held and may hold again, but outside of Ruth they may have even greater popular appeal.

Color has always been a big factor in the game. Faithful fans are still talking about King Kelly, Pop Anson, Rube Waddell, Johnny Evers, Ping Bodie, Ty Cobb, Hans Wagner, Germany Schaefer, Frank Schulte, Jiggs Donahue, Nick Altrock, Ed Walsh and others who had something more than mere baseball ability. Probably no one team in baseball ever had more color than the old Cubs with the "Tinker to Evers to Chance" combination, with Three-Finger Brown, Johnny Kling, Wildfire Schulte, Circus Solly Hoffman, Jimmy Sheckard, Harry Steinfeldt, Orvie Overall, Ed Reulbach, Slagle and a few more who roared "Casey Jones" in the Pullmans.

The crowds want color and showmanship as well as baseball ability. And it takes color to get the desired publicity in these somewhat harassing times. For this reason 1932 should be replete with that variety that is said to be the spice of life. There will be a number of things to talk about besides batting averages and club standings.



"And why," Deidama would think, "should Peter turn into a high-hat snob the minute he puts his foot on land?"

I Like Your Looks

By Mary Heaton Vorse

As PETER GRANT walked down the beach every female head turned his way. He looked as mothers wish their sons to look. He was over six feet; he was dazzlingly blond; his shoulders seemed at least three feet wide, and tapered into a narrow waist. He was a golden brown all over, for upon this somewhat sedate and secluded bathing beach it was the custom for men to wear the skimpiest swimming trunks. Added to color and figure, he had the kind of face that should go with it—regular and strong. There was only one flaw, indeed, in his beauty—it was that his nose was bright pink, since it refused to tan like the rest of his face but peeled repeatedly. This innocent pink nose jutted firmly from beautifully tanned cheeks.

Groups of people were scattered down the beach under bright umbrellas. Children were playing in the sand. Peter nodded once or twice to acquaintances, but he did not stop. He walked past the last vestige of human habitation, past the little groups of children engaged in building sand fortifications. Here he spread himself on the sand, his back turned toward the other bathers, in somewhat magnificent isolation.

The tide was low. One had to wade a quarter mile before getting out of one's depth. Far out, bright-colored heads bobbed. Then Aphrodite apparently rose from the sea.

A golden-haired girl started walking leisurely through the water. Apparently she had nothing on. Peter stared as she progressed slowly. She must be wearing something, he reflected. Against the blue of the sea she was lovely. Her shining hair capped her small, well-shaped head. She had a fleet look to her, like a Grecian runner. As she waded forward, always leisurely, he observed that she indeed had a bathing suit—a faded apricot that had become the exact color of her browned body. She walked lightly, calmly along the strip of wet sand which divided the sea from the beach; she turned neither to right nor left, but came on directly to where Peter was lying on the sand. He watched her impersonally. She was beautiful. He judged her to be perhaps nineteen.

She was almost upon him when she burst out laughing. Peter's face did not change a muscle. He looked at her only with vague inquiry. She laughed.

"IT'S your bibulous nose, your bright red nose in the midst of all that dignity, I love!"

Involuntarily Peter's hand brushed over his face. "I am glad to give you so much pleasure," he said acidly.

The girl sat down on the beach beside him. "I bet you thought I hadn't any clothes on," she now remarked.

"I hadn't given the matter a thought," Peter said.

"Oh, come on," she said. "I saw you staring at me. Everybody thinks I haven't any clothes on when I come out of the water."

"That must give you great satisfaction," said Peter.

"Now you speak of it, it does," she replied. "I just love to see old frumps open their eyes. What makes you sit clear down the beach always?"

"I sit down here for the purpose of being alone," replied Peter, distinctly.

"Well," she said, "this is an auspicious way of beginning our friendship."

"Friendship?" said Peter.

"Friendship," she repeated firmly. "I like your looks—not that that's unusual; everybody does." Peter said nothing. "What's your name? Mine's Deidama."

"Yours is what?"

"Dei - Eat - 'em - Alive - dama. God's lady," she informed him. "Lady of God. Deidama Vail. What's yours?"

"Peter Grant."

God's lady now drew in the sand her initials, D. V. Under that the initials P. G. "P. G.," she said. "Peegee! That's what I shall call you! Peegee!"

"Thanks," said Peter. "Now, get—scram!"

Involuntarily God's lady got to her feet. She waved a brown paw. "Well, toodle-oo," she said. "See you soon!"

"Not if I see you first," thought Peter. He threw himself on the sand and lay there, the sun streaming on him; but he covered his pink nose with a self-conscious hand.

There was a distant roar. Far off was a dark speck, carrying a white crescent of foam before it. Peter frowned slightly. That would be Travis returning in his speedboat. Peter and Travis were cousins. Peter had been engaged by his uncle at a fantastic figure to boost the young hopeful—who was already twenty—into college. They were spending the summer at this secluded beach for that purpose, while Travis' mother and father were abroad.

It was Peter's duty to keep Travis—whom he privately, and often not so privately, called the Oaf and Lout—sober and industrious. It was he, also, who dispensed pocket money. Travis was to be solvent or not solvent according to his cousin-tutor's will.

"Travis!" thought Peter gloomily for the thousandth time. What a name! That was all he needed to know about his aunt. *Travis.* A Highland Grant called by the filthy name of his Aunt Adelaide's family. Peter hadn't wanted this job. He had resisted it. But his aunt had argued—

"You've got to do it! He's got to get into college sometime, and no one else can make him. You know he'll be so charming; he could get around most any other crammer or tutor. But you *know* him. He won't be able to get around you!"

"I know him all right," said Peter grimly. And then they made an offer that no young assistant professor could afford to refuse; it would mean freedom all next summer—travel—books.

In the meantime, the Oaf was approaching rapidly. Presently the boat stopped abruptly and Travis, as little burdened with clothes as Peter, came ashore. Now Peter's task was to catch Travis and put him to work. Peter went to meet him.

PETER first walked with the naked dignity of primitive man. But the day was fine, the wind gay; and presently Peter ran down the beach.

"Hello, old jailer!" Travis called.

"Hello, Lout," Peter responded. "I've a new motto for my crest—*Clout the Lout.* You're a half hour late. Get along!"

"Oh, have a heart!" said Travis.

"You know me," said Peter. He grabbed Travis by the ear. "Now," he commanded, towering dangerously, "march!"

Travis was slender and dark and very brown, with almost blue lights across his tan shoulders, and his eyes were very blue in his dark face. He was a very charming boy—but useless, Peter told him; useless.

(Continued on page 47)

This Way Out!

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

ONE very real danger here in Washington is the danger of inflation. And by inflation I mean fifty-cent dollars or maybe twenty-five-cent dollars. The demand for the free coinage of silver or for the old-fashioned greenbacks is growing. For that reason Congress should finish up its work and get away from Washington as soon as possible.

Speaker Garner sees the wisdom of confining the work of Congress to barely necessary legislation with an adjournment six weeks or so earlier than is usual in Presidential election years. Most of the Democrats in the House and, I believe, also the Republican leaders of the House agree with the Speaker that an early adjournment is expedient.

On the Senate, of course, which is less capable of corporate resolution, the idea has not dawned that the country is standing ready to hand it its hat and wish it godspeed as soon as it has finished the necessary legislation. Such legislation includes the business relief measures proposed by President Hoover, most of which at this writing have been passed or are well on the way to passage, an unemployment relief measure, perhaps, a bill to raise taxes and balance the budget, the Norris lame-duck resolution—for a change in the date when Congress meets—and the appropriation bills.

The Senate likes to talk and is never in a hurry. While I think the Senate debate ordinarily serves a very useful purpose, it might with advantage shut up shop early in this critical year. The Speaker, to expedite business, has bottled up practically all resolutions for legislative investigations. And the House should be ready to go home by May first at the latest.

Alfalfa Bill's Strategy

If anyone doubts that there is a big cheap-money movement started in this country, such as the greenback movement that followed the depression of 1873, or the free-silver movement that sprang up with the depression of 1893, all he has to do is to read the recent newspaper poll of Iowa voters or the newspaper which ex-Governor Jim Ferguson of Texas, who was impeached and removed, is publishing. Ferguson, who has a following of 200,000 in Texas, is halloing for greenbacks. And Governor Alfalfa Bill Murray of Oklahoma is seeking delegates to the Democratic national convention on a sixteen-to-one platform. In the poll of Iowa conducted by the Des Moines Register and Tribune, Alfalfa Bill is running almost even with Hoover and ahead of Roosevelt and the other Democratic candidates for President.

Alfalfa Bill knows the West better than any of the other candidates and he knows that it is thinking of fifty-cent dollars to pay its debts with just as it did in 1896. And an astonishing number of members of Congress are saying that the only way to pay existing debts is with fifty-cent dollars.

Alfalfa Bill, when he was in Washington recently, told how he found out what the people were thinking and was thus able to build himself a popular platform. He was speaking of his election as governor of Oklahoma: "I went about the state talking to everybody, finding out what people thought, and making friends. I didn't tell anyone what I was up to. I only announced my candidacy when I had everything sewed up and when no one could beat me for the nomination."

Now, in my opinion, there isn't much danger that a real cheap-money bill will be enacted into law. The East is too strong in Congress. John Garner is a sound-money man. His first political act in 1895 was to deliver some delegates to a candidate for Congress in Texas on condition that he would uphold the gold standard. And anyway President Hoover could be counted on to veto a cheap-money bill if one passed.

But an outbreak in Congress in favor of a 24-hour-a-day money-printing or for silver at sixteen to one would start panicky conditions. And such an outbreak is pretty certain to occur if business conditions do not improve considerably this spring and if, as is extremely probable, Bill Murray on a free-silver platform carries the Democratic primaries in several Western states.

The situation in the Senate leaves a good deal to be desired. Discontent with Senator Joseph T. Robinson's leadership among the Democratic members has been revived by the recent appointment by President Hoover of Harvey C. Couch of Arkansas as a member of the new Reconstruction Corporation. Democratic senators say that Mr. Couch is not much of a Democrat, being in their opinion more of a Hoover man than a Democrat. And, moreover, they think that President Hoover shows too much favor to the Democratic leader of the Senate.

This criticism began when Mr. Hoover made Mr. Robinson a member of the American delegation to the London disarmament conference. It has been intensified by the Couch appointment.

Most of this criticism springs from jealousy. The Senate is full of men who would like to step into Robinson's shoes as Democratic leader and, so far as I can see, not one of them is as well qualified in ability and force to lead the Democrats as Robinson is. And none of them is a better Democrat than he is.

Unjust Criticism

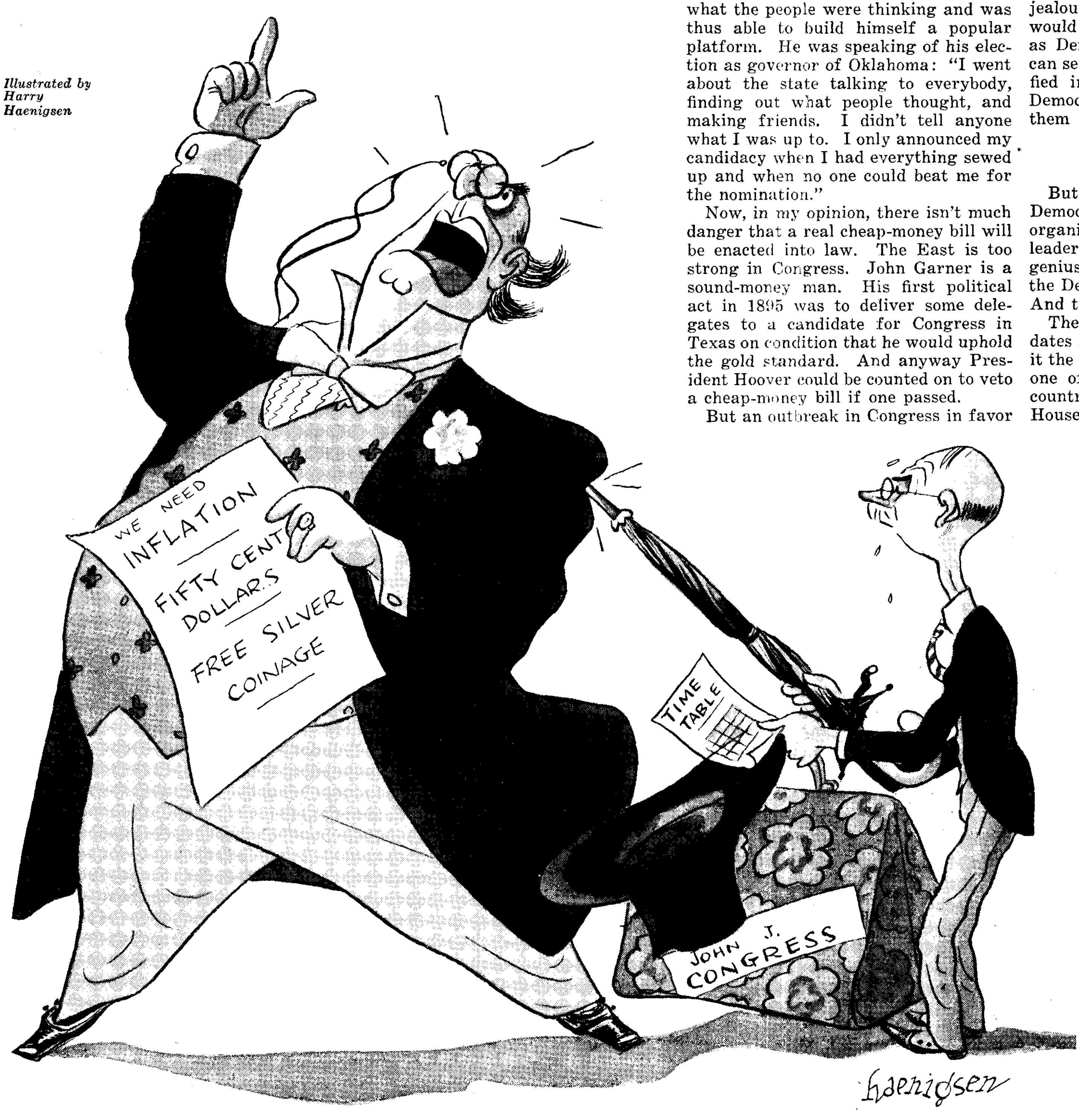
But the fact has to be faced that the Democrats in the Senate are badly disorganized by a squabble over Robinson's leadership. It would take a man with a genius for legislative leadership to lead the Democrats effectively in the Senate. And there is no such man in sight.

The party has several excellent candidates for the Presidency. It has within it the makings of a very strong Cabinet, one of the greatest Cabinets that the country has ever seen. The Democratic House has the respect and confidence of the country. But a Democratic Senate, if one is elected, will present the same spectacle of disunion and confusion that the Republican Senate has presented in recent years.

With one criticism of the Democrats in Congress I have no sympathy. It is being applied unjustly to Senator Robinson. It is that the Democrats have no policy and are merely following President Hoover. One might as well say that a minority party has no policy because it follows the President of the opposite party during a war. This is a national emergency. The hopes of the country are pinned upon the success of President Hoover's business relief measures. The thought of the country outside of Congress has evolved no other constructive plan.

The critics of the Democrats have nothing better, indeed nothing else, to offer. The opportunity to consult with the economic leaders was in Mr. Hoover's hands, not in Democratic hands. If the Democrats voted against the Hoover proposals they would be condemned in every newspaper in the land. If they defeated those proposals and conditions got worse they would be held responsible. It is all very well to say the Democrats ought to have a program of their own but that is just repeating a silly catchword.

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen



Most of us wish Congress would stop shouting and go home

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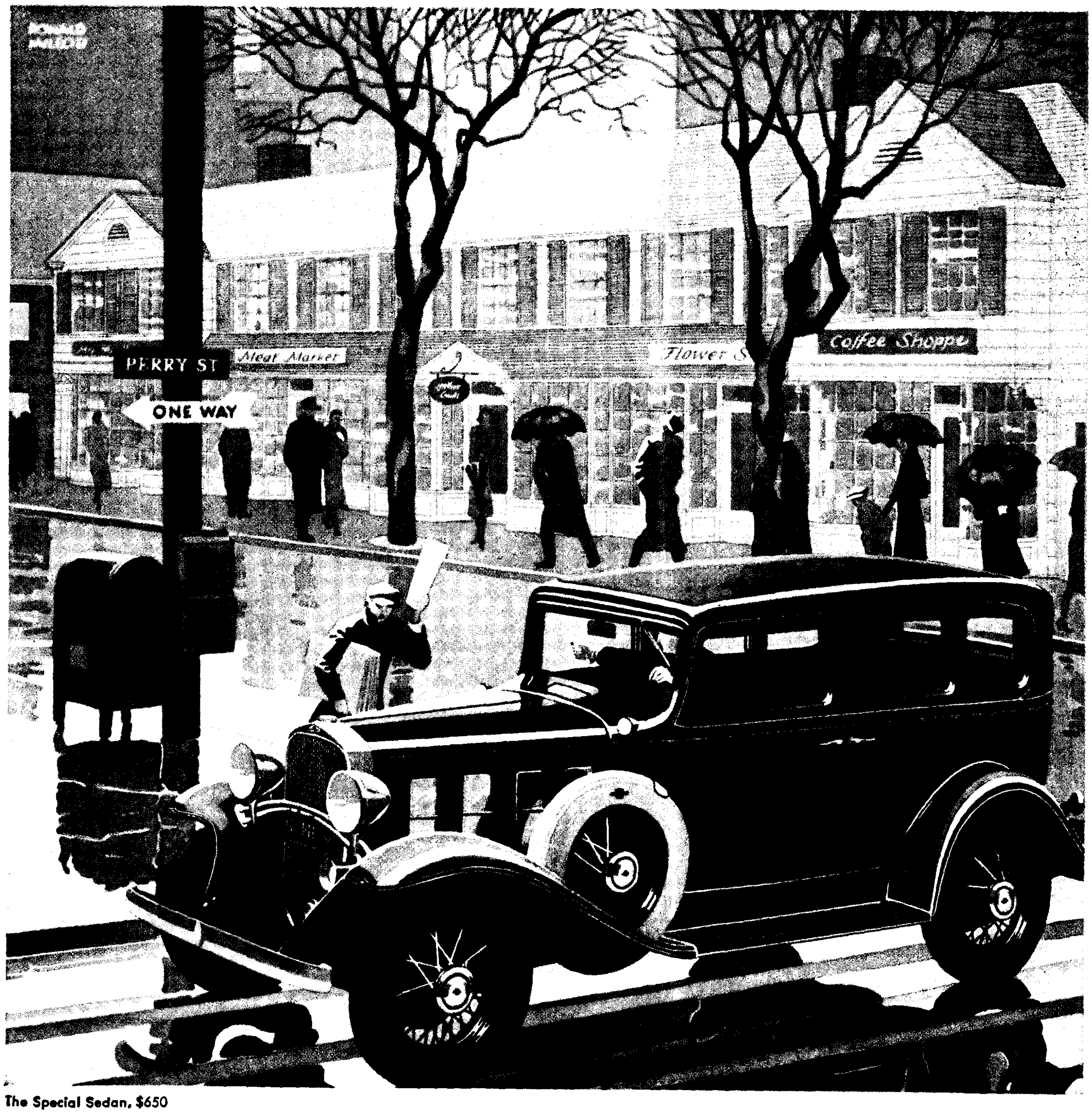

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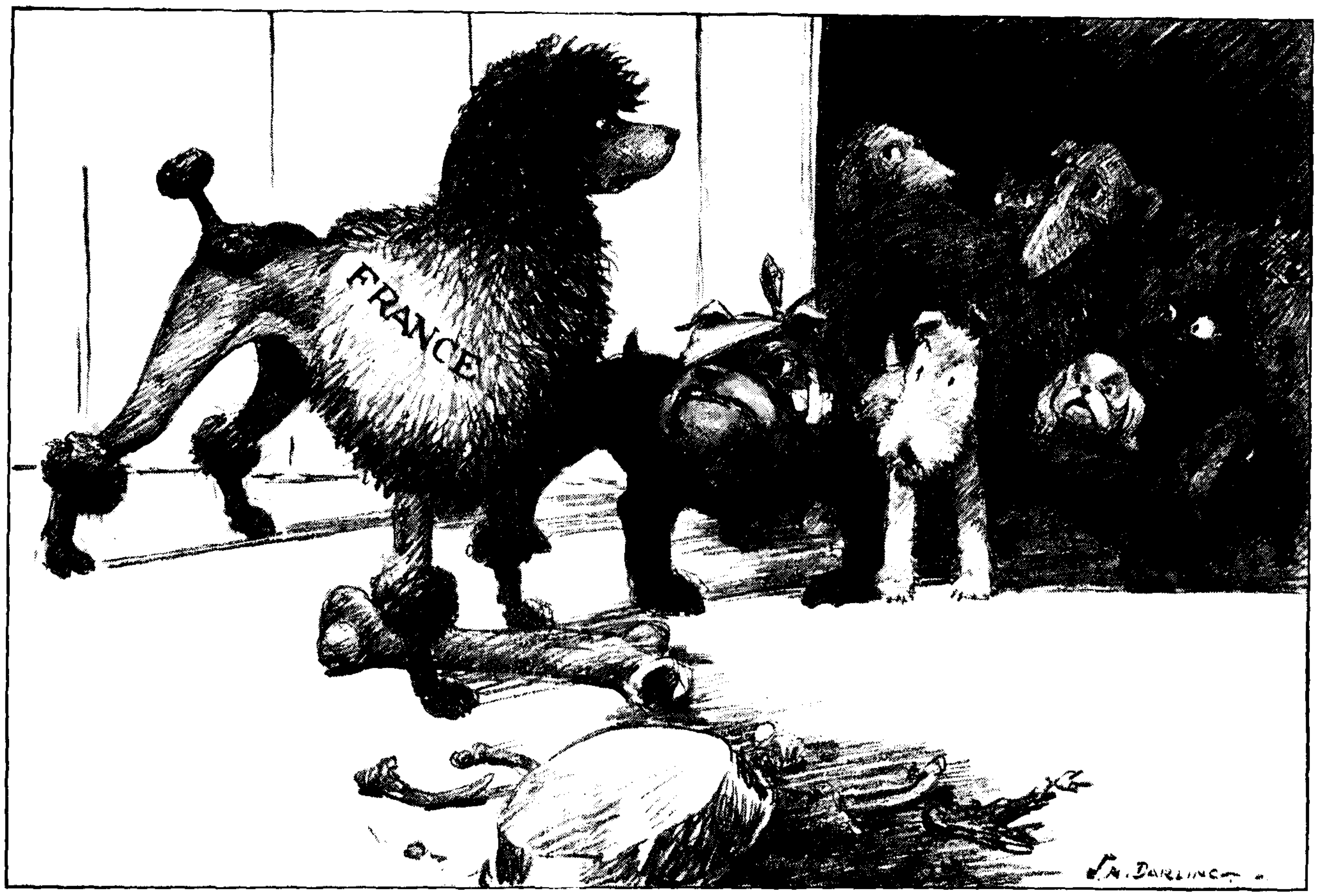


Cartoon by J. N. Darling

France's rivals among the nations have shown an inclination to back away, sullenly but expeditiously

France, Top Dog

It was a shock to some of us when the French emerged on the top of the European heap. But it was no surprise to France. She intended to get there and she expects to remain there. It is, she thinks, the logical place for France to be. Here Mr. Ybarra shows you how the world appears in the realistic eyes of the French

By T. R. Ybarra

LAST *autumn, when the premier of* France was on the ocean between his native land and New York, an American who had been traveling for some time in Europe and closely observing what was happening there remarked:

"Well, I see that Premier Laval is continuing his triumphal tour of the French colonies. First he went to England. Next he visited Germany. Now he is on his way to the United States."

Like most attempts to compress into a few words a description of a complex situation, this statement was far too sweeping. Nevertheless, it contained a kernel of truth. Nor have events which have occurred in the world since this remark was made tended to diminish its elements of truthfulness.

In the dog fight into which international relations seem to be degenerating, France is undoubtedly top dog. Already she has bitten Germany, snarled at Italy, barked at Britain and America. Her rivals among the nations have shown a growing inclination to back away from her, sullenly but none the less expeditiously, leaving to her the center of the ring. And, now and then, abandoning all semblance of rivalry, they have begun to sidle forward cautiously and wag their tails ingratiatingly, in hope of appeasing French disapproval and currying French favor.

"The prestige of France in the world today is incomparable," said Premier Laval, as he landed on French soil after his visit to President Hoover. Sitting around the little tables in the cafés of Paris and other French cities, groups of Frenchmen repeat that remark to one another with immense satisfaction. To be sure, they occasionally feel misgivings. Business in their country, as elsewhere, is by no means what it should be; there are signs that the economic crisis which has gripped the rest of the world so cruelly will not long continue to keep its claws off the land of incomparable prestige.

But the average Frenchman soon downs his misgivings. As he sits, sipping his apéritif, with his newspaper spread out before him, the reports which he reads from England and from the United States cannot fail to give him a slight feeling of triumph—no matter how deeply he may deplore the tribulations of other lands, no matter how much he may suspect that what they are suffering today France may be suffering tomorrow.

"In the troubles of our friends there is always a little something which pleases us," wrote one of France's most celebrated cynics. The Frenchman of today echoes that epigram. After all, says he to himself, are not the worries besetting Englishmen and Americans largely their own fault? Why have they not shown thrift and prudence and a sense of reality, like the people of France? Why, with all their wealth and power, did Britons and Yankees let themselves drift into the doldrums? The French have gone through the same troubled post-war period—yet look at them now!

The average Frenchman folds up his newspaper, takes another sip of apéritif and, leaning forward eagerly, launches into still another of the myriad conversations now going on throughout the length and breadth of France—conversations which always come around to the conclusion, expressed with satisfied nodding of French heads and wagging of French beards:

"France is top dog in the world today. We must see that she remains top dog tomorrow."

The strongest evidence that France is top dog lies in the fact that she alone, among the great nations, finds a reasonable amount of satisfaction in things as they are.

Only a very small proportion of the French believe that the post-war settlement of Europe should be altered. Doubts as to the wisdom of the Versailles Treaty, qualms as to the advisability of maintaining a big army and navy, questionings as to the sacred nature of reparation payments from Germany are seldom heard in France.

The Best of Possible Worlds

Politically and economically, Europe, as it is constituted today, pleases the French — or, if not quite that, they prefer to keep it as it is, despite its shortcomings, rather than risk getting something worse by venturing upon changes.

Ever since the promulgation of the Treaty of Versailles in 1919, France has been, to a considerable extent, preponderant in Europe. Never so much, though, as today. Always strong militarily and politically, by virtue of the Versailles terms, she now is stronger economically than any other nation by virtue of the crisis which has plunged other nations into troubles which at times have come perilously close to bankruptcy. And the average Frenchman feels firmly convinced that France should use her present-day economic strength to guarantee the continuance of her military and political preponderance.

Other nations — Germany, Britain, the United States—have frequently shown a tendency, since the end of the World War, to place economic before political considerations in seeking to reshape this post-war world of ours. Not so France. She has staked her all on maintaining the political ascendancy derived by her from the treaties which liquidated the war.

Her tragedy (as most Frenchmen see it) has been that, on various occasions during the last few years, she has been forced—because she had not sufficiently consolidated her position—to allow that ascendancy to be nibbled at and weakened. What has been hailed elsewhere in the world as a move toward international reconciliation for the welfare of the world as a whole has, again and again, aroused in the breast of the average Frenchman nothing but suspicion and misgiving. He never really liked the Locarno treaty, nor the Dawes Plan, nor the Young Plan, nor the evacuation of the Rhineland by France's soldiers long before the time set by the Treaty of Versailles. All of these things (as he sees it) were wished upon France by her erstwhile comrades in the war, because they were in a position to assert their views, strongly tinged by economic considerations, as against those of France, based primarily on political expediency.

Now, however, all that is changed. Have not the economic Frankensteins been crushed by their economic monster? In the vaults of the Bank of France a good portion of the world's gold is stored. The average Frenchman wants the French government to buy, with the power given it by that gold, the perpetuation of the *status quo* in the world—upheld by those three pillars without which he cannot visualize stability and happiness, viz:

Security for France.

Non-revision of the Treaty of Versailles.

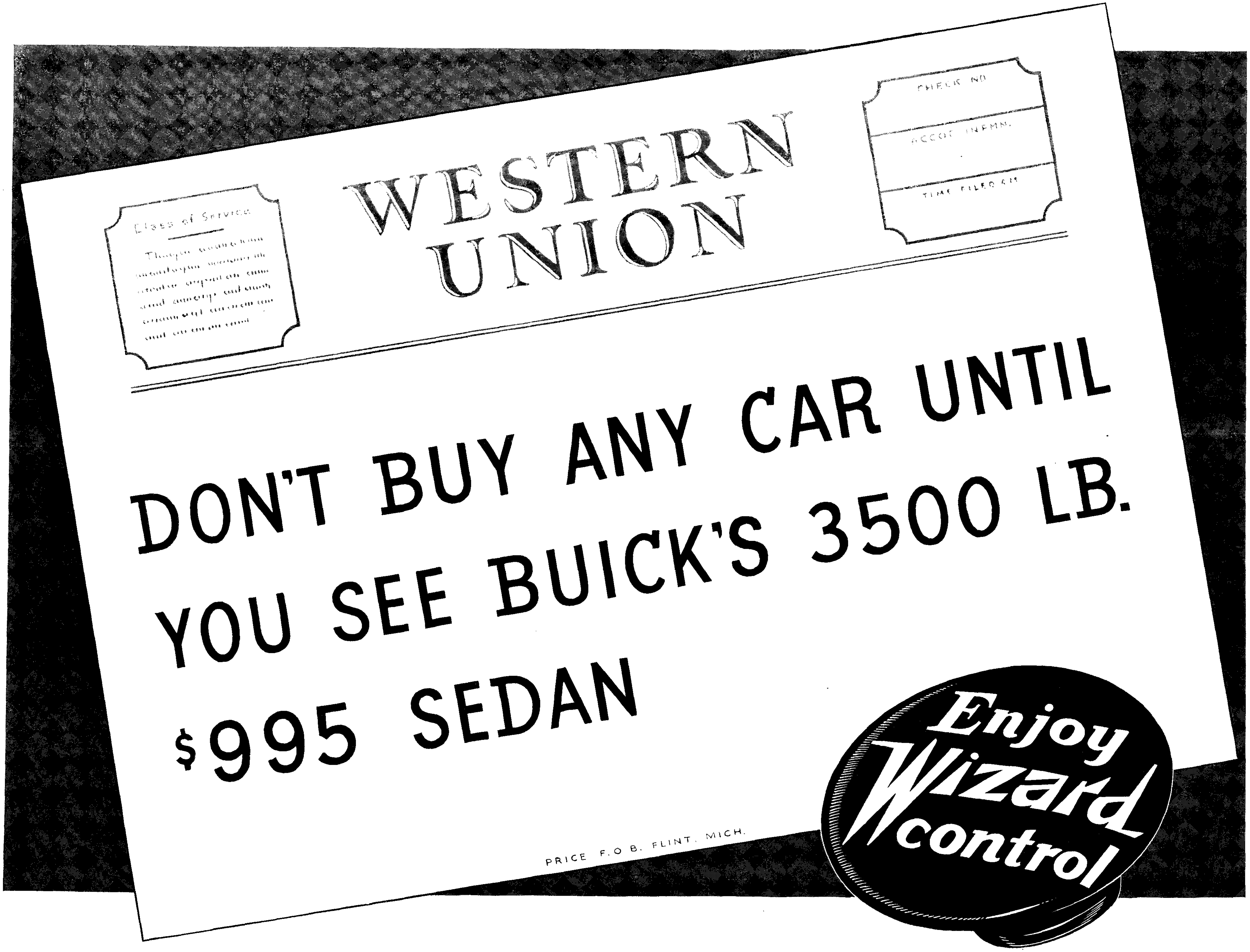
Continued subjugation of Germany through reparations payments.

Against every one of these bulwarks of French post-war policy, other nations have brought opposition to bear—at times with a considerable degree of success.

Rebellious Germany

Germany has raged and still rages against the theory of security which presupposes keeping her disarmed and mutilated, with France and a group of similar European nations bound to the French by ties of self-interest ready to pounce upon her at a moment's notice and enforce French policy by the sword, if need be. Germany likewise balks furiously at the idea that her frontiers, as laid down by the framers of the Versailles Treaty, cannot be altered; the hopes of her irreconcilables—Hitler and the rest of them—are centered upon redrawing those frontiers, for the benefit of Germany, not of France and her friends. And Germany froths at the mouth when she thinks of the reparations payments exacted from her as a corollary of the treaty. In the Hoover moratorium of last July she saw a move toward the eventual cancellation of

(Continued on page 52)



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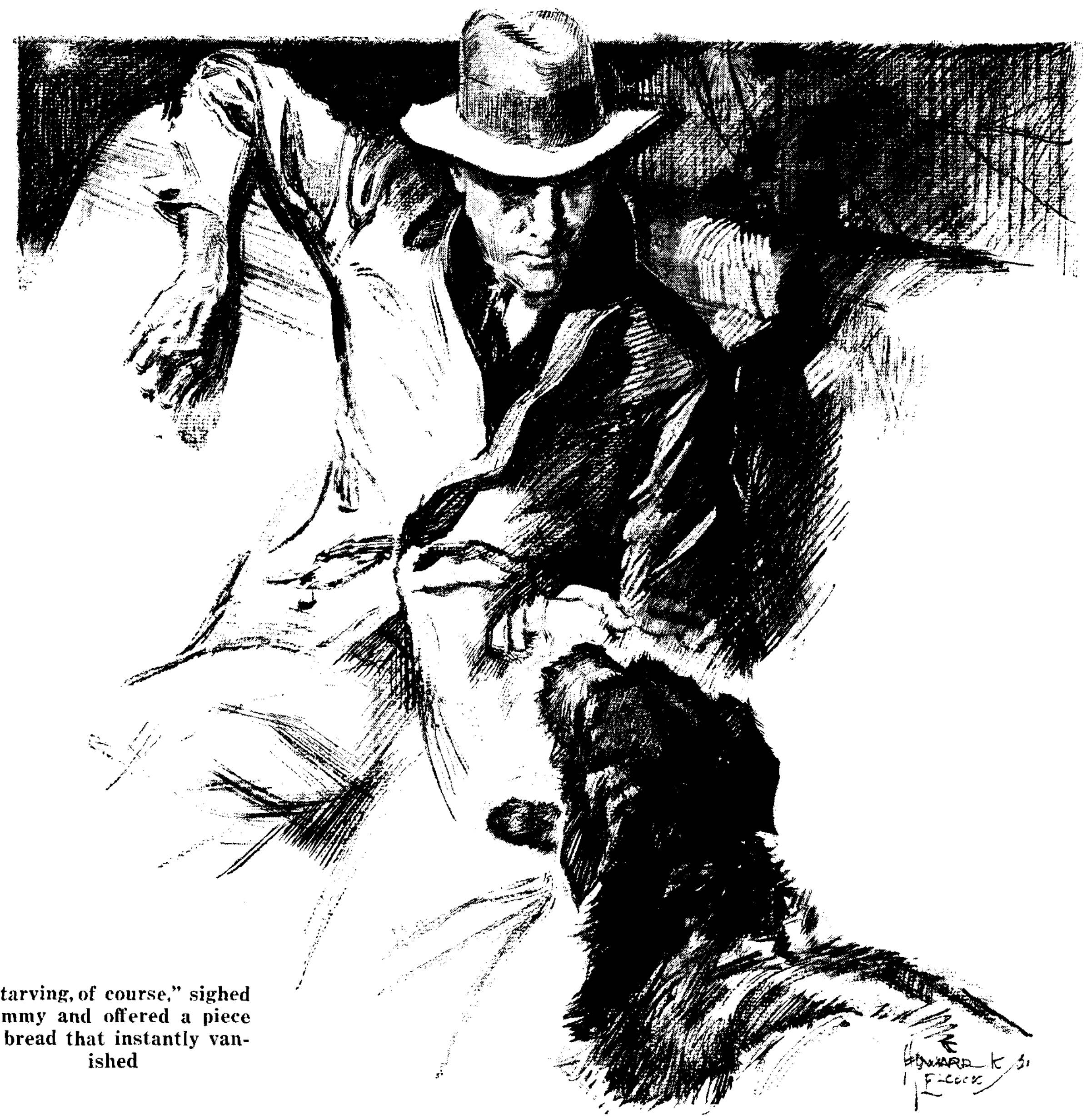


"Starving, of course," sighed Tommy and offered a piece of bread that instantly vanished

Not much to look at

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Jeffery Farnol

Illustrated by Howard Elcock

TOMMY FRAYNE, starting in life with much to lose, had been steadily and consistently losing all his days; fortune, position, money, friends, the woman he had loved—all had gone and, lastly, his self-respect.

So tonight he meant to finish his career of ineptitude once and for all, and, being a Londoner born and bred, had decided to end his troubles and float away from his sordid miseries on the broad bosom of the old river.

Thus then upon this sad autumnal evening he shuffled along in his broken shoes. Being a gentleman of infinite leisure he went very much at his leisure until Big Ben, a pallid disc twixt heaven and earth, chimed the eleventh hour.

"And that's—*that!*" quoth he, when the deep reverberation had died, humming to silence. "And now for supper. As well go hence full as empty."

So saying, he shuffled on until he had reached a bench almost opposite a broad flight of steps that led down to the river's verge; and here, seated cross-legged at his ease, he fished from sagging coat-pocket a screwed-up paper bag wherefrom he extracted a crust of bread, a wedge of cheese, and an onion. . . .

Something rubbed against his leg and, glancing down, he saw two eyes very bright and wistful, a stump of tail and, in between, a woefully gaunt, disreputable shagginess; and these wistful eyes pleaded with a profound eloquence.

"Hal-lo, old boy!" exclaimed Tommy, reaching hand to this shaggy head that became suddenly abject. "Are there two of us? Are you likewise up against it, down and absolutely out too, old chap? Well, let's eat. I suppose you're hungry?" The dog sat up and uttered a short, muffled yelp, his eyes upraised to the man's pallid, unshaven face.

"YES, I thought so, starving, of course!" sighed Tommy and offered a piece of bread that instantly vanished . . . and the bright eyes pleaded, the stumpy tail wagged.

"Exactly, my lad," murmured Tommy, "but what about me? I'm pretty ravenous too!" The dog, eyes intent, sat down, close against Tommy's leg and made quick, soft thumping noises with his brief tail. So, chunk by chunk, Tommy parted with his supper, as he had done with all other of his worldly goods, watching the dog's gulping ecstasy with eyes very wistful also.

"And that's the last, my boy," said he, tossing his onion into the river. "So hook it—away with you." But instead of so doing, the dog butted his head against Tommy's knee, shot pink tongue a little tentatively toward his nearest hand, then, crouching at his feet, gazed up at him with such look that in human eyes might have been called adoration.

"Ha!" quoth Tommy, pulling an ear. "And when we mean to insult a fellow that's a pestiferous blighter and what not, we call him . . . a dog! . . . Well, I suppose you had a name once—but my name for you would be Demosthenes, though I'll swear that old-timer with all his oratory, eloquence and what not could never have wheedled me out of my last meal. . . . And now a long good night!"

So Tommy arose, a little wearily, and went slouching to a flight of steps . . . down these steps to where the river lapped hungrily, lit by a lamp immediately above. Then he turned and leaped. . . .

But Tommy had been a powerful swimmer and now, though his soul courted death and oblivion, his body yearned for life, and, rising to the surface, his limbs struck out instinctively. Tommy laughed, swore and, in the act of throwing up his hands, heard a gasping whine, saw in a patch of radiance a small, shaggy, wet head with eyes wide and staring in passionate supplication.

"Oh!" gasped Tommy, "Demosthenes . . . you fool! Come on then . . . after me!" Another whine that ended in piteous choke . . . Tommy saw these bright eyes suddenly quenched. "What are ye . . . done, lad? Sure, he'll never make it!" Tommy dived, found and clutched that sinking shagginess and rose to lights and air again.

BUT the current ran strong and Tommy, enfeebled by privation, hampered by the dog and his own sodden clothes, was dragged down and swept away . . . down to a roaring darkness . . . up to a swirl of lights that spun past giddily . . . yet still he clutched Demosthenes.

He was whirled beneath the rushing gloom of a bridge . . . out again and on, struggling feebly, but with a grim resolution. For the Man in him was awake and doing at last. Death lured him, like kindly friend, with proffer of the weakling's haven, respite from pain, trouble and needless travail; Death glared on him like bitter foe certain of victory—but Tommy the Man strove, as conqueror must, with heart and brain, body, soul and will, with his every nerve, muscle and sinew, to the limit of his strength—and just beyond.

Thus he strove, weak but indomitable, keeping afloat by his mere water-sense . . . a red glare ahead of him . . . a huge bulk that loomed above them, nearer . . . nearer yet . . . timbering that changed to stone . . . to a flight of slimy steps.

And so—out of the depths, up from the river, up from the death he had sought crawled Tommy, the dog beneath his arm, and found himself on a small jetty with tumble-down sheds and new masonry at one end, and before these a red-glowing fire in a brazier. Thither he staggered, gasping, shivering, half dead, and sinking down in this grateful warmth, closed his eyes . . . opened them to see a whiskered face topped by battered peaked cap bent over him:

"What-o, mate!" said the face, in accents hoarse yet kindly, "where you come from, I wonders?"

"The river."

"And wot was you a-doing of in the river, mate?"

"Drowning myself."

"Lumme . . . Well, why ain't you? Why come out afore you was drowned?"

"To save my dog . . . had to . . . absolutely!"

"Dog? Love a duck! And he ain't much to look at!"

"Neither am I, for that matter. But we're both better than we look."

"Could ye eat some stew, mate? Though it's a bit coldish."

"Eat? Try me, friend, try me." So Tommy ate ravenously, then dozed a while until the kindly watchman roused him and he saw it was dawn with promise of a golden day.

"IT'S home and bed for me, mate—and wot for you? Sooicide, eh? Going to try it again?"

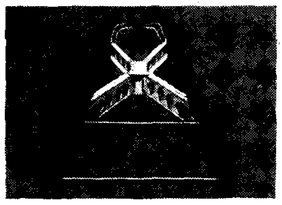
"Not likely!" answered Tom Frayne, rising. "You see, old chap, I shall have to . . . er . . . give my dog a chance and what not . . . and besides—there's always—Tomorrow, with a capital T."

"Why then good-by, mate, and good luck!"

"The same to you and . . . my hearty thanks . . . both our thanks! . . . Come on Demosthenes, old chap!"

So, man and dog, they went to face the chance of this new day together, the dawn bright above them, and it was to be noted that the dog's stumpy tail was jauntily a-cock, and the man, chin up and shoulders squared, shuffled no more.

NEW NASH



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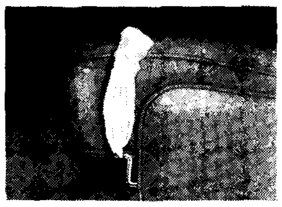

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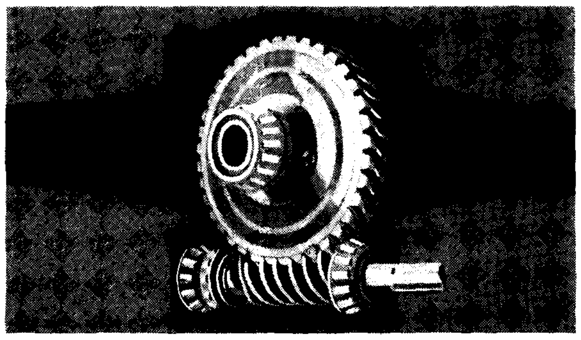
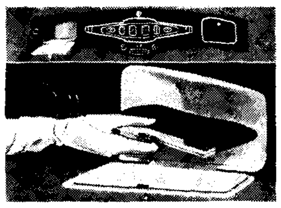


Silent Underslung Worm Drive Rear Axle



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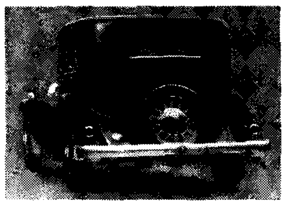
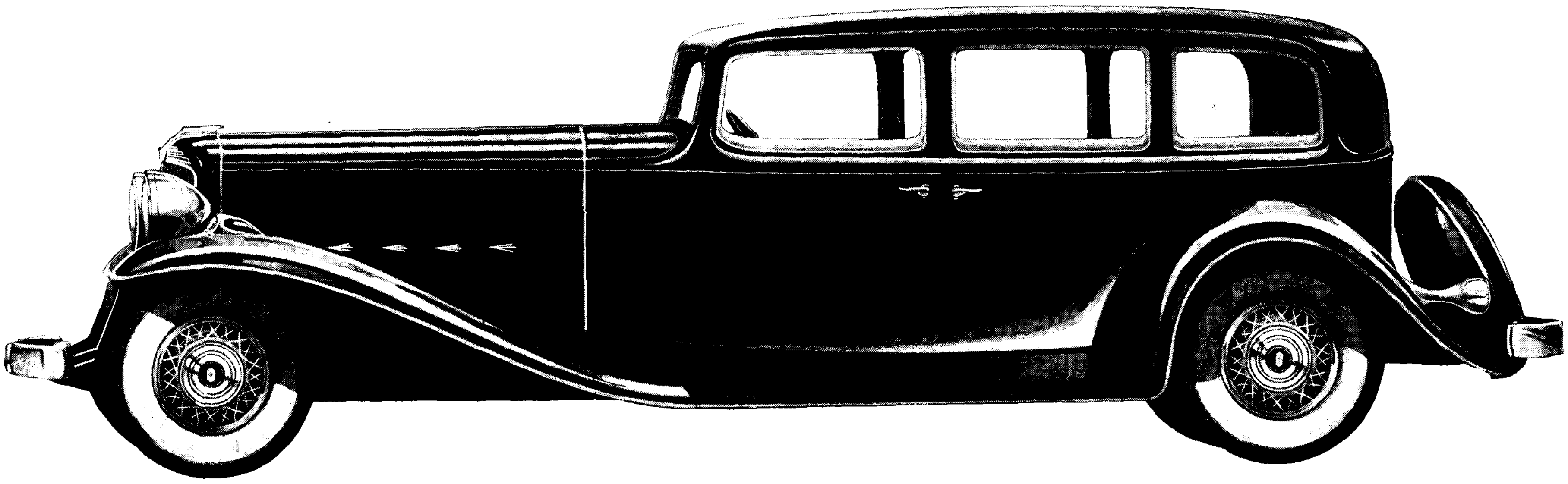
New instrument panel has two convenient, chromium-trimmed glove and parcel compartments. (All models.)



New Beavertail Back

Unusually beautiful. Frees car from vacuum "hold-back" and saves power-waste at high speed. (All models.)



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It has five great advantages.

Because it is underslung Nash is enabled to lower the over-all height of the car nearly 3 inches without the slightest decrease in road clearance or head room.

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In fact, it actually improves with use for the worm action tends to correct surfaces on worm teeth as wear takes place.

It is extremely silent, and because the worm is underslung its very action insures positive and constant axle lubrication.

This Silent Underslung Worm Drive Rear Axle is a feature of the Twin-Ignition Ambassador, Advanced, and Special Eights.

It is only one of the many unusual attractions Nash introduces in its 5 new series announced February 27th, including — a new body design, completely Slip-Streamed, with V-radiator, and Beavertail back; wider treads; wider bodies; wider seats; inside lock on all doors; dash-adjusted, full range Ride Control; increased horsepower; longer wheelbases; aluminum alloy Connecting Rods drilled for pressure lubrication, and aluminum alloy invar strut Pistons (Bohnalite); Automatic Centralized Chassis Lubrication; "Centrifuse" Brake Drums; new dual Exhaust Silencers; selective synchro-shift Free Wheeling, and many others.

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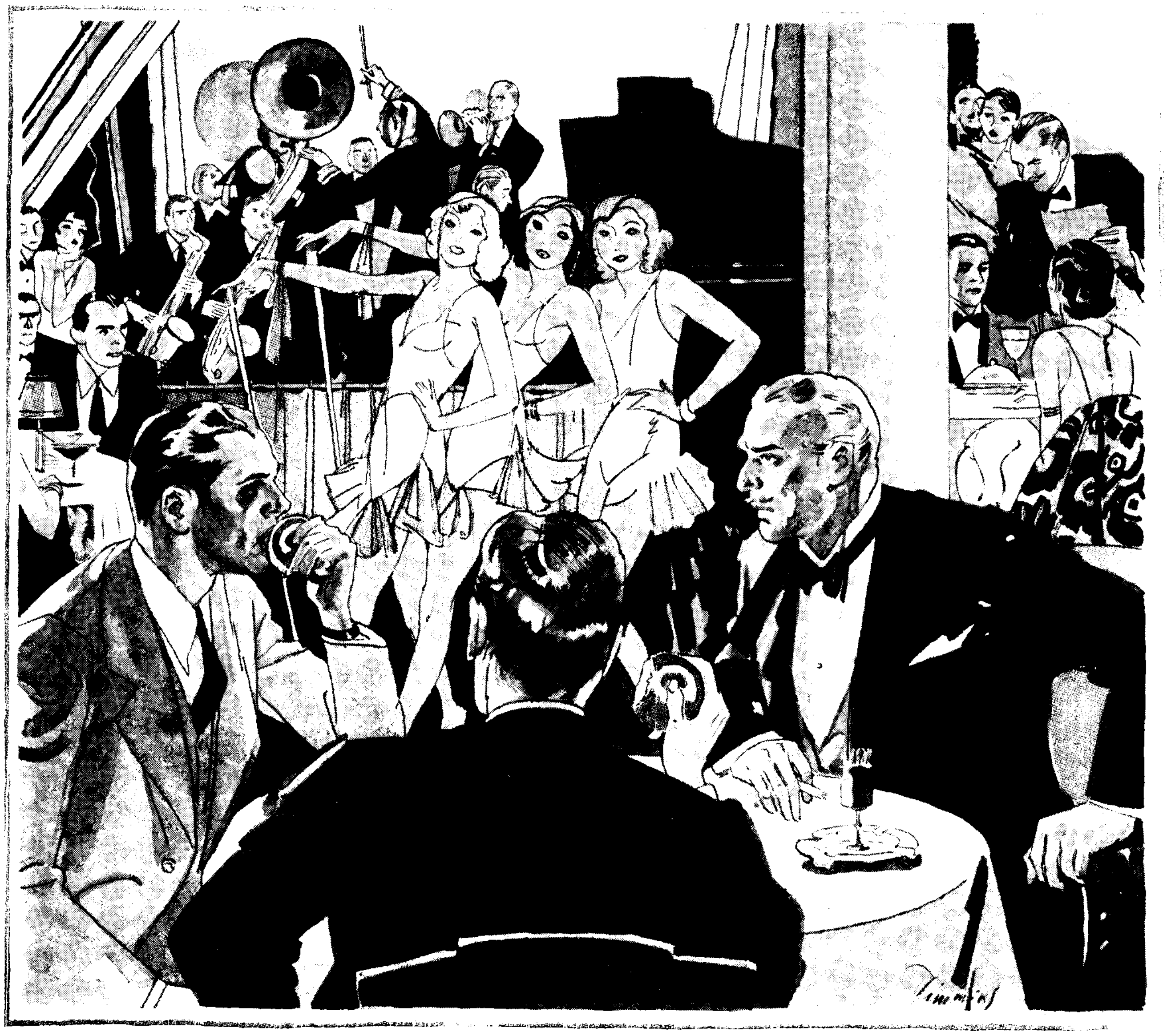
ALL PRICES F. O. B. FACTORY

The Fourth Girl

Detective O'Malley demonstrates the value of the apple-eating habit, to solve a baffling problem

By William MacHarg



Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"You come and sit here like a bunch of half-wits, eating apples, and you got everybody worried"

"THIS is one of those cases," O'Malley said, "that you can't tell nothing about because there are too many things that might have happened. I got the advantage, though, that they put me on the case while it is fresh. This young guy that got killed was what they call a Broadway playboy. Whenever any of his family staked him to some dough he came to New York and blew it in; but he won't blow in no more because they found him in Van Cortlandt Park this morning with a hole shot through him. His name was Hammin and his folks are big people in the Middle West, so there's a stir over who shoved him off."

"What do you suspect?" I asked. "A love affair, jealousy, or gangster stuff, or what?"

"I ain't doing any suspecting, because I ain't even looked at anything yet."

We were in the Bronx and we stopped where they had the young man. He was about twenty-five years old and ought to have been good-looking; but instead he looked merely pampered and dissipated. He had been wearing evening clothes and he had been shot just once.

Afterward, we went to the park and looked at the place where they had found him. It was a road running among trees and bushes and the grass was rather long. There were some uniformed cops keeping people away from the spot, and the grass was trampled, but these were the footsteps of police officers.

"They didn't find nothing else here?" O'Malley asked.

"Not a thing but him," one of the officers answered, "and there has been too many cars here to tell if there were any car tracks. It looks to me like he had been somewhere on a party where he got pushed over, and then they brought him here."

We walked all around the spot, peering at the trampled grass and bushes, and O'Malley picked up out of the long grass a partly eaten apple. There were red marks on it.

"That blood?" I asked.

"I wouldn't say so. I'd say it was lipstick."

He had picked the apple up very carefully by the stem, and he gave it to me to carry the same way, and we took it and left it at the police station.

"There's nothing whatever," I remarked, "to show that the apple had anything to do with the murder."

"Not a thing," O'Malley assented. "It's just one of them things a cop has to keep in mind, because the case don't offer nothing else that he can think about."

We went back to Manhattan and O'Malley took a list out of his pocket.

"What's that?" I asked.

THIS guy Hammin was registered at a swell hotel and these are the telephone numbers he called up the last few days. They been looked up and the parties' names wrote opposite 'em, and I got to go around and talk with some of these people."

We began with the number which appeared most often on the list. The name opposite it was Paxon and it led us to a fine large house, where a remarkably pretty young woman, some twenty-two years old, came down to talk to us. She knew already what had happened.

"Isn't this terrible!" she said. "Horace was so happy yesterday. It was his twenty-fifth birthday."

"You see him yesterday, Miss Paxon?" O'Malley asked.

"I was with him all afternoon and evening. We went to the races and Horace won eight thousand dollars. So in the evening he gave a birthday party. He called up a number of people and we went to dinner and then to a theater and afterward to a night club."

"Sounds like a wild party to me."

"No," she said, "it wasn't. But it was rather a queer one. Horace had called up anyone he happened to think of, and some of the women were—well, as I said, rather queer."

"You go to more than just one night club?"

"No; only the Gilded Chicken."

"Then what, Miss Paxon?"

"Nothing, after that. The party broke up when we left the night club. Horace brought me home in a cab and said good night to me and started back to his hotel."

"In the cab?"

"No; he walked. He said he wanted the air."

O'Malley asked her who had been in the party at the night club, and she gave him the names and some of the addresses and told us how we could learn the others. We interviewed all of them, and their stories agreed with Miss Paxon's; the party had broken up and they all had gone home.

"We learned one thing," O'Malley said, when we had finished. "This Hammin gathered his lady friends from wherever he found 'em—what they call from all walks of society; but the guy had an eye—they're every one a knockout."

"Yes," I agreed, "they are a beautiful but odd assortment of women, and some of them it might be well to know more about."

"Yeah? Well, what you want to know about them you can read in your tomorrow morning's newspaper. The district attorney will have all those ladies on the mat today and the reporters will tell you all about their pedigrees."

"Do you mean," I inquired, astonished, "that you are not going to follow up any of the leads they offer?"

"No; they look all right to me."

"Then what?"

He seemed perplexed. "I don't see nothing I can do. There ain't any lead. I might go round to that night club and check up on their stories that they had no trouble there; but those places don't open up till midnight."

I decided to go with him. So I met him about half past one next morning and we went to the night club. It was the usual sort of place, with people who were not all entirely sober dancing, and between dances there was a show by young women made remarkable only by the absence of their clothes.

WHEN we came in I saw two men whom I recognized as plain-clothes cops sitting at a table. They left when we came in and, glancing at their table, I saw that each of them had been eating an apple. After we had been there a little while, O'Malley took two apples from his pocket and gave me one of them.

"Have something to eat," he said.

We stayed about an hour, and as we were leaving I saw two more plain-clothes men come in; and looking back from the entrance after they were seated, I saw that they were eating apples too.

The next day I read in the paper that all those connected with the night club had been questioned but knew nothing about the murder; but, in spite of this, we continued to drop in at the club every morning, and we always ate an apple. The third morning, the manager, who had been friendly, came and sat at our table; he was not friendly now.

"What's the idea?" he demanded of O'Malley. "You cops are driving my performers nuts! You come and sit here like a bunch of half-wits, eating

(Continued on page 50)

They are depending on you, *Mother!*

Keep them well and strong ..yet save amazingly on food costs

Give them delicious Quaker Oats. It provides double the nourishment of more expensive foods. Yet costs less than ½ a cent a dish! Serve it oftener now.

BUT how *can* I keep my children well and strong yet keep food costs down? Thousands of mothers are asking this question. And thousands are finding they can cut breakfast costs almost in half yet serve more nourishing . . . more delicious breakfasts . . . with Quaker Oats.

What a dish of Quaker Oats contains

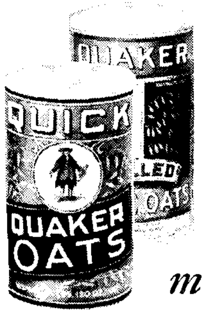
For Quaker Oats is a rich storehouse of important food elements your family needs. It provides protein, the precious repair element that makes meat, milk and eggs so valuable. Like fresh vegetables it provides body building minerals. Like far more costly foods it is rich in concentrated energy.

Yet it costs less than ½ a cent a dish.

In addition (and this is important, for children's appetites *must* be tempted), Quaker Oats has a rich flavor that makes oatmeal eating a delight. A flavor that comes from the exclusive Quaker *roasting* process.

Picture the plumpest, choicest oat kernels, roasting and toasting through fourteen rotating ovens. Think how this roasting enhances their rich savoriness. How it *roasts* the goodness *in*, so it can't cook *out*. Think too what it adds to wholesome digestibility! Quick Quaker Oats cooks deliciously done in just 2½ minutes. That's faster than toast or coffee!

Save on foods, mother. Yet serve more nourishing breakfasts. More delicious ones. Let rich steaming bowls of Quick Quaker Oats help keep your family well and strong at less cost.



❦

Try Pettijohn's . . . a delicious, old-fashioned rolled wheat cereal that cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. Makes dry bran eating unnecessary.

ROASTING!

Exclusive process secret of Quaker's delicious flavor!

Roasting . . . an exclusive process. Only the plumpest, most *flavory* oats are used. The choice 30% in every bushel. The ripe whole oats are *roasted* through 14 different ovens. This roasts the delicious flavor *in* so it can't boil *out*. The oatflakes are made so digestible that they cook wholesomely done in *2½ minutes*.

And—important economy—every package of Mother's Oats and Quaker Oats contains from 30 to 40% more oatflakes than most millers pack!

LISTEN to Gene and Glen, the Quaker Early Birds . . . over N. B. C.
Consult your newspaper radio program for the time.

QUICK QUAKER OATS, *cooks in 2½ minutes*

TAKE THE WEIGHT OFF YOUR FEET

Take on a pair of these new Walk-Over Lightweights. Half a pound lighter per pair than ordinary shoes, they will (believe it or not) relieve you of lifting 5,000 pounds a day in taking your 20,000 steps around town.

Lighter and more flexible, these shoes have lost none of the guaranteed Walk-Over qualities of smart style, long service, and comfortable fit. The only thing besides weight they have less of—is price. New Walk-Over prices are lowest since 1917.

See the Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood or write for a booklet of styles. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

● DRURY — *Custom grade Lightweight of brown Russia calf. Correctly trimmed with perforations* . . $8

● NEWPORT — *One of the most popular new Lightweights of the season. Black calf* $6

WALK·OVER SHOES

LIGHTWEIGHT STYLES FOR SPRING

Tax Everyone But Me

Continued from page 13

a half billion dollars in internal revenue taxes to the government that year: The national debt had in 1919 become twenty-five and one half billion dollars. The cost of war had gone up; it had multiplied almost by six, measuring it in terms of what the government can secure from us as citizens in one year.

This war in 1917 was a new kind of war for us. We had to find money not only for ourselves, but for our associates. We had to find money to feed starving neutral nations. We had to find money to feed the starving people in one allied nation which broke down and quit the war, mid-channel. And that's not all. After the war was over we had to find money to help our former enemies, so that we could keep them alive and help them to be our customers in commerce and finance.

Wanted: A Tax Messiah

We were papa, mamma, uncle, aunt, nurse, doctor, surgeon, associated charities or what have you of the whole world. And this isn't boasting; it's complaining. But there's nothing to do about it.

We can't avoid it. Here's a fact that every statesman and every financier in the world knows and quotes to his own people and to the world:

Half of all the business, meaning manufacturing, commerce, transportation, etc., of the civilized nations of the earth is done by the United States. The other half is done by 101 other nations.

And the other half of the world can't get back on its feet until we do.

That's why we must raise at least four billion dollars in taxes next year. And if anyone can see any way out of it we'd all be pleased to hear from him.

You can put all our tax troubles down to war.

Now, after the Great War, we Americans took up our old plan of getting war debts paid off as quickly as possible. Wartime tax rates were reduced three different times within ten years, but, nevertheless, we went on cutting down the debt.

Twenty-five and a half billions we owed at the peak. The annual interest alone, as we have seen, was over $600,000,000 a year.

All the time, after the Great War, we were paying in more taxes than the government could (or at least *did* use) for running expenses. The surplus was devoted to paying off the national debt.

It was cut down to sixteen billions—an amazing achievement. To do this and to run the government, we paid Uncle Sam in taxes on an average running rate of about $19.17 a year.

What is this war debt? I got a very simple picture of it from Treasury Department records.

"How can we owe a war debt, when everyone else in the world seems to be owing us? Who in heaven's name can be our creditor?"

We, the American nation, owe it to our own people. Our war debt, among other things, is for all those Liberty bonds Americans bought.

"Most people don't seem to understand," one Treasury Department official told me, "that Uncle Sam borrowed money from his own people, so that he could lend it to other nations. Yes, he loaned out borrowed money. When other nations don't pay their debts to him, or the interest either, for that matter, he must get the money for interest in some other way. And that's by taxation or by issuing new bonds and going further into debt."

During the last two years, when internal revenue receipts fell, Uncle Sam *has* been slipping back into debt. That sixteen billion dollars, to which we had reduced the national debt, has climbed back toward nineteen billions.

Here's a word cartoon of our present situation: Look at this big, fat four-billion-dollar pie, which Uncle Sam must prepare annually. Look at this big, fat, hairy giant waiting for his annual share of it. His name is Mars. Uncle Sam must hand him almost three-quarters of that pie! There's no way out of it. The quantity cannot be reduced. It's his. Print on his piece of the pie, these words: "For past wars and pensions, for war-debt reduction and interest, for the reward and care of Great War veterans, which alone costs one billion dollars a year, for the six hundred million dollars a year interest on war bonds, for our present Army and Navy, which cost about three quarters of a billion."

For everyday running expenses of the government only one small piece of pie remains. If we want to cut down on Federal running expenses we must cut down on that one piece. Old Mr. War won't let us take any cuts out of his. The fact is that we can't cut down our piece any further. It has already been reduced by almost half owing to the decline in tax collections.

More people must directly help to pay Federal expenses; in other words more people than have been doing so must pay cash to the Federal government, in one form or another.

For example, less than two million people have been paying Federal income taxes. The plan, at this writing, is to have about 3,500,000 persons pay them, if Congress approves the idea.

There is every evidence that the Federal government must by the present budget have the equivalent of at least thirty-one dollars per capita from us for 1932 and 1933. That's about ten dollars more a year per head than we have been paying.

A Useless Song

Who'll pay it? That's for Congress to decide, in part. But read what ex-President Calvin Coolidge has to say:

"A farmer ships a steer to Chicago. His tax, the tax of the railroad transporting the animal, and of the yards where the animal is sold, go into the price of the animal to the packer. The packer's tax goes into the price to the wholesaler, and the wholesaler's tax goes into the price to the retailer, who in turn adds his tax to the price to the purchaser. So it may be said that if the farmer ultimately wears the shoes he pays everybody's taxes from the farm to his feet."

And Andrew Mellon said:

"Taxes are paid in large measure by consumers all over the country and not alone by persons actually giving their checks to the government."

All of which means that going to Washington and singing the "Don't Tax Me" song doesn't do anyone much good, after all.

Nationally, we've been in deeper debt than we are now. Back in 1919 the per capita debt was $240.09. By 1930 we had cut it down to $133.53.

Today, if we take on expenses provided in the new budget, the per capita debt will be increased about $10. Even then it will be nearly $100 less per person than it was at the end of the Great War.

Rainbow Natural Bridge, Utah

And there's a natural bridge in business

IN MOST BUSINESS a long gap—long and costly—separates producer and consumer. In the telephone business this gap is bridged quite naturally—and economically—by Western Electric. ¶ This company reaches all the way from buying raw materials to producing the finished telephone apparatus and distributing it to the telephone companies. The route is unusually direct because of Western Electric's close relation in the Bell System to these companies. ¶ This bridge saves time, effort, expense. It is the Bell System's answer to one of industry's most urgent needs—lower distribution cost. And a reason why you get such real value in your telephone service.

Facts About
Western Electric
Purchasers, Manufacturers,
Distributors for the Bell System

• *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* •

THE TIRE THAT TAUGHT THRIFT TO MILLIONS

EXTRA VALUES! This is your positive guarantee when you buy Firestone products. For, Firestone concentrate their entire world-wide resources in building complete lines of quality tires, tubes, batteries, brake lining, spark plugs and accessories for sale through Firestone Service Stores and Service Dealers.

Firestone do not manufacture tires under special brand names for mail order houses and others to distribute. Special brand tires are made without the manufacturer's name. They are sold without his guarantee or responsibility for service.

Firestone manufacture complete lines of tires for their Service Stores and Service Dealers. Each line is designated by tread design and name. The quality and construction of each Firestone line excel that of special brand mail order tires sold at the same prices.

Firestone Oldfield Type tires are made with the construction features of Gum-Dipping—Two Extra Cord Plies Under the Tread—and Quiet, Safe, Long-Wearing Non-Skid Tread.

Call on the Firestone Service Dealer in your community. He will show you sections cut from Firestone Tires, special brand mail order tires, and others. See the Extra Values you get in Firestone Tires at prices no higher than special brand tires.

COMPARE CONSTRUCTION, QUALITY *and* PRICE

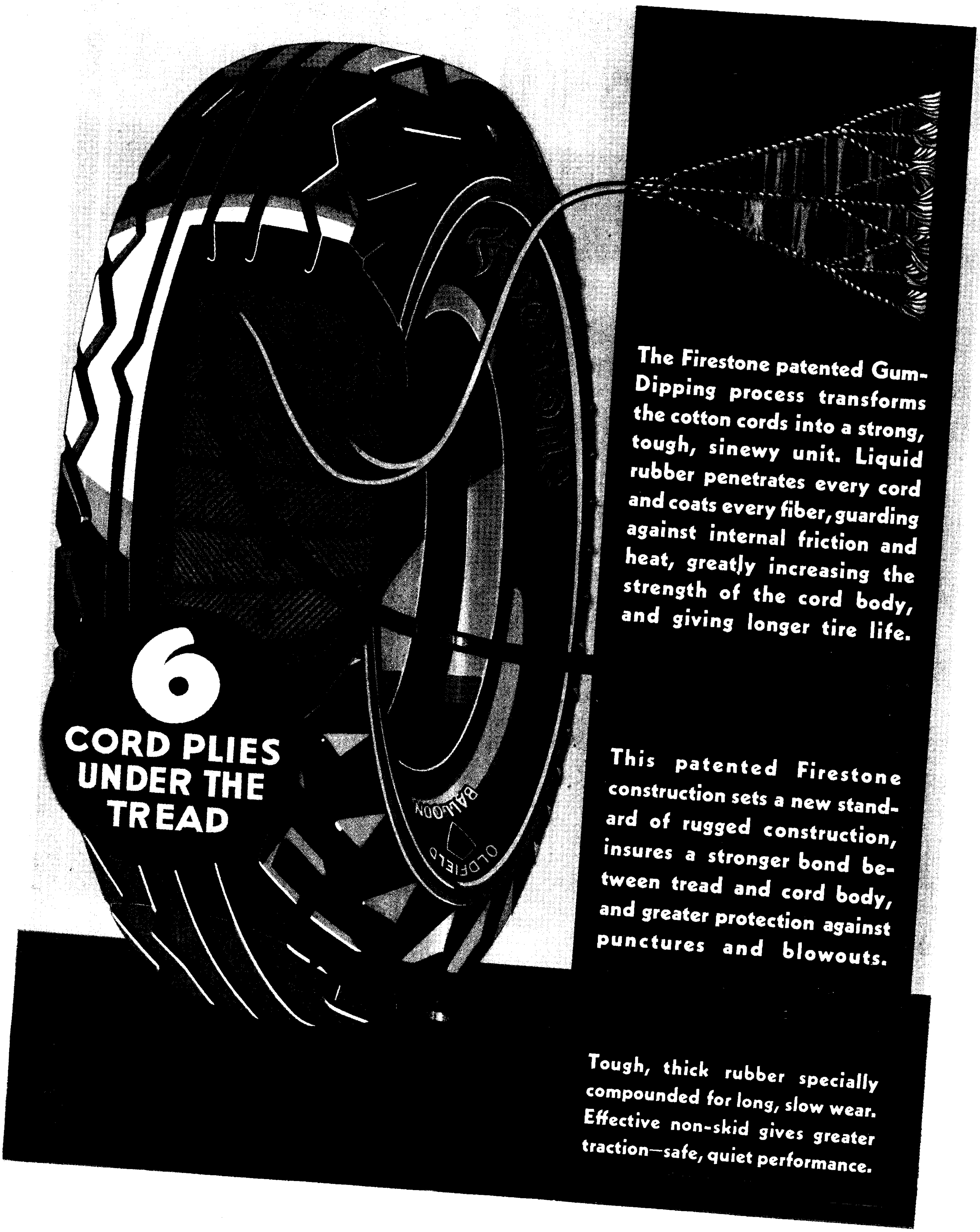
Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
Ford Chevrolet	4.40-21	$4.79	$9.30
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.35	10.38
Ford	4.50-21	5.43	10.54
Ford Chevrolet Whippet	4.75-19	6.33	12.32
Erskine Plymouth	4.75-20	6.43	12.48
Chandler De Soto Dodge Durant Gr. Paige Pontiac Roosevelt Willys-Kn.	5.00-19	6.65	12.90

Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
Essex Nash	5.00-20	$6.75	$13.10
Essex Nash Oldsmob'e	5.00-21	6.98	13.54
Buick M. Chevrolet Oldsmob'e	5.25-18	7.53	14.60
Buick	5.25-21	8.15	15.82
Studeb'k'r Auburn Jordan Reo	5.50-18	8.35	16.20
Studeb'k'r Gardner Marmon Oakland Peerless	5.50-19	8.48	16.46

Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
Chrysler Studeb'k'r Viking	6.00-18 H.D.	$10.65	$20.66
Franklin Studeb'k'r Hudson Hupmob'e	6.00-19 H.D.	10.85	21.04
La Salle Packard	6.00-20 H.D.	10.95	21.24
Pierce-Arrow	6.00-21 H.D.	11.10	21.54
Buick	6.00-22 H.D.	11.60	22.50
Stutz	6.50-20 H.D.	12.65	24.54
Cadillac Lincoln Packard	7.00-20 H.D.	14.65	28.42

TRUCK *and* BUS TIRES		
Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
30x5 H. D.	$15.45	$29.96
32x6 H. D.	26.50	51.00
34x7 H. D.	36.40	70.60
36x8 H. D.	51.65	100.20
6.00-20 H. D.	14.50	28.14
6.50-20 H. D.	16.30	31.62
7.50-20 H. D.	26.45	51.60
9.00-20 H. D.	46.50	90.40
9.75-20 H. D.	61.65	120.00

Firestone

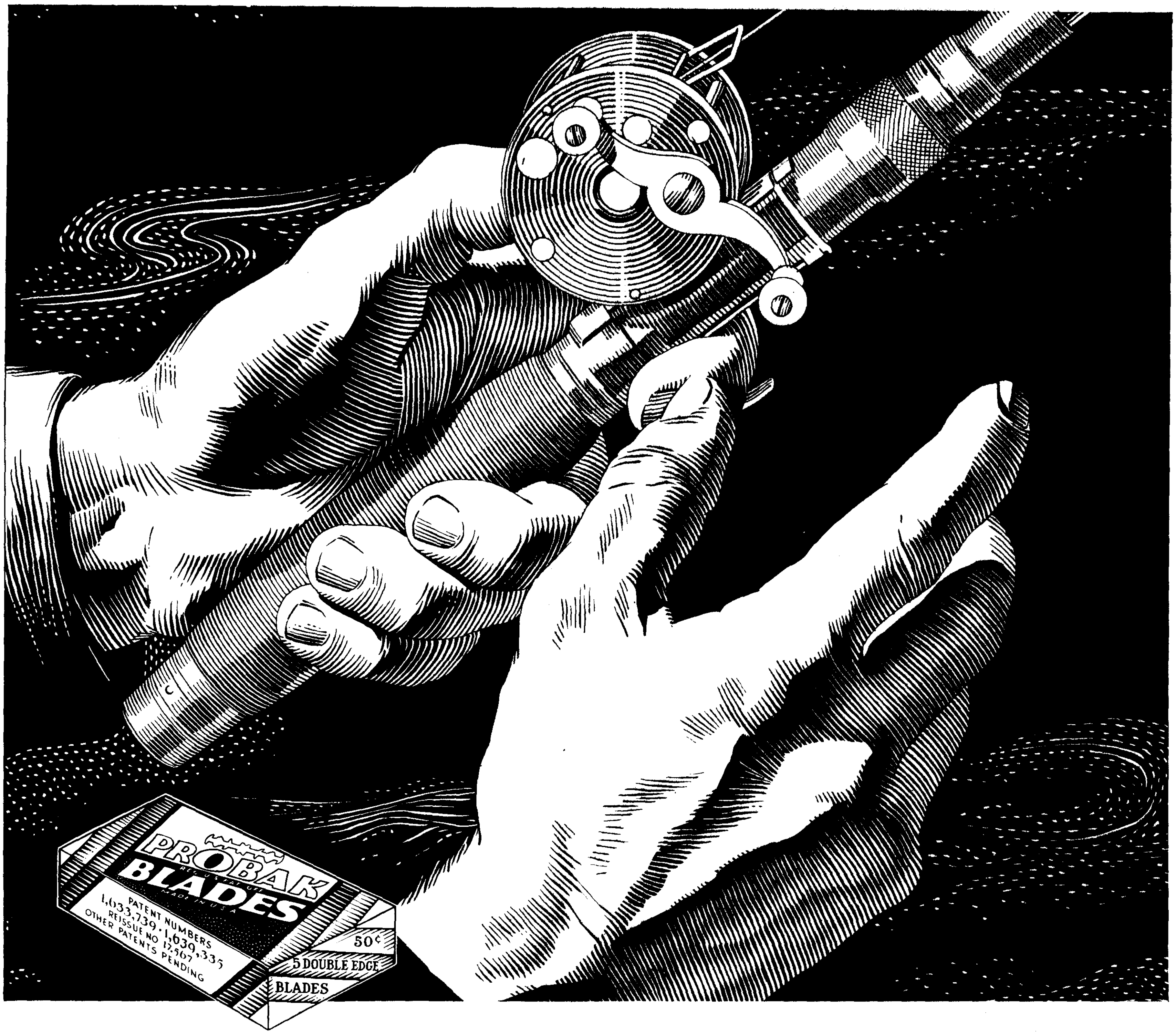

6 CORD PLIES UNDER THE TREAD
BALLOON
OLDFIELD

The Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process transforms the cotton cords into a strong, tough, sinewy unit. Liquid rubber penetrates every cord and coats every fiber, guarding against internal friction and heat, greatly increasing the strength of the cord body, and giving longer tire life.

This patented Firestone construction sets a new standard of rugged construction, insures a stronger bond between tread and cord body, and greater protection against punctures and blowouts.

Tough, thick rubber specially compounded for long, slow wear. Effective non-skid gives greater traction—safe, quiet performance.

ARE YOU THIS KIND OF A MAN ?


PROBAK
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50¢
5 DOUBLE EDGE
BLADES

● We're talking to you regular men, whether you're chained to a desk or work outdoors. You'd rather hear the splash of a bass than listen to the Moonlight Sonata. Your beard is tough and you find it hard to shave. The double-edge Probak blade is designed for bristles like yours. You can feel it on your face. This is why hundreds of thousands of he-men say "Probak is a far better blade." Join the army of "regular guys" who get real shaving comfort with Probak. Buy a package on our guarantee and match a blade or two against your beard. See how it mows down the stubble, cutting every hair cleanly at the base. Make the test tomorrow morning. If Probak doesn't measure up to your expectations—return the package with the unused blades to your dealer and he'll refund the full price.

PROBAK BLADES

THE BLADE FOR MEN THAT ***ARE*** MEN

The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 15

even more noise on the other side. Thrusting the tiny sample bottle into his mouth Brent crouched and waited. The guard was coming up on his hands and knees dragging his lantern on the ground after him. As he started to rise Brent hurled himself full at him and they rolled down the embankment together. The guard's arms were like steel girders and he had been eating onions. Brent, slimy with oil, wriggled himself free when they bumped at the bottom. The guard made several attempts to clutch him, but each time his grip slid off the smooth oil. The lantern had gone out.

BRENT ran diagonally toward the river. Every instant he expected that the guard would begin shooting, but he had made over fifty yards before a bullet pinged over his head. It was entirely wild. The oil had something to do with it probably—oil on a man's hands—gun slippery with oil. Oil—a good thing!

He continued to run, while the guard kept firing, on general principles. At the river Brent was astonished to find that in spite of the fracas the sample bottle in his mouth was still intact. This time he did not remove his shoes, but waded straight out into the darkness and plunged into the current. The guard's continued firing did not worry him. It was much warmer than coming over, owing to the excitement and his coating of oil. Half an hour later he was on Illyrian soil again, and made his way to the ilex tree where he had tied the burro. Fortunately his head had not got into the oil!

He scraped his body with sand, got into his clothes, ate some bread and cheese and lit a cigarette. He could see the lanterns moving up and down the opposite bank where the Albanians were still searching for him. Then he straddled the burro and jogged back to Tokar by moonlight. The courtyard of the Albergo del Ponte was full of people who looked like Italians, drinking at little tables to the monotonous rasp of three *gusla* players. He turned over the burro to the porter, hurried upstairs, and tested his sample. The oil ran forty degrees! The Tokar field ought to be worth half a billion dollars.

He was awakened after a heavy sleep by the flies and by a peculiar smell which at first he thought came from the courtyard. Then he realized that it was the oil. He wondered how long it would take to wear off. Flies liked oil. Better keep moving. He had found out now all he wanted to know. Might as well go on up to Zeta where the flies were not so plentiful.

He had breakfast alone in the courtyard. The hotel seemed to have suddenly become empty and he asked where everybody was. The proprietor pointed a fat finger at the headlines on the front page of *Glas Ilirye*. Didn't the gospodin know about the celebration to take place that day at Zeta? It was to be a great occasion—*una magnifica cerimonia!* The betrothal ceremony of the King's granddaughter, Princess Stephanie Stephanovitch, was to take place in the cathedral at eleven o'clock, and everybody who could afford it had gone up there.

Twenty minutes later Brent was on his way to the capital in the proprietor's car, driven by a ragged Tokarian boy with hornlike feet.

As they bounced up the hilly road on the Illyrian side of the valley and he looked down upon the scene of his exploit of the preceding evening he decided that the C. P. C. must have the concession at any cost. In view of its potentialities Sloat's three hundred thousand was a mere flea bite.

They reached the Turkish bridge below Zeta in less than an hour and soon began to overtake large numbers of peasants in holiday dress on their way to the capital. How they all loved a show! Some of them no doubt had been tramping since daybreak just to see a couple of boneheads come out of a church. Well, it would give the men a good excuse to get drunk, and the women to pick up new lovers. They were great lovers, these Illyrians!

About him were representatives of at least twenty distinct races, all speaking in different languages or dialects, but all, to an Occidental, appearing somehow mysteriously related and conveying a subtle sense of menace. The crowded road made it impossible to proceed farther in the car.

Brent, caught between two tall and smelly Moslems, inched along toward the neck of the bottle formed by the alleys converging at the postern of the citadel. Here, having been squeezed breathless for several minutes, he was suddenly lifted off his feet and carried bodily by the human swirl through the gates into the piazza. Whew! Luckily the crowd had been on its good behavior. A fat chance to get out alive, if it hadn't!

He mopped his forehead and sidled along under the arches, trying to see over the heads of the crowd what was going on. He admitted that the hotel proprietor had been right. It was a good show, worth coming for. The façades of the buildings were draped with blue and yellow and the entire square festooned with colored paper.

In the center of the piazza a battalion of Tsernagorans had been drawn up so as to form a lane leading from the palace to the cathedral, upon the lower steps of which the Household Troops were massed as a guard of honor. Behind the soldiers the square was packed to the arcades, gendarmes being posted at intervals between the arches. The palace band lolled in the pavilion.

THERE was a bootblack stand under the Law Courts and Brent hired one of the chairs for fifty dinars. From it he could look out under an arch directly across to the cathedral steps. Just to one side was a wooden tower made of scantlings, so that the moving-picture men could get level shots at the royal party as it emerged. There was also a microphone. The Greek who operated the bootblack stand said that the nobility had already been inside the cathedral fifteen minutes and should soon be coming out. The Princess Stephanie was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Prince Marko was all right, too—a great fellow with the ladies. They were distant cousins, he explained.

Through the open doors of the cathedral could be heard the chanting of the choir. The pigeons, driven from their accustomed haunts, were roosting on the roofs in long lines like the soldiers below. The people were all quiet and attentive and so were the pigeons. Every few seconds a bell would toll and a pigeon would flutter.

Brent lit a cigarette. He could not recall having heard of any Princess Stephanie. Perhaps she was Milan's daughter. He had never heard of Prince Marko, either. But, after all, he had been away from Zeta thirteen years. "Uncle Michael" Kosovo must be over

(Continued on page 36)

DR. GRAFE, famous metabolism expert, is the author of over 200 scientific publications!

"Nearly everyone suffers from this ailment..."

declares DR. VIKTOR GRAFE, of Vienna

IMAGINE you are listening to a lecture by one of Europe's greatest experts on metabolism . . . the celebrated Dr. Grafe, of the University of Vienna.

Dr. Grafe is saying:—

"Due to our modern manner of living and limited exercise, nearly everyone has some degree of intestinal trouble today.

"Intestinal sluggishness brings about a run-down condition, headaches, frequent colds, loss of energy . . .

"Constipation is easily conquered and health improved when yeast is regularly used.

"Fresh yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles, increases secretions . . . and softens food residues that would otherwise clog the intestines . . . It is totally unlike cathartics and harsh laxatives."

Doesn't it sound well worth trying? Then go to any grocery store, or to a restaurant or soda fountain, get a supply of Fleischmann's Yeast and add it to your regular diet—three cakes every day!

Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass)—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

Then notice, after a few weeks, how much better you feel—how much more energetic, how much less subject to headaches, skin eruptions, colds, etc.

And remember, each cake is rich in three health-giving vitamins—B, G and D. Try eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

"After a nervous breakdown I simply couldn't get my strength back," *writes* Mrs. Frank S. Otway, Jr., *of Chappaqua, N. Y.* "It wasn't long after starting to eat Fleischmann's Yeast, however, before I began to feel really well again."

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors advise!

The famous Dr. Pouchet, of the Academy of Medicine, Paris, says: "Drugs and cathartics irritate the delicate membranes . . . Fresh yeast is the safest treatment for constipation."

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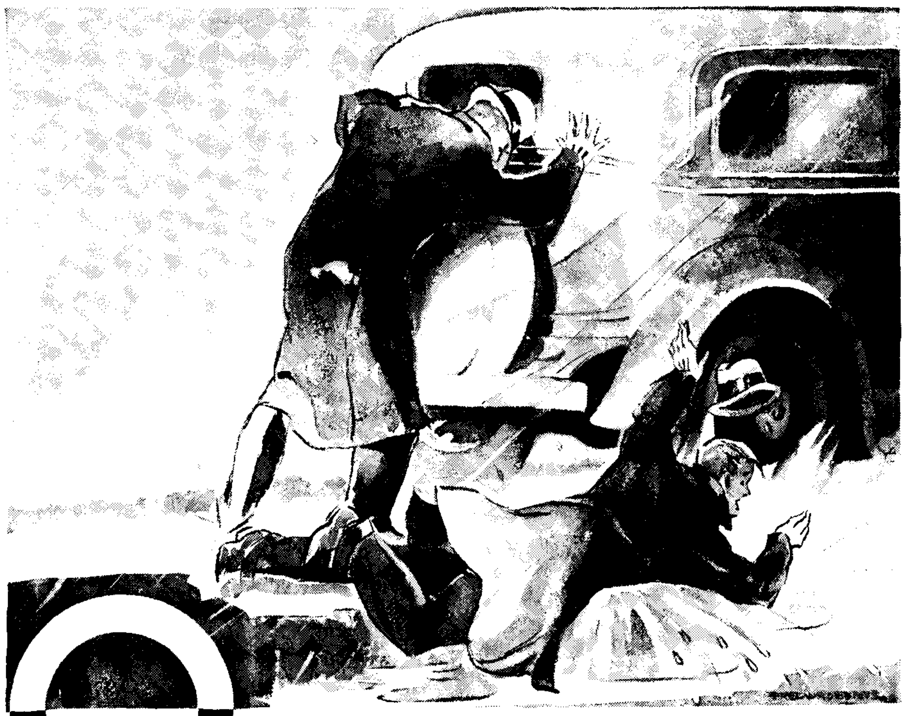


ONE WAY TO START A CAR . . . *when the battery fails*

● These unfortunate gentlemen recently purchased a low priced "bargain" battery. Now they are having a lot of trouble . . . their battery has failed and must be replaced because of the poor quality of separators between the plates.

You ask, "When I buy a battery how can I tell if the separators are O. K.?" The answer is, "You can't! You must rely on the manufacturer for that."

For years the high quality of USL separators has been an important factor in making USL the choice of leading car manufacturers and car owners. And now, all USL batteries contain the new and improved USL Slice Cut Vertical Grain Port Orford Cedar Separators which have even greater strength and longer life.

Millions of car owners have bought USL batteries because of the confidence they have in the manufacturer and the product. They continue to use USL year after year because of the long, dependable service they receive.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION • • NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

Other factories at Oakland, California • Toronto, Canada
Sydney, Australia • Manchester, England • Paris, France

SUPER-SERVICE
USL
WOOD-RUBBER INSULATORS
BATTERY

Your nearest USL service station is anxious to help you get the most out of your present battery regardless of its make. When you do need a new battery he will show you why it doesn't pay to buy a battery of unknown quality . . . especially when a dependable 13-plate USL Frontier battery costs only $6.65 exchange

USL BATTERIES
Long Life—Dependable Power

(*Continued from page 35*)

sixty by this time. He wished he had a pair of opera glasses.

The chanting had stopped and the crowd had become still. Everyone was looking at the cathedral doors and a man in a panama hat had stepped up to the microphone and was whispering into it. Then a bugler came quickly out of the portal and blew a shrill call. The biggest bells—they had kept them until the last—began to thunder and shiver. The man at the microphone became very much excited and removed his hat. An order crackled down the lines. The guards straightened. The band tossed away their cigarettes and the conductor tapped for them to get ready.

THE bells were making a big row now. Brent leaned forward so as to focus on the doors like everybody else. Now two officers appeared and stood at salute on either side, as the King emerged in company with the Metropolitan of Zeta in his jewel-encrusted chasuble and stole. The band crashed out the national anthem.

"Long live Stephan! Long live Stephan Stephanovitch!" shouted the crowd.

The King bowed and waved his hand, but it seemed to Brent that, in spite of his brave carriage, he looked very old. After them came the officers of the general staff, in their uniforms of pale blue. These, having arranged themselves upon the steps, faced each other, making an archway of their swords.

The officers were saluting! A young woman had appeared in the doorway. Even in that riot of color her elaborately embroidered costume was like a flame. Perhaps that was why she looked so pale. For a moment she gazed out over the square resolutely, then bent her head and, taking the arm of her companion, started down the steps. A roar went up from the piazza:

"Long live Stephanie! Long live Stephanie Stephanovitch!"

Brent had become rigid. In the instant during which she had sent that challenging glance over the heads of the crowd he could have sworn that it was Helen Stevens. If not, he had never seen such a resemblance between any two human beings. Of course the idea was crazy. But her profile! That way of carrying her head! He held tight to the arms of the bootblack's chair. Stevens—Stephanovitch! The same name practically! Perhaps it was she, at that! It couldn't be! Why not?

"Long live Stephanie Stephanovitch!"

He hurled himself into the mob of spectators. He'd find out whether it was she or not! The crowd swore at him but let him through, seeing the look on his face. Madmen were sacred. Ducking and pushing he worked his way to a place directly behind the Tsernagorans.

"Long live Stephan!" — "Long live Stephanie Stephanovitch!"

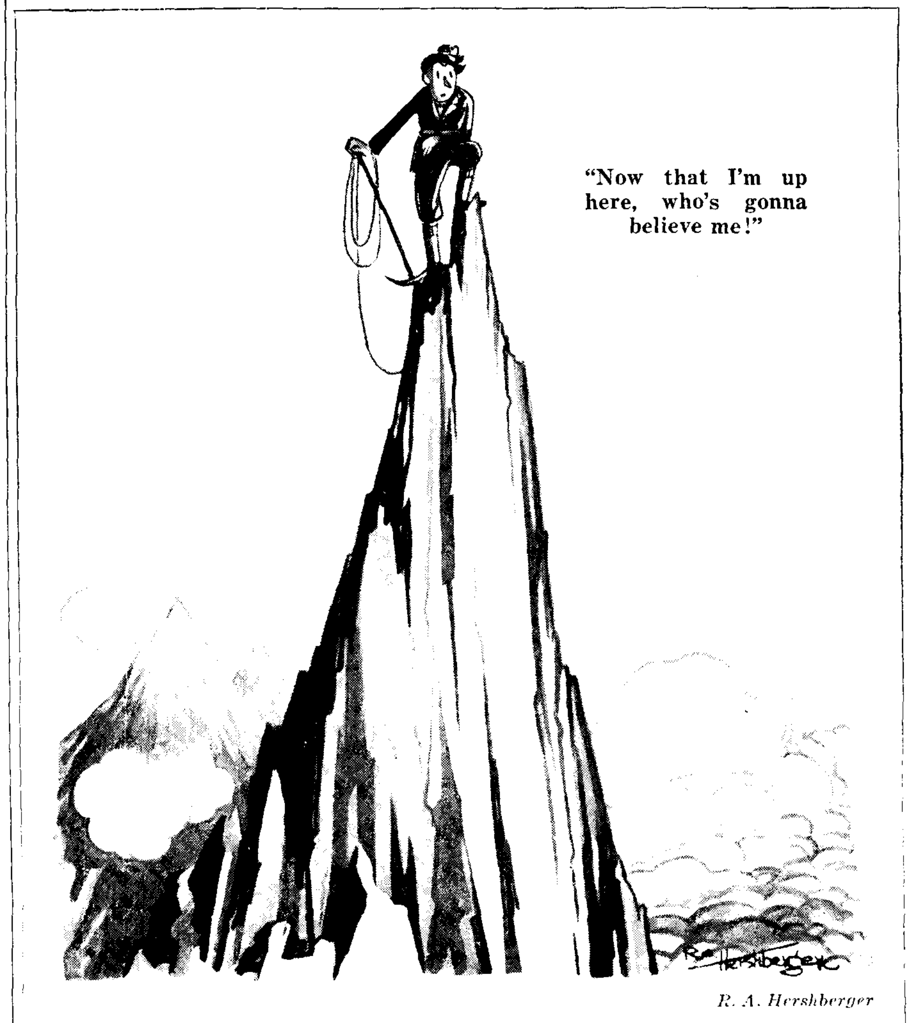
The King and the Metropolitan were passing just in front of him between the lines of presented arms.

"Long live Stephanie Stephanovitch!"

Yes, by God, it was she! Helen Stevens! Less than ten feet away from him, there could be no mistake in spite of her costume. He was stunned. It was utterly incredible. Yet there she was! No wonder she had been so careful not to fall in love! And who was that pansy-faced popinjay in the gray lambswool cap with the spray of Paradise feathers! What had got into her? Did she really cotton to all this silver gilt and tinsel? Well, let her have it! To hell with her!

Several people were looking at him suspiciously. To hell with them! It was a good joke on him—telling a royal princess he loved her and urging her to marry him! Why not? It wasn't anything to be a princess of a little second-rate kingdom whose chief export was insect powder! What could she see in that arrogant loafer? Royalty! Ha-ha! Of course, it was all plain now—the way she had acted at Trieste! He wished to God he had never laid eyes on her! In all his life he had never suffered so staggering a blow.

(To be continued next week)



"Now that I'm up here, who's gonna believe me!"

R. A. Hershberger

Carbon
-Fungus

A PARASITE THAT STEALS POWER

Easy to keep valves clean and lightning-fast . . . if you keep them clear of flinty carbon—with VEEDOL.

Easy to keep piston heads from caking thick with rock-hard carbon growths—with VEEDOL.

Easy to keep plugs and cylinder heads factory-smooth, safe from fouling carbon—with VEEDOL.

Easy to side step costly carbon-removing jobs—if you use VEEDOL . . . And remember that any one of them may cost you more than a year's supply of carbon-free VEEDOL.

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Easy to buy VEEDOL . . . wherever you see the orange-and-black sign . . . at no price-premium.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT

ANTI-CARBON VEEDOL

MOTOR OIL

100% PENNSYLVANIA
99.1% CARBON-FREE

Rubies Aren't Blue

Continued from page 11

commoner gems were very beautiful.

Jenkins saw the man light a cigarette. The woman, while her husband drew in the first lungful of smoke, seemed undecided between several of the rings. She handed one after another to her husband. After examining them, the man replaced them on the glass-bottomed tray.

The store was very silent; even the low voices carried to Jenkins; he heard the customer say, "I wish we could afford one of the fine ones—"

"I like this one," the woman broke in. "It is two hundred dollars, too?"

"The Ceylonese rubies I've shown are all the same price," Lattimer said to her. "Those with additional little gems in the setting are three hundred. Two hundred, yes, madam."

"Could—could I wear it?" she asked.

The man had a wallet on the counter; he was taking bills from it.

Lattimer's practiced eye had of course determined the quality of the gem on the customer's finger; she had already slipped it on and held it up to the light. He could see—even Rich, thirty feet away, caught the pinkish gleam—exactly the sort of ruby the ring held. While Lattimer was picking up the currency, Jenkins saw the gem salesman swiftly count the number of rings remaining on the tray.

On this tray would be Siamese and Ceylonese rubies, with only a few of the valuable Burmese gems, worth as much as a dozen of the others. Even an apprentice could tell the difference between a pink ruby and a glorious deep red gem from Burma . . . here was a transaction beyond questioning. A ring bought. Paid for in cash. If everyone were as honest as this man and his wife —who must have waited and saved before being able to afford an inexpensive ruby ring — Rich felt that Lattimer would never win his bet.

THE three people at the gem counter were laughing and talking together. Jenkins heard the woman say, with a happy cadence in her voice, "A ruby! It's so lovely! I'll never . . . never . . . take it off."

After holding the ruby once to the light, the woman dropped her hand naturally to her side.

For a fraction of time Rich's eyes became perplexed. He was staring at a glint of color on the tray. Bluish. Greenish. Greenish yellow. All cold hues. On the tray should have been nothing save the warm gleam of rubies. As he looked intently, the small spot of color began to shine like a many-faceted diamond, and then it dimmed and vanished.

Swiftly, noiselessly, Jenkins walked along the balcony. On the main floor, he strode rapidly to Lattimer's counter. The customers were turning to depart as Rich, under the frigid stare of Lattimer, touched the tray where he had seen the glitter. He ran a finger quickly over the glass. It did not slide easily, encountering the usual resistance from the dry glass. Suddenly his finger slipped.

Jenkins said, weak again at the knees, "May I see that ring, please, madam?"

As if confused, the woman glanced from gem salesman to Jenkins, and then asked of her husband, "What did he say, George? I didn't understand."

"I'm awfully sorry," Jenkins insisted, "but I want to see the ring you just purchased, if you don't mind."

Lattimer's experienced eye again swiftly checked the number of rings remaining on the tray. Then he said, "May I glance at the ring—just for an instant?"

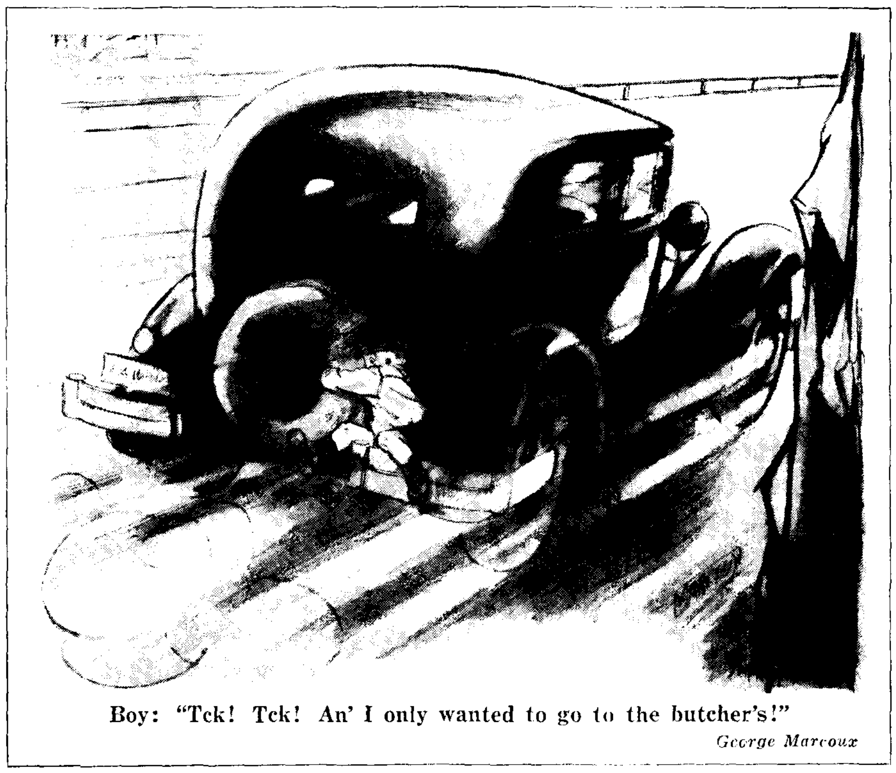
The woman, disturbed, seemed about to cry; her husband said, "Certainly," with such frank agreement that Rich began to doubt his own knowledge.

The hand was on the counter. Rich and Lattimer saw the pinkish color of an inexpensive Ceylon ruby. Out of the corner of his eye Rich glimpsed the lean face of Alexander Sloan, watching impassively. This made up his mind, and he said, as quietly as before, "Thank you, madam. Now, I'm afraid that your ruby may be one of the strange accidents which take place among the finest gems. Won't you hold it in the sun a minute or so? Let's see what happens."

THE man snapped, "No. She won't. This nonsense has gone far enough."

"Hold her hand in the sun," Rich said swiftly, to Lattimer. He kept his gaze on the man. "I wouldn't go just yet, if I were you," Rich said to him.

"We don't want your confounded ring; Mary, take it off and give it back to them. We'll take our money and—"


Boy: "Tck! Tck! An' I only wanted to go to the butcher's!"

George Marcoux

"Leave the ring where it is," Jenkins snapped.

Low-pitched, but trembling with excitement, Lattimer's "It's turning color!" made it difficult for Jenkins to keep watching the man.

He said, "Watch the ruby, Lattimer, and don't let the woman get away." He was positive now.

"It's one of the Burmese rubies," Lattimer whispered. "All red! The finest one there was in this lot . . . and I sold it for two hundred—"

Sloan had walked up to the counter. He said gravely, "Won't you all step into my office, please?"

In Sloan's office, with the clock approaching noon, Lattimer spoke first: "It doesn't seem possible, Mr. Sloan! I sold these people a Ceylon ruby. Pink. I could swear to it! And now—"

"That's the ring we bought," the man said. "Your clerk handed it to my wife, and I paid for it. You've got the money. I can't help it if there's something the matter with the ring, can I?"

"You probably handed it to her yourself," Rich said. "You knew the one to give her. And you shoved a bit of foil under the setting, after wetting the inside of the ring. Did it while handling the different rings, didn't you? Now, how about handing me what you've got in your pocket? What is it? A moist sponge in oiled paper?"

Alexander Sloan said doubtfully, "If you search him, we're liable for false arrest, you know."

"Give me what you've got in your pocket," Jenkins ordered.

"Any law against a man's carrying a collapsible drinking cup?" the man demanded.

"Good habit," Rich applauded contentedly. "Private cup. Let's have it . . . and don't spill the water left in it, please. It wouldn't do any good. Your pocket would still be wet. . . . Thanks!"

Lattimer muttered, "I suppose I must admit I sold the wrong ring, Mr. Sloan. I was sure it was one of the pink gems—"

"It was," Rich said. "That is, it looked exactly like the pink gems. Only our friend here, when you were showing the different rings, managed to get a drop or so of water under the foil he slipped under the gem. In the setting, under the ruby. Drop of water will cause a fine red ruby to appear pink, Lattimer." Grinning, Rich added, "And that's one you didn't know!"

"That's why you had me hold her hand in the sun? So the water would evaporate?"

"Right! Now—"

Alexander Sloan said, "Ask Miss Averill to call the Protective Association, Mr. Lattimer. This is attempted fraud. Er—I'm pleased with you—er —Jenkins. I didn't know you had such an understanding about gems."

"COLLEGES have their advantages, sir," Rich said. He added, "Thank you," and tried to remember where he had learned of the trick of putting a drop of water under a fine ruby's setting. He felt as if he were the mayor of New York, being escorted by motorcycle police up Fifth Avenue. It was a great world.

Sloan's eyes widened thoughtfully as Lattimer, at the door, said, "You win, Jenkins. I'll pay whenever you say."

Rich said lightly, "Tough luck, old man. Make it eleven-thirty tonight."

"But the store won't be open—"

"Won't be your fault," Rich grinned. "You'll have done your part."

The head salesman's manner changed subtly and (to Sloan) unaccountably. He said, "I wouldn't have . . . but . . . I do apprecia— I won't forget that, Jenkins."

"Sure," said Rich.

The man and woman were whispering. Sloan said, addressing them: "When were you released from prison? You've done this sort of thing before, haven't you?"

"None of your damned business," the woman told him.

"Merely curious," Sloan said mildly.

He said nothing about the cryptic conversation between Richard and Lattimer; when two operatives from the Protective Association took the pair away, he smiled at his nephew. "The necktie must have fooled them, Richard," he said. "You didn't look like a house detective."

"They didn't see me, sir. I came down like a wolf on the fold—scared to death I was going to be wrong! Saw a blue shine on the glass, Uncle Alec." He knew the older man wanted an explanation. "It couldn't be from the rubies. *I couldn't think of anything except* a drop of water which gave off such color. And there shouldn't have been water on a gem tray. When I came to the counter, I made sure that that part of the glass was slippery—where the water had been. You see, Uncle Alec, I remembered the ruby trick—"

"I HAVE heard of it," Sloan said. He was very pleased.

"If you don't want me, sir, I'd like to . . . to do something."

"Whatever you want, boy."

"Thank you, sir. Is there any rule about . . . employees lunching together?"

"Eh? Which employees?"

"I'd be one of them, Uncle Alec. And the other—you see, it's a sort of wager, and a chap really ought to collect when he wins, shouldn't he? and besides—"

Alec Sloan said severely, "So that is why you wore that atrocious tie, Richard? I'll want my secretary back here promptly on time, remember! Or not more than a half-hour late." Fine youngster, Richard! Anne would do him a lot of good.

In the secretary's own little walnut-paneled office Rich waited until Anne took an envelope from the roller of her typewriter. He said then, "Are you ready, Miss Averill?"

Anne tried to say severely, "You caught your criminal, didn't you?"

"Caught two of 'em. That means you lunch with me twice."

"Shylock!"

"That's me. The original pound-of-flesh boy."

The girl stood up. "That isn't what Mr. Lattimer told me," she said gently.

"I can't help what he says. I'm starved. I want a lot of food. Only there's a fool rule around here, so I've got to wait for you at the next corner. I'll be the fellow wearing the pink carnation."

"And how lovely that will be," Anne smiled. "Do buy one, Mr. Jenkins. It will look adorable . . . with your dazzling necktie."

"Love me, love my tie," said Rich promptly.

Anne sniffed.

"Your trouble," Rich informed her, "is the same as mine."

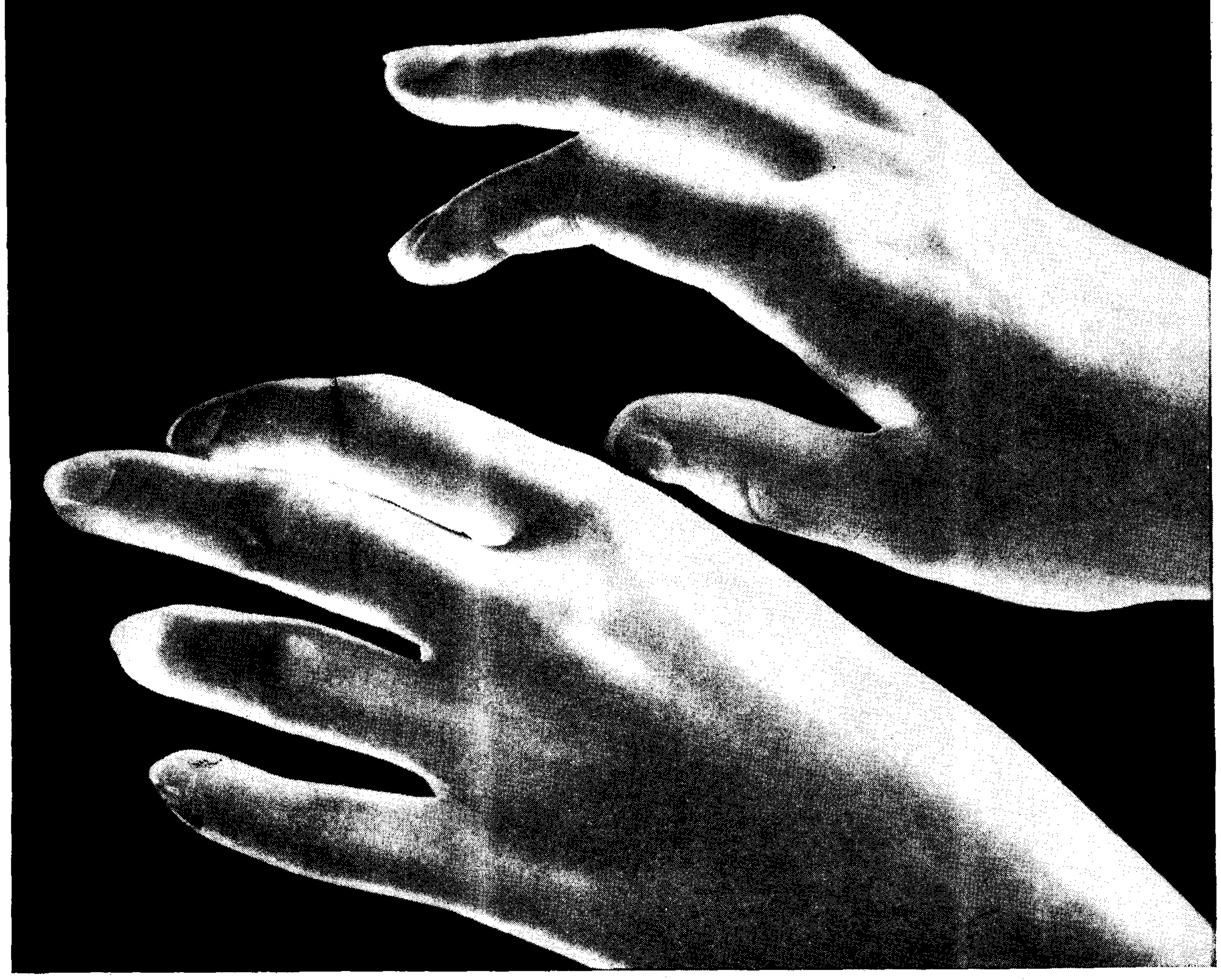
Anne knew perfectly well that she shouldn't ask. "What is that?" she demanded, nevertheless.

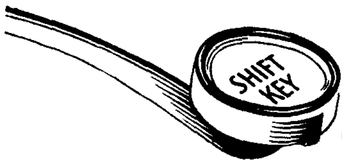
"You're young," said Richard Jenkins. "Young, and very . . . er . . . young. You've got a lot to learn."

He gave her no chance to retort. Anne knew, with uncontrollable warmth in her cheeks, that she would find him, five minutes later, on the next corner, with an enormous pink carnation in his buttonhole, and that he would begin to grin the moment he saw her.

Now we do more work

. . . . AND LIKE IT!





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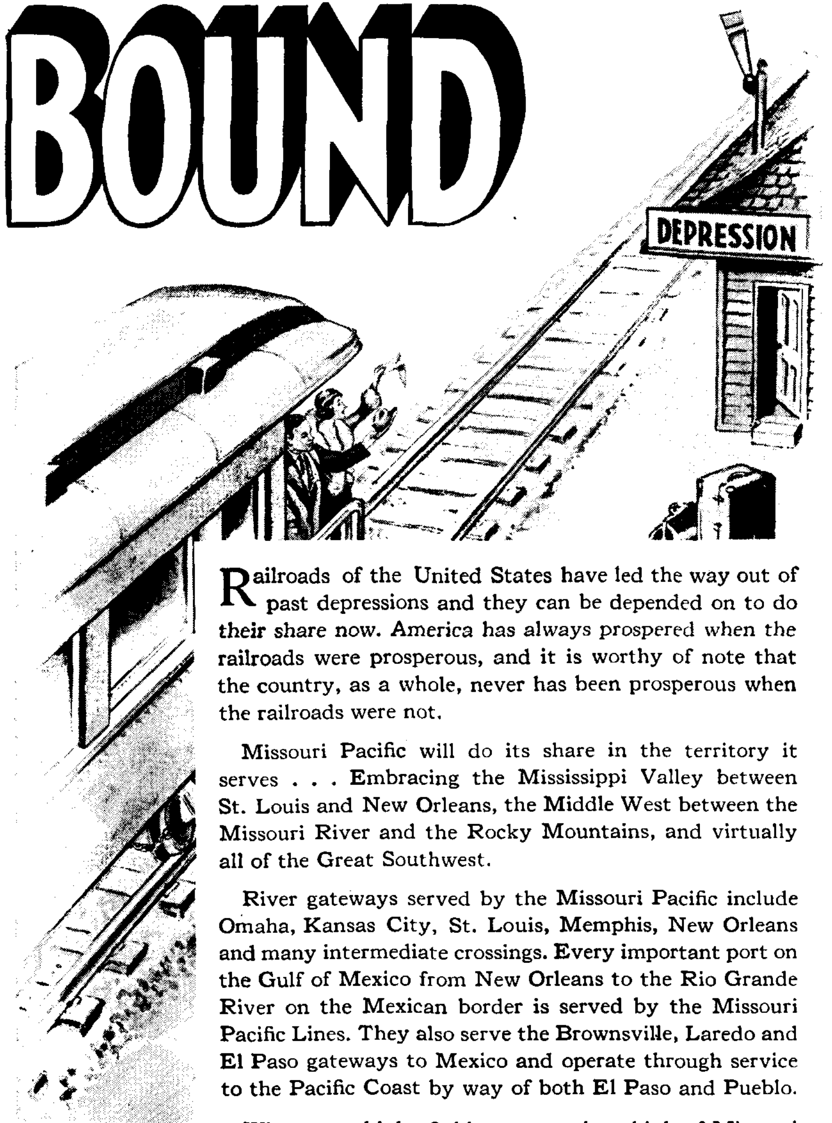
PROSPERITY BOUND



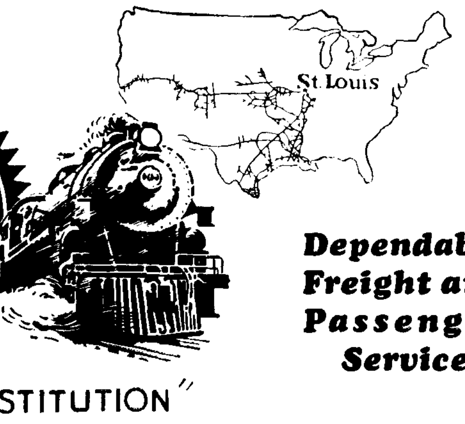
Railroads of the United States have led the way out of past depressions and they can be depended on to do their share now. America has always prospered when the railroads were prosperous, and it is worthy of note that the country, as a whole, never has been prosperous when the railroads were not.

Missouri Pacific will do its share in the territory it serves . . . Embracing the Mississippi Valley between St. Louis and New Orleans, the Middle West between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, and virtually all of the Great Southwest.

River gateways served by the Missouri Pacific include Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans and many intermediate crossings. Every important port on the Gulf of Mexico from New Orleans to the Rio Grande River on the Mexican border is served by the Missouri Pacific Lines. They also serve the Brownsville, Laredo and El Paso gateways to Mexico and operate through service to the Pacific Coast by way of both El Paso and Pueblo.

When you think of this vast empire, think of Missouri Pacific Lines—A Service Institution—providing superior passenger and freight service to every important gateway and community between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains and between the Missouri River and Mexico and the Gulf.

The Missouri Pacific Lines—route of the Sunshine Special, the Scenic Limited and a fleet of other deluxe passenger and dependable freight trains.



MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES

Dependable Freight and Passenger Service

"A SERVICE INSTITUTION"

MISSOURI PACIFIC STAGES
AUXILIARY TO MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES

Little Miss Marker

Continued from page 9

dancing there, because one night several of his best customers from Park Avenue, including two millionaires and two old dolls, who do not understand Marky's dancing, bust out laughing when she falls on her snoot, and Big Nig puts the slug on the guys, and is trying to put the slug on the old dolls, too, when he is finally headed off.

Now one cold, snowy night, many citizens are sitting around the tables in the Hot Box, speaking of one thing and another and having a few drams, when Sorrowful drops in on his way home, for Sorrowful has now become a guy who is around and about, and in and out. He does not have Marky with him, as it is not her night out and she is home with Mrs. Clancy.

A FEW minutes after Sorrowful arrives, a party by the name of Milk Ear Willie from the West Side comes in, this Milk Ear Willie being a party who is once a prize fighter and who has a milk ear, which is the reason he is called Milk Ear Willie. This Milk Ear Willie from the West Side comes in, and he is known to carry a John Roscoe in his pants pocket. Furthermore, it is well known that he knocks off several guys in his time, so he is considered rather a suspicious character.

It seems that the reason he comes into the Hot Box is to shoot Sorrowful full of little holes, because he has a dispute with Sorrowful about a parlay on the races the day before, and the chances are Sorrowful will now be very dead if it does not happen that, just as Milk Ear outs with the old equalizer and starts taking dead aim at Sorrowful from a table across the room, who pops into the joint but Marky.

She is in a long nightgown that keeps getting tangled up in her bare feet as she runs across the dance floor and jumps into Sorrowful's arms, so if Milk Ear Willie lets go at this time he is apt to put a slug in Marky, and this is by no means Willie's intention. So Willie puts his rod back in his kick, but he is greatly disgusted and stops as he is going out and makes a large complaint to Henri about allowing children in a night club.

Well, Sorrowful does not learn until afterward how Marky saves his life, as he is too much horrified over her coming four or five blocks through the snow bare-footed to think of anything else, and everybody present is also horrified and wondering how Marky finds her way there. But Marky does not seem to have any good explanation for her conduct, except that she wakes up and discovers Mrs. Clancy asleep and gets to feeling lonesome for Sorrowful.

About this time, the Choo-Choo Boys start playing Marky's tune, and she slips out of Sorrowful's arms and runs out on the dance floor.

"Marky dance," she says.

Then she lifts her nightgown in her hands and starts hopping and skipping about the floor until Sorrowful collects her in his arms again, and wraps her in an overcoat and takes her home.

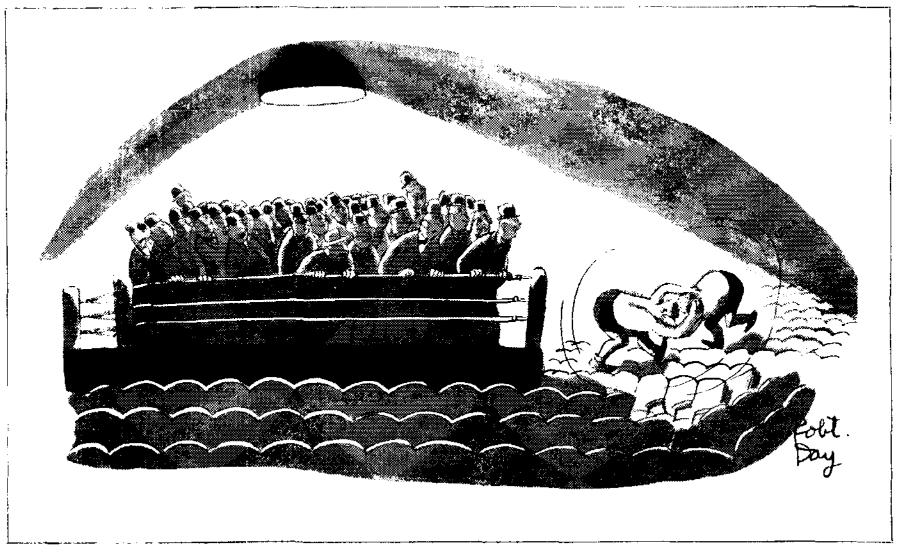
Now what happens, but the next day Marky is sick from being out in the snow bare-footed and with nothing on but her nightgown, and by night she is very sick indeed, and it seems that she has pneumonia, so Sorrowful takes her to the Clinic hospital, and hires two nurses and two croakers, and wishes to hire more, only they tell him these will do for the present.

The next day Marky is no better, and the next night she is worse, and the management of the Clinic is very much upset because it has no place to put the baskets of fruit and candy and floral horseshoes and crates of dolls and toys that keep arriving every few minutes. Furthermore, the management by no means approves of the citizens who are tiptoeing along the hall on the floor where Marky has her room, especially such as Big Nig, and Sleep-out, and Wop Joey, and the Pale Face Kid and Guinea Mike and many other prominent characters, especially as these characters keep trying to date up the nurses.

OF COURSE I can see the management's point of view, but I wish to say that no visitor to the Clinic ever brings more joy and cheer to the patients than Sleep-out, as he goes calling in all the private rooms and wards to say a pleasant word or two to the inmates, and I never take any stock in the rumor that he is looking around to see if there is anything worth picking up. In fact, an old doll from Rockville Center, who is suffering with yellow jaundice, puts up an awful holler when Sleep-out is heaved from her room, because she says he is right in the middle of a story about a traveling salesman and she wishes to learn what happens.

There are so many prominent characters in and around the Clinic that the morning bladders finally get the idea that some well-known mob guy must be in the hospital full of slugs, and by and by the reporters come buzzing around to see what is what. Naturally they find out that all this interest is in nothing but a little doll, and while you will naturally think that such a little doll as Marky can scarcely be worth the attention of the reporters, it seems they get more heated up over her when they

(Continued on page 43)



Gums So Tender They Bleed Easily . . . Every Mouthful Hurts

Don't Let This Happen to You

Adopt this one-minute safeguard . . . Unique purging action of Lavoris instantly flushes out germ pockets between the teeth . . . Protects and tones the gums as dentists recommend

DON'T let sore gums go neglected! Don't think they'll heal without help. You are running a risk if you do.

At the first sign of tenderness or bleeding—find out exactly what's wrong*—for a serious gum trouble that is going around nearly always starts this way. A gum infection so often picked up from improperly washed forks or spoons. From cups or glasses that haven't been fully sterilized.

So be on your guard. Adopt this simple precaution which so many dentists now urge:—Purge the mouth completely twice a day. Get rid of germs that are harbored in the mucus in the mouth. Flush out those particles of tainted matter your tooth brush cannot reach.

For this purpose, most dentists recommend Lavoris. And use it in their own practice. For it contains one of the most potent purging and soothing agents known to science.

How It Acts

The action of Lavoris in the mouth will be a revelation to you.

First: It loosens, coagulates and removes dangerous, germ-breeding mucus. Turns it into a "curd" so you can expel it easily and quickly. Thus you see its purging action with your own eyes.

Second: After the mouth is thoroughly cleansed and refreshed, Lavoris penetrates the tissues. Soothes soreness. Stimulates circulation and promotes greater resistance to disease germs. All this without the slightest harm to delicate membranes.

Accept Trial Offer

Don't risk serious gum troubles. Infection is "picked-up" so easily.

Use Lavoris—mixed with water, half-and-half. Rinse your mouth with it twice a day. As a precaution. As a safeguard.

Get Lavoris at any drug store. Or accept the trial offer at right. And receive a generous sample for cost of mailing.

See for yourself how Lavoris purges. How utterly fresh and clean it leaves both mouth and breath. How it soothes soreness—tones up and protects the gums.

So get a bottle of Lavoris today. Or mail the coupon for the trial bottle.

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LAVORIS

THE MOUTH WASH WITH
SCIENTIFIC PURGING ACTION

*If soreness, sponginess or bleeding have already warned you that something is wrong with your gums—*see your dentist immediately*. You may have Vincent's Angina (trench mouth)—a highly contagious gum disease which is much easier to *avoid* than to cure.

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959 North Third Street,
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Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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FLOWER SPECIAL
$1.50
each week-end at store displaying . . . this emblem

National Flower and Garden Show—
Hartford, Connecticut, April 2 - 10 inclusive.

Little Miss Marker

Continued from page 40

hear the story than if she is Jack Diamond.

In fact, the next day all the bladders have large stories about Marky, and also about Sorrowful and about how all these prominent characters of Broadway are hanging around the Clinic on her account. Moreover, one story tells about Sleep-out entertaining the other patients in the hospital, and it makes Sleep-out sound like a very large-hearted guy.

IT IS maybe three o'clock on the morning of the fourth day Marky is in the hospital that Sorrowful comes into Mindy's looking very sad, indeed. He orders a sturgeon sandwich on pumpernickel, and then he explains that Marky seems to be getting worse by the minute and that he does not think his doctors are doing her any good, and at this Big Nig, the craps shooter, speaks up and states as follows:

"Well," Big Nig says, "if we are only able to get Doc Beerfeldt, the great pneumonia specialist, the chances are he will cure Marky like breaking sticks. But of course," Nig says, "it is impossible to get Doc Beerfeldt unless you are somebody like John D. Rockefeller, or maybe President Hoover."

Naturally, everybody knows that what Big Nig says is very true, for Doc Beerfeldt is the biggest croaker in this town, but no ordinary guy can get close enough to Doc Beerfeldt to hand him a ripe peach, let alone get him to go out on a case. He is an old guy, and he does not practice much any more, and then only among a few very rich and influential people. Furthermore, he has plenty of potatoes himself, so money does not interest him whatever, and anyway it is great foolishness to be talking of getting Doc Beerfeldt out at such an hour as this.

"Who do we know who knows Doc Beerfeldt?" Sorrowful says. "Who can we call up who may have influence enough with him to get him to just look at Marky? I will pay any price," he says. "Think of somebody," he says.

Well, while we are all trying to think, who comes in but Milk Ear Willie, and he comes in to toss a few slugs at Sorrowful, but before Milk Ear can start blasting Sleep-out sees him and jumps up and takes him off to a corner table, and starts whispering in Milk Ear's good ear.

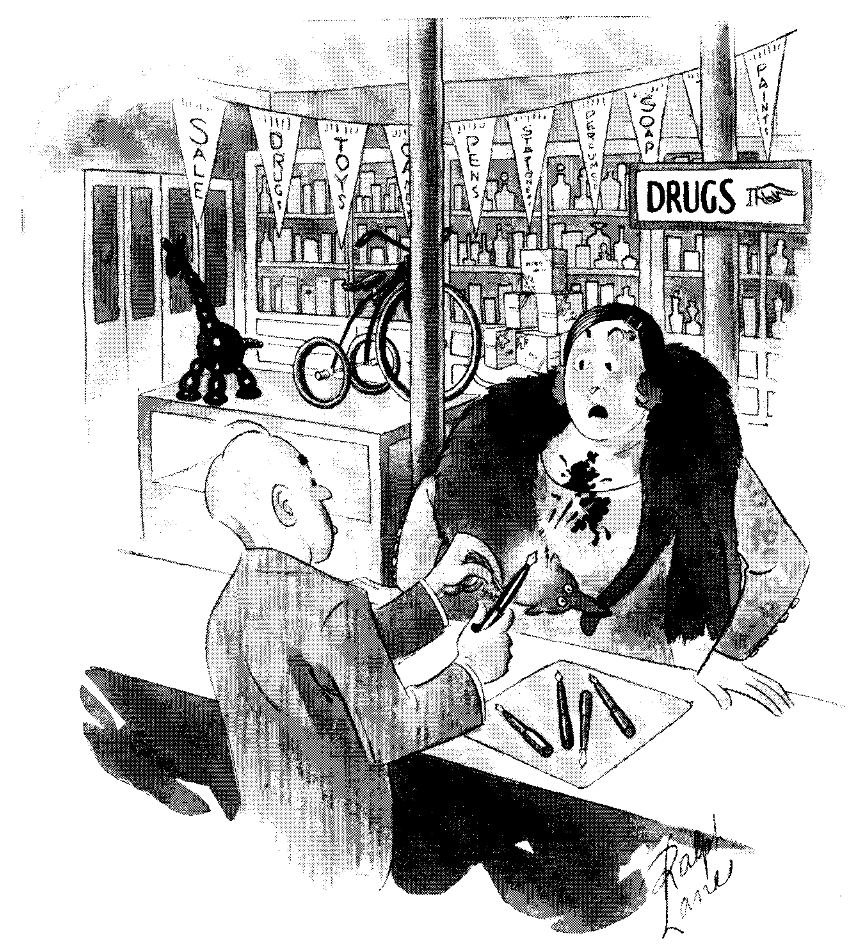
As Sleep-out talks to him Milk Ear looks at Sorrowful in great surprise, and finally he begins nodding his head, and by and by he gets up and goes out of the joint in a hurry, while Sleep-out comes back to our table and says like this:

"Well," Sleep-out says, "let us stroll over to the Clinic. I just send Milk Ear Willie up to Doc Beerfeldt's house on Park Avenue to get the old Doc and bring him to the hospital. But, Sorrowful," Sleep-out says, "if he gets him, you must pay Willie the parlay you dispute with him, whatever it is. The chances are," Sleep-out says, "Willie is right. I remember once you out-argue me on a parlay when I know I am right."

PERSONALLY, I consider Sleep-out's talk about sending Milk Ear Willie after Doc Beerfeldt just so much nonsense, and so does everybody else, but we figure maybe Sleep-out is trying to raise Sorrowful's hopes, and anyway he keeps Milk Ear from tossing these slugs at Sorrowful, which everybody considers very thoughtful of Sleep-out, at last, especially as Sorrowful is under too great a strain to be dodging slugs just now.

About a dozen of us walk over to the Clinic, and most of us stand around the lobby on the ground floor, although Sor-

(Continued on page 44)



He didn't know it was loaded

Ralph Lane

ROMANCE OR INDIFFERENCE

Often depends on the

Girls-Eye View

CAN YOU blame the girl who feels repelled by a man's unsightly skin? How can she be romantic over a face that's marred by shaving nicks . . . raw patches . . . blackheads?

Don't take chances with your popularity! *Don't take chances with your skin!* Men who have long been troubled with skin disturbances have found relief by changing to Mennen. For Mennen is the one shaving cream that *"helps your skin as well as your shave."*

Mennen lather acts like a fine skin cleanser. It loosens the pore-imbedded dirt and grease deposits which so often cause pimples and blackheads. As you rinse off the lather you flush out the pores. You leave your skin really CLEAN.

• •

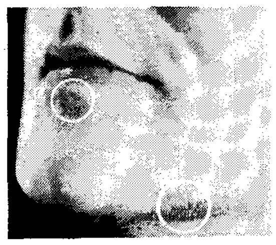
And CLEAR! Clear enough to pass the test of any Girl's-Eye View! No sore spots. No red blotches. For Mennen's special beard softening ingredient (tristearin) wilts even the toughest stubble *completely*. Therefore, the blade takes off all the hair easily — *without skin irritations!*

For proof—send the coupon!

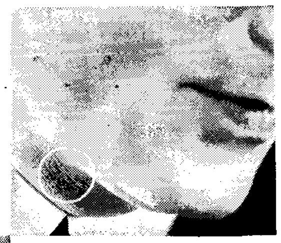
Listen to Ted Husing and All-Star Cast... Columbia Chain, Thurs., 9:15 P.M., E.S.T.

What does she see when she looks at your face? ...Girls are sensitive to masculine carelessness!

Pimples and Blackheads *— often due to pore-imbedded dirt and grease deposits. The deep cleansing action of Mennen lather helps to correct such disturbances.*



Unshaved Patches— *due to incomplete beard softening . . . Mennen's special beard softening ingredient (tristearin) corrects this. The blade cuts clean!*



Rough, Raw Skin—*due to razor pull and scrape. This condition invites skin infections. Mennen completely eliminates razor pull— even if your beard is tough.*

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
ORIGINAL AND MENTHOL-ICED

Free 10 MENNEN SHAVES!

Send for free 10-day tube of Mennen Shaving Cream . . . Also travel-size bottle of *Mennen Skin Bracer*—the new type after-shave lotion with a subtle odor that fascinates! . . . . Mail coupon to Mennen Co., Newark, N.J. Dept. C-2

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

Now she enjoys the drink she loves

THERE are a lot of things you have to give up when you get to be a grandmother. But when you love good coffee, the way I do, you won't give it up till the last minute. Of course, I'd heard that caffeine wreaks greater harm when you get older, but it wasn't till I began losing half a night's sleep that I finally gave in. And I never missed anything so much.

But now I drink all the coffee I want, because I learned about Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. I've never felt better or slept better in my life. And the really big surprise to me is the wonderful flavor of "the coffee that lets you sleep."

• • •

Kaffee Hag Coffee is a boon to people of all ages because it allows you to enjoy the drink you love without risking loss of sleep or nervous effect.

Try it tonight. It's guaranteed to be pure coffee, 97% free of caffeine and with the indigestible wax removed. You can drink it at any hour and feel safe from a sleepless night or overwrought nerves. Yet it brings you all of coffee's marvelous flavor — all its magic cheer and aroma.

Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek, who will refund your money if it doesn't entirely satisfy you. Try the new delicious blend. At a reduced price. Quality guaranteed.

(*Continued from page 43*)

rowful goes up to Marky's floor to wait outside her door. He is waiting there from the time she is first taken to the hospital, never leaving except to go over to Mindy's once in a while to get something to eat, and occasionally they open the door a little to let him get a peek at Marky.

Well, it is maybe six o'clock when we hear a taxi stop outside the hospital and pretty soon in comes Milk Ear Willie with another character from the West Side by the name of Fats Finstein, who is well known to one and all as a great friend of Willie's, and in between them they have a little old guy with a Vandyke beard, who does not seem to have on anything much but a silk dressing gown and who seems somewhat agitated, especially as Milk Ear Willie and Fats Finstein keep prodding him from behind.

NOW it comes out that this little old guy is nobody but Doc Beerfeldt, the great pneumonia specialist, and personally I never see a madder guy, although I wish to say I never blame him much for being mad when I learn how Milk Ear Willie and Fats Finstein boff his butler over the noggin when he answers their ring, and how they walk right into old Doc Beerfeldt's bedroom and haul him out of the hay at the point of their Roscoes and make him go with them.

In fact, I consider such treatment most discourteous to a prominent croaker, and if I am Doc Beerfeldt I will start hollering copper as soon as I hit the hospital, and for all I know maybe Doc Beerfeldt has just such an idea, but as Milk Ear Willie and Fats Finstein haul him into the lobby who comes downstairs but Sorrowful. And the minute Sorrowful sees Doc Beerfeldt he rushes up to him and says like this:

"Oh, Doc," Sorrowful says, "do something for my little girl. She is dying, Doc," Sorrowful says. "Just a little bit of a girl, Doc. Her name is Marky. I am only a gambler, Doc, and I do not mean anything to you or to anybody else, but please save the little girl."

Well, old Doc Beerfeldt sticks out his Vandyke beard and looks at Sorrowful a minute, and he can see there are large tears in old Sorrowful's eyes, and for all I know maybe the doc knows it has been many and many a year since there are tears in these eyes, at that. Then the doc looks at Milk Ear Willie and Fats Finstein and the rest of us, and at the nurses and internes who are commencing to come running up from every which way. Finally he speaks as follows:

"What is this?" he says. "A child? A little child? Why," he says, "I am under the impression that these gorillas are kidnapping me to attend to some other sick or wounded gorilla. A child? This is quite different. Why do you not say so in the first place? Where is the child?" Doc Beerfeldt says, "and," he says, "somebody get me some pants."

We all follow him upstairs to the door of Marky's room and we wait outside when he goes in, and we wait there for hours, because it seems that even old Doc Beerfeldt cannot think of anything to do in this situation no matter how he tries. And along toward ten-thirty in the morning he opens the door very quietly and motions Sorrowful to come in, and then he motions all the rest of us to follow, shaking his head very sad.

There are so many of us that we fill the room around a little high narrow bed on which Marky is lying like a flower against a white wall, her yellow curls spread out over her pillow. Old Sorrowful drops on his keees beside the bed and his shoulders heave quite some as he kneels there, and I hear Sleep-out sniffing as if he has a cold in his head. Marky seems to be asleep when we go in, but while we are standing around the bed looking down at her, she opens her eyes and seems to see us and, what is more, she seems to know us, because she smiles at each guy in turn and then tries to hold out one of her little hands to Sorrowful.

Now very faint, like from far away, comes a sound of music through a half-open window in the room, from a jazz band that is rehearsing in a hall just up the street from the hospital, and Marky hears this music because she holds her head in such a way that anybody can see she is listening, and then she smiles again at us and whispers very plain, as follows:

"Marky dance."

And she tries to reach down as if to pick up her skirt as she always does when she dances, but her hands fall across her breast as soft and white and light as snowflakes, and Marky never again dances in this world.

Well, old Doc Beerfeldt and the nurses make us go outside at once, and while we are standing there in the hall outside the door, saying nothing whatever, a young guy and two dolls, one of them old, and the other not so old, come along the hall much excited. The young guy seems to know Sorrowful, who is sitting down again in his chair just outside the door, because he rushes up to Sorrowful and says to him like this:

"Where is she?" he says. "Where is my darling child? You remember me?" he says. "I leave my little girl with you one day while I go on an errand, and while I am on this errand everything goes blank, and I wind up back in my home in Indianapolis with my mother and sister here, and recall nothing about where I leave my child, or anything else."

"The poor boy has amnesia," the old doll says. "The stories that he deliberately abandoned his wife in Paris and his child in New York are untrue."

"Yes," the doll who is not old puts in. "If we do not see the stories in the newspapers about how you have the child in this hospital we may never learn where she is. But everything is all right now. Of course we never approved of Harold's marriage to a person of the stage, and we only recently learn of her death in Paris soon after their separation there and are very sorry. But everything is all right now. We will take full charge of the child."

NOW while all this gab is going on, Sorrowful never glances at them. He is just sitting there looking at Marky's door. And now as he is looking at the door a very strange thing seems to happen to his kisser, for all of a sudden it becomes the sad, mean-looking kisser that it is in the days before he ever sees Marky, and furthermore it is never again anything else.

"We will be rich," the young guy says. "We just learn that my darling child will be sole heiress to her maternal grandpapa's fortune, and the old guy is only a hop ahead of the undertaker right now. I suppose," he says, "I owe you something?"

And then Sorrowful gets up off his chair, and looks at the young guy and at the two dolls, and speaks as follows:

"Yes," he says, "you owe me a two-dollar marker for the bet you blow on Cold Cuts, and," he says, "I will trouble you to send it to me at once, so I can wipe you off my books."

Now he walks down the hall and out of the hospital, never looking back again, and there is a very great silence behind him that is broken only by the sniffing of Sleep-out, and by some first-class sobbing from some of the rest of us, and I remember now that the guy who is doing the best job of sobbing of all is nobody but Milk Ear Willie.

WIN-A-PRIZE
5 BALLS FOR 10¢
5 BALLS FOR 10¢ WIN A PRIZE

"So that's where she gets all her bridge prizes!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

North
S. A-K-9-8-5
H. Q-J
D. A-4-3
C. A-K-J

West
S. 4
H. 10-8-7-5-4-2
D. K-Q
C. 9-6-5-3

East
S. 6-3-2
H. 9-6-3
D. J-10-7-6
C. 7-4-2

South (Dealer)
S. Q-J-10-7
H. A-K
D. 9-8-5-2
C. Q-10-8

THE above hand was played at seven tables of Duplicate Contract. South, with a No Trump count of 13 and stoppers in three suits, bid one No Trump. After West's pass North made a forcing jump shift by calling three Spades. East passed and South of course bid four of that suit. North then bid six Spades, daring to assume the small-slam contract because he held a high-card No Trump count of 22 with eight probable tricks with Spades the Trump, and his partner had supported Spades after bidding an original No Trump. This logical six-Spade contract was reached at all seven tables.

At every table East led the Six of Diamonds. Whether to lead Jack or fourth-best from J-10-x-x against a trump declaration is considered by some debatable, but the fourth-best is conventional and generally approved. West played the Queen, North the Ace; and from then on the play varied.

Three spiritless Declarers surrendered as soon as dummy's hand went down. With two losing Diamonds in each of their two hands and no possible discards on Hearts or Clubs, they saw no way of avoiding the loss of two Diamond tricks. The other four put up a brilliant fight; three succeeded and one was defeated by equally brilliant play on the part of West.

The four observant Declarers drew careful inferences from the play of East and West to trick 1. East's Six of Diamonds could not be a singleton because West, with King-Queen-Jack-Ten-Seven, would have played the Ten and not the Queen. Since the adversaries held no Diamond lower than the Six, East's lead could not be from a five-card suit, or a doubleton; therefore it was his fourth-highest and West must hold the Queen and one other Diamond—the Seven, Ten, Jack or King. West's second Diamond could not be the Seven because East would have led the Jack from King-Jack-Ten-Six; nor could it be the Jack, which West would have played third-hand instead of the Queen. West's remaining Diamond, therefore, was the Ten or the King.

North decided that his slam could be made if West's Diamond was the King. The three successful Declarers drew three rounds of trumps (tricks 2-4), on which West discarded two small Hearts. Then these Declarers led three rounds of Clubs (tricks 5-7) and two rounds of Hearts (tricks 8-9) and followed those leads with a Diamond at trick 10. West won with the unguarded King, and was forced to lead a Club or a Heart. Whichever lead he chose, Declarer ruffed in dummy and discarded North's last losing Diamond. These three Declarers fulfilled their contract. Do you see how the contract was set at one table?

When East led the Six of Diamonds, this West did not leave careful analysis entirely to North. The lead as West diagnosed it could not be from a doubleton or singleton since North, with five or six Diamonds headed by Ace-Jack-Ten, would not have been apt to bid as he had done. Furthermore, it was unlikely that East had no more desirable lead than a three-card suit consisting of Six-Four-Trey. East's Six of Diamonds, therefore, was his fourth highest. The Rule of Eleven told West that North held but one Diamond higher than the Six, and the first trick showed that it was the Ace. If East had held but four Diamonds, North now held two losers in that suit, and dummy showed no suit on which it was likely that North could discard them. At any rate, since East held the Jack-Ten of Diamonds, West's now singleton King was worse than useless because it blocked the suit. West protected himself against being saddled with the lead, and at the same time unblocked East's suit by discarding the King of Diamonds on the second round of trumps and Declarer was unable to bring off the brilliant elimination play.

Next Week's Hand

North
S. A-Q-4
H. J-7-6-5
D. 7-5
C. 8-7-6-3

East
S. 9-8-7-6
H. None
D. J-10-9-6-3
C. J-10-9-2

West
S. K-J-10
H. 2
D. K-8-4-2
C. A-K-Q-5-4

South (Dealer)
S. 5-3-2
H. A-K-Q-10-9-8-4-3
D. A-Q
C. None

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

Stepping Down

the price increases Florsheim value per dollar, giving you more, saving you more. No lowering of quality standards—the shoes are just as fine—just as much the shoes of long wear as ever—nothing changed but the price. See the new values of today—COMPARE—and you will find Florsheim Shoes are unequalled for money's worth. . . . *Illustrated, The Rolls, Style M-431*

Now $8 *Most styles*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS, CHICAGO

We're All Aladdins Today

with 60-watt lamps to rub!

Poor Aladdin! What pitiful little parlor-magic was his, compared with that which you may make in 1932!

How he would rub his eyes, to-day, were his magic carpet to deposit him in almost any American town—

His magic carpet indeed! Let us smile politely behind our hands—*a thousand magic carpets criss-cross our skies with streaks of speed*—ignoring miles and mountains and inland seas—linking city to city and coast to coast for our convenience—

His Magic Horse? *Along our hundreds of highways roll a host of shining steeds of steel—each with a herd of eager horses under its hood!*

Genie? What futile, laughable little genie came to Aladdin's call! *To-day we have bottled the Power of All Creation to do our bidding at the touch of a fingertip!*

We keep Arabian Days and Nights on *tap* in 1932!

The four-room flat of any American City—the stucco bungalow of any American Suburb—the old homestead on any American farm—contain more luxuries, more comforts and conveniences, more out-and-out magic than any fabled palace that ever was in Araby!

The advertising pages of modern magazines are full of Lamps to rub! Turn the leaves and a life more luxurious than Aladdin ever dreamed of is yours for the asking! Here the greatest wonders this wonderful world has ever known await your commands!

The story of Aladdin has come true and *you are Aladdin!*

I Like Your Looks

Continued from page 21

"Oh, yoo-hoo!" came a voice.

Peter turned his head and waved a hand as they proceeded along the beach.

"Who's that?" inquired Travis alertly.

"You needn't prick up your ears," said Peter, "she's nothing to you."

"Nothing to me? You're mistaken, my good lad. She's manna in the wilderness. She's the first breath-taker I've seen on this God-forsaken *plage* of yours."

"Oh, Squeegee!" cried Deidama. "I want you to meet my mother!"

On the sand, at a slight distance from the other groups, an older woman and Deidama were lying under an orange-and-black umbrella. Deidama stood up and trotted down toward Peter and Travis. "Come on up and meet my mother," she insisted. There was nothing to be done about it. "Who's the little brother?" she asked.

"No little brother of mine, thank God," said Peter.

"He's merely my guardian," Travis explained. "He's my jailer."

"Such is my unhappy fate, Miss Vail," said Peter loftily.

"THIS is Mom," Deidama announced, waving an exquisite hand toward the little woman reclining on the sand. "This is Squeegee I've told you about."

"The name is Grant, and this is my little charge, Travis Grant, Mrs. Vail," said Peter in his deep and formal voice.

Mrs. Vail looked up at him and smiled. She was little and frail-looking and faded. She had done nothing whatever about looking middle-aged, and yet there was about her some fragment of elusive youth, a loveliness. Peter liked older women; he felt comfortable with them. He liked Mrs. Vail.

They chatted a moment. Finally he turned to Travis.

"Come on," he said. "It's about time you toiled."

Travis came, but not before he had made an engagement with Deidama to take her out in his car that evening.

Travis was late in getting home that night. Peter waited for him. Travis, on work nights, was supposed to be back by eleven. As the car drew up, Peter rose formidably from the plaza, where he had sat smoking. "Where were you?" his voice boomed out. "Dancing in Hyannis, probably, and on a work night!"

"Dancing . . . in Paradise, not Hyannis," said Travis. "Dancing with houris in Paradise!"

"Are you tight?" inquired Peter.

"Drunk, my lad; drunk on the ambrosias of the gods of love."

"Stop being silly!" A disgust, a mighty disgust, invaded Peter. He loathed drivel. "You mean you fancy you're taken with that smart-aleck of a brat?"

"With Deidama—with God's lady," Travis corrected. "With the loveliest, most beautiful; with the frankest, sweetest—"

"In a moment," said Peter, "I shall assist you into the house with my toe. I bring you here to an isolated beach, I spend my time trying to drum into your numb brain enough to get you into college. I accept huge sums from your father for that purpose; and you, you lout, you oaf, you dare to come home and tell me that you think you're in love—and in this sickening, nauseating fashion! 'Out of mischief!'" he boomed. "There's no place where one can keep an immemorial idiot out of mischief!"

He went down to the beach the next day, having left the unfortunate Travis at his tasks. As he walked along the beach, Deidama hooted at him. She stuck two fingers in her mouth and emitted a frightful whistle.

"Hi, Grampa High-hat!" she bawled.

Peter turned his head and stared with an indignant blue stare in her direction. His face softened as he saw Mrs. Vail lying under the umbrella.

"Good morning, Mrs. Vail," he said. "Good morning, Miss Vail," he said formally.

"What have you done with Travis?" Deidama inquired.

"At present he's swatting. But it might be more pertinent to ask what you did with him? He came home driveling, slobbering into his bib, drooling. He encompassed me with a vast nausea."

"I affect them that way," she said. "Not for nothing am I known as Deidama-Eat-'em-Alive. What," she continued, "would you think of my wedding him?"

Mrs. Vail sketched an apologetic gesture. "She doesn't mean it," she said.

"How do you know I don't? He's immensely rich—at least his father is. He told me so. And you know you want to get me off your hands. You've told me that too."

"Pay no attention, Mrs. Vail," said Peter. "Let the little brook babble on. It hurts no one but herself."

"Ha! You don't take me seriously!" she countered. "But wait, wait, Grampa High-hat. The curtain has only gone up."

"Well, he's not going out with you tonight. He has to swat."

"How will you prevent it?" asked Deidama.

"Well, one way will be to go with you to the theater in Dennis tonight." Mrs. Vail shot him a grateful look.

"Oh, if that's the case," said Deidama, "I'll take you out for a sail."

For the first time an almost boyish eagerness broke through Peter's dignity. "Can you sail a boat?" he asked.

"Sure," said Deidama. "Can't you?"

"No, but I've always wanted to learn."

"Surest thing you know!" said Deidama. "I'll teach you in a twink."

Once in the boat it was as if her personality had changed. She was quiet, She cast off without fuss. A little breeze caught the sails. They went out on a reach. Tranquilly Deidama explained to him the principles of sailing. She showed him how the direction of the boat changed as you let the sheet out.

"NOW, take it yourself," she said. "The way to learn to sail is simply to sail. Nothing can happen to you today. There's nothing you can do, except get us in irons."

She let him alone. From time to time she threw him a quiet word of advice. She taught him to bring the boat about, and made him sail close-hauled. He had always wanted to do this. It gave him a splendid sense of power to think of actually sailing a boat himself. He realized she was an extraordinary teacher.

"Have you sailed much?" he asked.

"Practically all my life," she said. "My father taught me when I was ten, and when I was twelve I sailed my own catboat in the children's races at Nantucket."

Insensibly his attitude toward her had altered. He was no longer aloof toward her. He was a little boy, learning eagerly. "All she needs," he thought to himself, "is to be cured of

(Continued on page 48)

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Can you say YES to these Six Questions?

THEY ARE VITAL TO YOUR DRIVING SAFETY

1. Do your headlights enable you to drive safely at reasonable speed at night?
2. Are you protected against rear-end collisions by a good tail-light and a live stop-light?
3. Have you checked your lamps, battery and wiring, and had your headlights focused lately?
4. Is the light on your instrument board bright enough to let you read your speedometer quickly?
5. Is the inside of your car lighted well enough to find dropped articles, or to read a road map?
6. Have you a flashlight in your car for emergencies?

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*MAZDA, *the mark of a research service.*

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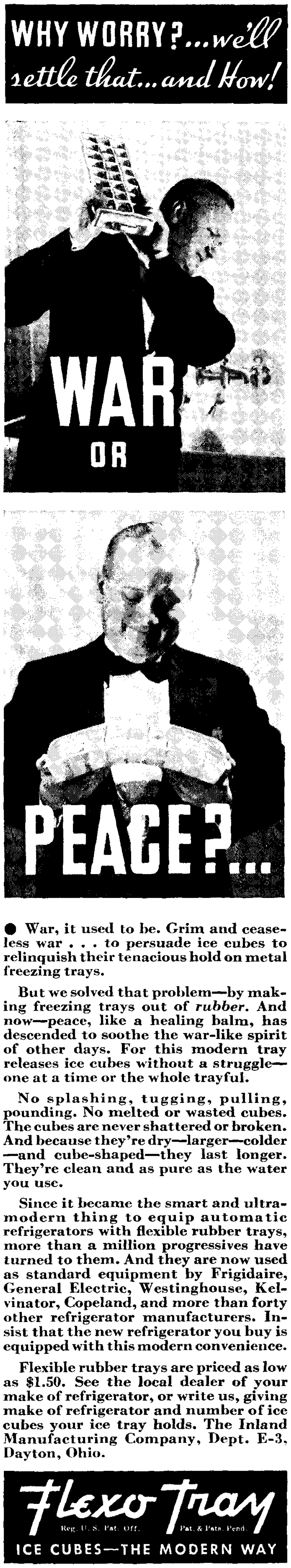

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● War, it used to be. Grim and ceaseless war . . . to persuade ice cubes to relinquish their tenacious hold on metal freezing trays.

But we solved that problem—by making freezing trays out of *rubber*. And now—peace, like a healing balm, has descended to soothe the war-like spirit of other days. For this modern tray releases ice cubes without a struggle—one at a time or the whole trayful.

No splashing, tugging, pulling, pounding. No melted or wasted cubes. The cubes are never shattered or broken. And because they're dry—larger—colder—and cube-shaped—they last longer. They're clean and as pure as the water you use.

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Flexible rubber trays are priced as low as $1.50. See the local dealer of your make of refrigerator, or write us, giving make of refrigerator and number of ice cubes your ice tray holds. The Inland Manufacturing Company, Dept. E-3, Dayton, Ohio.

Flexo Tray
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Pat. & Pats. Pend.
ICE CUBES—THE MODERN WAY

(*Continued from page 47*)

her brattiness on land to be quite a swell kid."

"It's time," Peter said regretfully, "that I returned to my young charge. I must see whether he has managed to keep what he erroneously calls his mind on his book."

They came ashore. Deidama joined her mother. "You know," she said reflectively, "I've half a mind to save that poor young man."

"Save him?" asked her mother.

"From himself," Deidama explained. "From being so high-hat. From being so snobbish. From being so upstage. Out on the boat you wouldn't know him. He's positively youthful. Quite humble!"

That night Peter took her to the Cape Theater. The next day being clear, they went sailing.

"See here," Travis remarked, "what are you trying to do? Take my girl?"

"*Your* girl?" said Peter. "How is she your girl?"

"She's my girl because I'm in love with her," said Travis brazenly.

"You will have the modesty," said Peter firmly, "to keep such drivel to yourself. I am paid to get you into college, and not to hold your hand through a fit of puppy love."

THAT afternoon Travis took Deidama out in his speedboat, and made arrangements to go to Hyannis to dance.

When next Peter and Deidama were sailing, "See here," Peter said, "what are you trying to do with Travis? He's blotto. Keep off him. He hasn't, as you very well know, the brains of a fly."

"He has a very good brain," said Deidama. "When you're away, he's very amusing. It's enough to give anybody an inferiority complex to have a huge brown beast like you over him."

"Oh, so he's been complaining, has he?"

"Who wouldn't complain—having a great, enormous thing sicked on one, and taking all the starch out of one every day? And why should he have to be turned into a college boy? He doesn't *want* to be turned into a college boy!"

"That," said Peter, "is no news to me at all."

"He ought to be allowed to do what he wants. He wants to go into business. He wants to get married."

A chill of fear went through Peter. He looked at Deidama speculatively. If the Oaf had actually touched her heart—? Birds of a feather, he reflected. Brat to brat. What if young Travis should elope instead of getting into college! He simply couldn't have it. . . .

The next day Peter devoted himself to Deidama. He controlled himself when she came squealing down the beach, "Hi, Grampa High-hat!" He did not bat an eye when she spoke cheekily to her mother.

He made great progress sailing. They had long, idling afternoons when the wind dropped on them and the bay became a shining blue mirror. They had exciting times when the wind freshened so that their craft stood on her ear, and they had to reef, and they came home soaking. There were other times when they sat in companionable silence; when Deidama, with her hand on the tiller, absorbed in the little boat and sea and sky, became for a moment her own name—God's lady, lady of God—and exceedingly, touchingly beautiful. "She's not what she seems to be on land at all," he thought to himself at such times.

"And why," Deidama would think, "should Peter turn into an upstage, high-hat snob the minute he puts his foot on land?"

"And," Peter thought, "if she had any respect for Travis' future, she wouldn't have lured him to stay out all hours dancing with her. She knows he has to get back. No," thought Peter, "I can't let this go on. I've told him lessons have got to be done. I've given him warning; no more money, not another penny."

So the next time Travis said, "Loosen up, old bean; I'm driving over to Hyannis."

"You are not," said Peter.

"I'd like to know why," said Travis.

"You won't have the money to go," said Peter.

"You mean you won't give me any?"

"I mean just that. I'm cutting your allowance whenever you're not working. You can see Miss Vail in the daytime hereafter." He started for the beach to find Deidama, and left Travis raging. It was a fine day for sailing.

She came late, and she came flaming down on Peter.

"You're mean," she cried; "you're vengeful. You've no right to do things like that! I wish I'd never taught you to sail! I'll never take you out again!"

"You are referring to Travis, I suspect."

"You're a bully, and I hate you! You abuse your power. You're a scornful, high-hat snob. If you don't give Travis his money, you'll be sorry!"

"No doubt," said Peter formally. "But I shall also be sorry if I do. I have a duty to perform here."

"Duty your eye! But don't think you're going to get away with this. You're not! Just like stealing a baby's beads, *what you're doing!" And she* was gone.

"Well, well," thought Peter. And he made a swift decision that he would sail his own boat. He found a little boat for hire, and sniffily sailed away the next morning.

There was something in the wind. What it was Peter couldn't put his hand on. There was something between Travis and Deidama. What made him so angry was that he had bungled it. There he had had her largely broken of brattishness; he was making a decent girl out of her; and now her impulsive generosity had turned her to the wretched Travis. Indeed, Peter had spilled quite a full plate of beans.

He saw her but little in the next two or three days.

AND then, one evening, she and Travis disappeared. They had been, apparently, going to the movies in Hyannis; but movie time was over and they weren't back. It got to be one o'clock, and still they weren't home. Peter paced restlessly. "The Oaf has very likely run up a telegraph pole," he thought. "I wouldn't put it past them to go to a speakeasy and to have become fuddled with liquor!"

He went out of the house and over to the Vails' cottage. There was a light in the sitting-room. He went up on the porch. Mrs. Vail was reading.

"Have you heard anything from our little charges?" he asked.

"Not a word."

"You aren't anxious, I hope?"

Mrs. Vail looked at him. "You either get over being anxious or you go crazy if you have people in the family who sail small boats. And you see I haven't gone crazy. Don't worry."

"I feel responsible," said Peter.

"I heard her say to Travis that she wished she were in Newport for Betty Crockett's début."

"You put frightful ideas into my head," said Peter. "Do you think she would actually do that without letting you know?"

"I wouldn't put it past her."

He went home, but only to come out again and stride around. A terrible feeling assailed him. He longed to take

What an Idea!

"What are you writing?" we asked an industrious Velvet-pusher. "I'm making a note of where I put my Memory Course," he replied.

BEING A
TRUE STORY
WITHOUT A MORAL

Mr. Crab crabbed about a round pencil — it always rolled off his desk. Mr. Crab crabbed about a hexagon pencil — that, Dorothy, is a pencil with six sides. He said it hurt his fingers. And so, boys and girls, we, the American Pencil Company, made Edgeless — a pencil not round enough to roll off a desk, not sharp enough to hurt any crab's fingers. VERY nice writing, too — so we wonder what Crab's crabbing about now!

$5 FOR NIFTIES LIKE THIS

If your pencil points go bust,
And your writing's at its wust
That's the proof, admit we must
You haven't seen US.

If you scrawl from dawn to night,
And your pencil feels just right,
If it's smooth and strong and light
You have a VENUS!

(Any time you feel like expressing your admiration for a Venus or a Velvet pencil, say it poetically, and send it in to the American Pencil Company, Dept. A., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Five dollars is waiting for you, if you "make" this column.)

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(*Overheard in a downtown stationer's*)

CUSTOMER: "How can you tell one five-cent pencil from another? They're all yellow."

MERCHANT: "Yep—all but Velvet. That's made by the same folks that make the Venus 10c pencil. And they put this *natural cedar finish* on Velvet Pencils just so you'll know there *is* a difference."

AMERICAN PENCIL CO.

VENUS

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If you're the kind of man that insists on center-row orchestra seats, that hates to have his name misspelled, that won't read the wrong newspaper, then you're made for us—and Venus is made for you. You're *why* we make 17 different shades of black in that famous 10-cent pencil. Seventeen—count 'em — from *very, very* soft to *very, very* hard—just so you can write with the exact—not the approximate—shade of black that suits your hand-pressure, your character, your mood. So when you have a thought to put on paper, give it the world's smoothest thought-conveyor — a *Venus Pencil!*

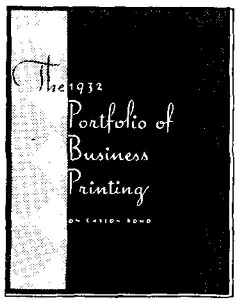
17 SHADES OF BLACK

VENUS Pencils 10c

ONCE upon a time

pens came from geese, letters came in rolls, and it took fourteen words and three flourishes to say "yours truly." The goose quills, the fourteen words, the three flourishes, all have vanished into the dim past. But all too many of today's letters are written on letterheads that *look* as though they might have come in rolls. So we say "Today's letterhead for Today's letter," and suggest that if yours needs improvement you

Ask your Printer



about it. He will give you a 1932 Portfolio of Business Printing on Caslon Bond* which not only demonstrates modern design in letterheads, but follows through all of your business printing with up-to-date work that costs no more than the ordinary kind. If your printer hasn't one, tell us his name and we'll send him one for you. It's free.

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**Caslon Bond is* NOT *an expensive paper. Its full range of twelve striking colors and white can be used for all of your business printing.*

Travis in murderous hands and break him in two. He longed to take Deidama over his knee and administer much-needed punishment. A frightful anger invaded him. It gnawed and tore at him. He tried to put them out of his mind.

He went to bed, but it was no use. He got up again and dressed, and went to the Vails'.

The house was dark. Mrs. Vail no doubt was sleeping peacefully. The awful idea that Travis and Deidama might have eloped had not entered her disillusioned mind. It had Peter's. He saw them getting fuddled in a speakeasy. He saw Travis saying, "Come on and let's give Grampa High-hat a jolt. Let's go to Rhode Island and get us wed!" He heard Deidama replying, "Surest thing you know! I'll try anything once."

THE night progressed to its horrid end. It was dawn—first gray, then blue, and golden; then through the glamorous shadows a car came cheerfully purring. And there was Deidama at last—and there was Travis. He felt quite limp as he saw them coming. He felt his dignity wavering and his knees go wobbly.

"Well, will you look who's here!" cried Deidama. "If it isn't old Grampa High-hat, waiting up for the little ones!"

This restored him. "Where were you?" he said to Travis.

"We hopped to Newport, old bean," said Travis.

"Newport? In what?" cried Peter.

"In a plane."

"Whose plane?" asked Peter grimly.

"Chartered a plane," said Travis.

"Chartered a plane?"

"Aha," said Deidama. "And how was that done, you ask, when you cut off the source of supplies? Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Squeegee Peter High-hat. It was done with money. And how did we get money? Because he went into business. And what business? Ah, there's where I had an idea. What they've needed for a long time along this place was a gentlemanly bootlegger. A nice, bright-faced college boy, like our Travis. We got some excellent liquor in Newport, and it's in the car now. Scotch, bourbon and rye. The car's packed with it. In suitcases, dearie. Just pry into the rumble and into the trunk box."

Peter was speechless.

"Get it off your chest, old fellow," Travis advised encouragingly, "because I want to get a spot of sleep sometime."

Peter looked at them seriously. "I suppose," he said, "that it is because I am so glad to see you both back alive that your foolish prattle about liquor flows into deaf ears." He walked off in the direction of the beach.

"Quite neat of old High-hat—superior even in death, eh?"

"Oh, shut up!" cried Diedama. "You make me sick. *We* make me sick."

"What ails you all of a sudden?" asked Travis.

"He's been really worried," she said. "He's had a ghastly time. I wish I knew what he's doing down on the beach at this hour, instead of turning in like a good, comfortable soul." She went home and had an early-morning breakfast, then went upstairs. She couldn't get to sleep. "Oh," she thought, "it's breezing up, and it would be just like him to take his boat out." An anxiety such as she had never known in her whole life coursed through her. It was no morning for a beginner to take a boat out, she thought to herself. Then she scuttled into her clothes.

By the time she got down to the beach, there, sure enough, he was in his rented sailboat, sailing bravely out. The wind was freshening. He was sailing before it, and did not realize its power.

"Bring her up! Bring her up! You'll jib her, you fool!" She stamped her foot, and tore up and down the beach in a fury of anxiety. "I've told him and told him about jibbing!" The wallow of the boat gave Peter that treacherous effect of slowness that sailing free does the novice.

And then it came.

A bit too close into the wind—and bang! The wind was behind the big sail. It had jibbed. The boom swung around with a crash. The sail tipped far into the water, and with an extraordinary effect of leisure the boat went over.

Deidama stared in horror, hands tightly clenched. If he was knocked senseless by the boom, if the boom struck his head—he was gone. She thought she had seen it strike. She knew the boom wasn't topped up properly in this old craft. She knew he wasn't expecting it. For a frightful second she could see nothing of him, and then she saw him swarming out of the water, catching at the overturned boat, which floated.

Afterward, the time she took in getting out to her own boat and making sail seemed like a thousand years, though she had done everything with a swift precision. As the little boat made out toward him, her heart beat to the tune of "What if he's hurt? What if he's hurt?" She thought she had seen the boom strike him. What if just before her eyes, just before she could reach him, he dropped off the boat and drowned?

The throb of a motor reached her ears. She saw that a fishing boat was making toward Peter. But she would get there first; those fishing boats couldn't go fast. What if they both got there too late?

"It's all my fault," she thought, "all my fault. Oh, why, why, did I have to butt in about that Travis idiot, the oaf! Oh, why do I have to act the way I do?" She knew the answer—nothing but vanity. Just because Peter hadn't bowed his head to Eat-'em-Alive-Deidama, just because Travis was sunk, and Peter wasn't. "Oh, Peter, Peter, please be alive till I get there! Please don't die, Peter. Please forgive me—"

She was almost upon him; and now he let go his grip and slipped into the water. For one ghastly moment Deidama thought, "He's drowning!" But he was swimming bravely toward her.

"Oh, Peter, are you all right? Are you hurt?"

"Sure, I'm all right!" he called.

SHE came up in the wind and he dragged his big bulk into Deidama's little boat. "Oh, Peter," she cried, "Peter, I thought you were dead! I thought the boom hit you— Oh, Peter, I thought I should die!"

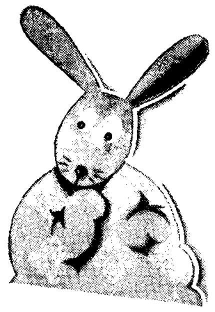
"So did I," he said humbly. "I thought you were dead, and I thought you had eloped—and I died a thousand times." He spoke gently, humbly. No one would have dreamed that he had ever merited the name of Grampa High-hat. For, after all, capsizing a boat and having to hang on to the edge of it for a half hour isn't exactly bolstering to one's ego. But as the torments of the night had battered his ego into a thousand pieces, in one blinding moment when Deidama had appeared he gave names to what he had been suffering. It was love, and jealousy.

He said solemnly, "How did you happen to come out?"

"I had second sight," said Deidama. "And I was so ashamed to have bothered you, Peter. Oh, Peter—"

"Oh, Deidama—" said Peter.

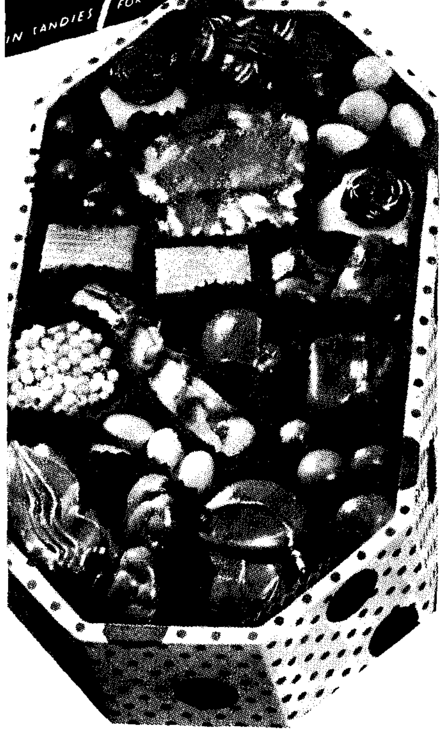
"Hey," said the loud voice of a fisherman, "break away, you two! Do you want to capsize another boat?"



The 1932 idea in Easter sweets is

...freshness you can see

IN CANDIES FOR HOME...FOR GIFTS FOR ENTERTAINING



STYLE in Easter Candy? Yes, indeed! The 1932 mode is *freshness you can see.*

Observe *Tableau,* pictured above. Launched by Johnston, famous couturier of candies. A package in keeping with our modern thinking—simple, smart, tasteful—yet amazingly uncostly! The transparent covering permits you to see the tempting candy within—yet keeps it clean, safe and pure.

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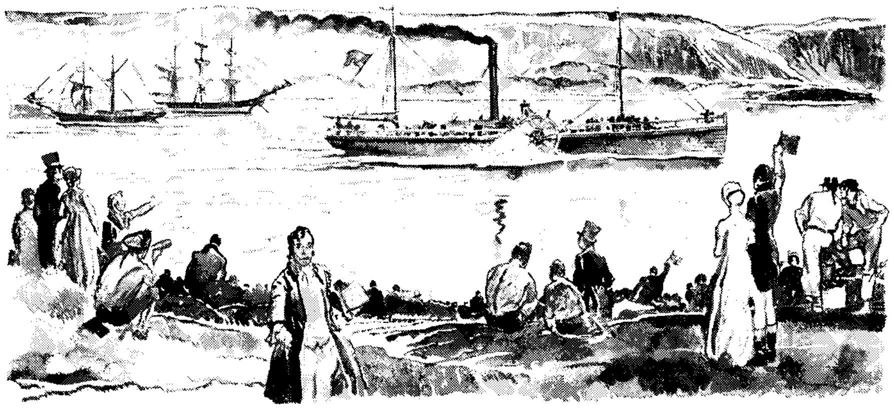

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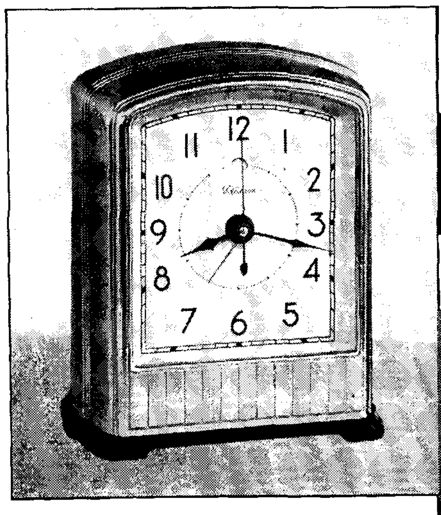

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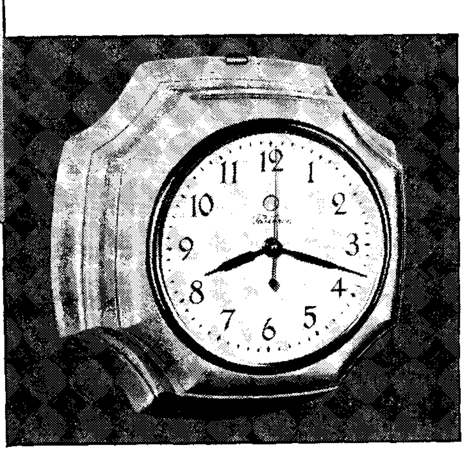

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The Fourth Girl

Continued from page 28

apples, and you got everybody worried because nobody knows what it's all about, and my girls can't do their work."

"Yeah," O'Malley said, "I was just now noticing that. You got four little girls that do a dance together, but sometimes when they come out it's only three. What is the fourth kid's name?"

The manager looked worried. "Rita Rand," he told us. "She ain't been well these last few days. She's a sweet kid. She used to work in a taxi-dancing place, ten cents a dance, till she worked up to this."

"Sure; she's a nice kid," O'Malley answered. "I think I met her at that dance place. I wonder would she remember me and come to the table and speak to us?"

I WAS sure he did not know the girl or any of the others. The manager left us but came back almost immediately.

"Sorry," he reported. "She was took real sick while I was talking with you and has went home."

"All right," O'Malley said. "Where's her 'home'?"

The manager gave us the name of a theatrical hotel and we went there immediately. Miss Rand had come in a few minutes before and was still there. While we were inquiring, she came down and paid her bill, without seeing us, and a boy brought down her bags and she got into a cab.

She was about eighteen years old and was amazingly pretty in a street-gamin sort of way. We took a cab and followed her. She rode only a few blocks and paid off the cab and waited, and a car with three young men stopped and she got in, and they drove to an all-night restaurant.

"They'll park there," O'Malley stated, "till they get this talked over and that's plenty time for us."

He went and telephoned, and we walked over to the police station and by the time we got there they had the girl and the three young men there and had searched them. We went into the detectives' room, and a cop came in and put a watch down on the table.

"Hammin's watch," he said. "It was on the guy named Freddie."

Then they brought the girl in to us but left the boys outside. She was pale but tried to look composed.

"I don't know what I'm here for," she said at once, "but you've picked up the wrong girl."

"Who? Me?" O'Malley told her smiling. "I didn't pick out nobody, girlie. You picked yourself out for us when you got sick by looking at us eating apples and then tried to get away. Now do you want to tell me how Hammin got the bullet in him, or shall I tell you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Well, I'll be kind to you, and tell you. This Hammin flirted with you at the club; so after he'd shucked off his friends, he came back there. The doorman says he didn't but I think he did. You'd seen he had a roll and had tipped off your boy friends; and they followed you and, when they got a chance, they bumped him off. Then they took him in their car, and you went along, eating an apple, and they pushed him out in Van Cortlandt Park and split the money with you. You want we should get the lipstick on the apple analyzed and show it is the kind you use?"

"Would you really put it all on me like that," she demanded indignantly—"tipping them off to kill him, taking part of the money, eating an apple while I was riding with a dead man!"

"If you don't like that story, how would you tell it different? If your boy friends said they would do something to you if you told, forget it; they're going somewhere where they won't do no harm to nobody."

She looked at him a long while in silence, hopelessly.

"I guess it is no use pretending," she decided at last. "I knew you had me spotted when all you cops kept coming in and eating apples while you stared at me; you were only waiting till the right time came to pick me up. I'd have quit and got out of there three days ago, only I had no money and, besides, I thought it would be a signal to you to take me up the way you did tonight. Mr. Hammin made a date with me while his party were at the club, but he didn't come back there to get me. I met him in a restaurant after I got through work. I'd had a date with these three boys, whom I didn't know very well, and I broke it to go with him. So they followed me and saw me meet him and came in the restaurant, and when he saw I knew them he asked them to our table.

"He had a roll of money with him that he had won at the races. So they said, 'Let's go dance somewhere at a roadhouse,' and we all got in their car, three of us on the back seat. I was on one side, Mr. Hammin was in the middle and that boy Freddie was on the other side of him. When we got to Van Cortlandt Park, and I was eating the apple, Freddie shot him. They offered to give me some of the money, but I wouldn't take murder-money. Then they told me that if I ever told on them they'd bump me off.

"Tonight, when I saw you talking with the manager, I knew the end had come; so I called them up and told them I had to have money to get out of town, no matter where it came from. I had less than a dollar left after I paid my hotel bill. They met me but they hadn't given me anything when the cops took us up."

"SOME case, O'Malley!" I said, when we had left the station house. "But I don't understand yet how you knew that the key to it was the night club and looked for the solution there."

"I was just fishing. We didn't have a thing to go on; but this Hammin was a fancier of women and when his party broke up that early on his birthday I figured he had a date with someone else. Well, who?

"Was it a date he had before, or one he made that night; was it with some woman that had been in the party or with someone else?

"I went around and talked with those women and it didn't seem like it was one of them. The only place it looked like he could have made any other date was at the night club. Who with? I wasn't sure even the apple had to do with the case, but I thought a woman who had seen a murder done while she was eating an apple wouldn't care to look at apples for a while, and might betray herself by how she acted; and it wasn't no trouble to drop in there every morning and eat an apple while I was working on other features of the case."

"It was cleverly done," I told him, "and you deserve a lot of credit."

"Sure I do! But from who will I get it? There ain't a cop that ate an apple in that place but what will tell you how he worked the whole job out himself."

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

After the Prohibition Bureau recently stated that its present peak of efficiency did not indicate the need of additional field workers, the price of beer dropped to 10 cents a glass in countless speakeasies throughout our fair land.

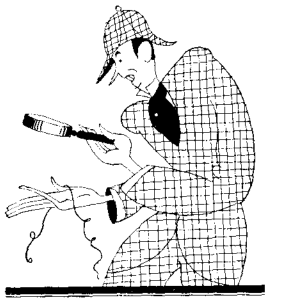
Fire does not decrease the weight of everything it burns. The ashes of magnesium, for example, are heavier than the metal itself.

A new photographic plate—sensitive to long light waves—records distinct pictures of mountains and cities that are hundreds of miles away and cannot be seen by the human eye, due to the haze above the earth.

The most famous catacombs in existence are those under Rome and its suburbs. There are more than 500 miles of these underground passageways—one upon another and sometimes 7 levels deep—containing about 6,000,000 tombs.

The world's smallest book is the Meigs edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. It is only five sixteenths of an inch square, one eighth of an inch thick, and its 48 pages contain 100 verses and an introduction.

The only animal in the world that lives solely on blood is the 3-inch vampire bat of South America. It attacks horses, cattle and other animals, and sometimes human beings.—*By E. V. Cooke, Cleveland, Ohio.*



Criminologists have developed a new method of identification through the analysis of human hair which they have divided into more than 21,000 classifications.—*By J. D. Armer, Monrovia, Calif.*

Near Knaresborough, England, there is a "Dropping Well," full of lime-impregnated water, which completely petrifies, within a short time, almost everything that is suspended in it, such as dead canaries, flowers, baby shoes, etc.

Due to the numerous motorcyclists weaving in and out of traffic, Great Britain today has 3 times as many fatal highway accidents, per thousand motor vehicles, as the United States.—*By J. W. Pearson, Huntington, West Virginia.*

Only 1 out of every 4 pairs of twins are *identical* twins, those who look so much alike that they are often mistaken for each other, even by their parents.

About 70 per cent of the cases which are appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States today are found to merit no further judicial consideration and are refused hearings.

Developments: Pure alcohol now is made from sawdust; plant fertilizer is made from coal; and wood is made non-inflammable.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of the Church of England, has aroused a great deal of dissension and defied the civil law of that country by forbidding church marriages to those who are unbaptized or who have been innocent parties to a divorce.

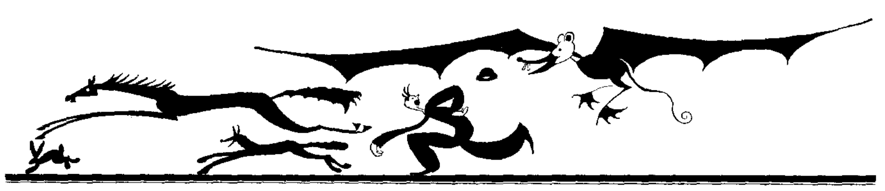
The hair, beard, eyebrows and nails of all Persian Mohammedans are dyed a bright henna, in accordance with the tenets of the Prophet. Their horses, too, have their fetlocks and tails dyed the same color.

At least 90 per cent of the newsreel film footage made each week never reaches the screen, due to the limited length of this kind of motion picture.

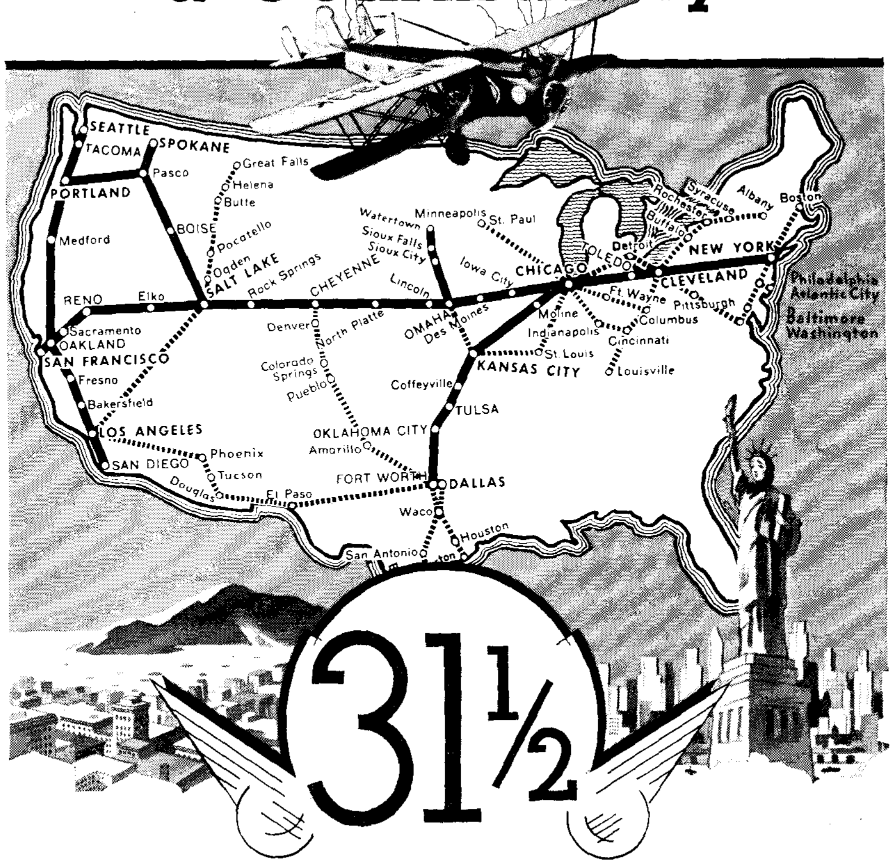
At birth, you are about 300,000,000 times heavier than on the day when your independent cellular life began.—*By Merrill Benoit, Southbridge, Massachusetts.*

The skyscraping neck of the giraffe and the comparatively small neck of man contain the same number of vertebræ or bones. Seven!—*By Theodore Gerstenblith, Brooklyn, New York.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



United Air Lines Makes a Continent a Community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Since the general rate revision of January 1, 1932, air travel is very moderate in cost. (See table opposite.)

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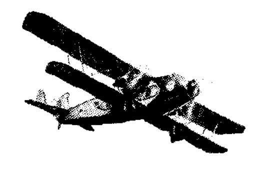

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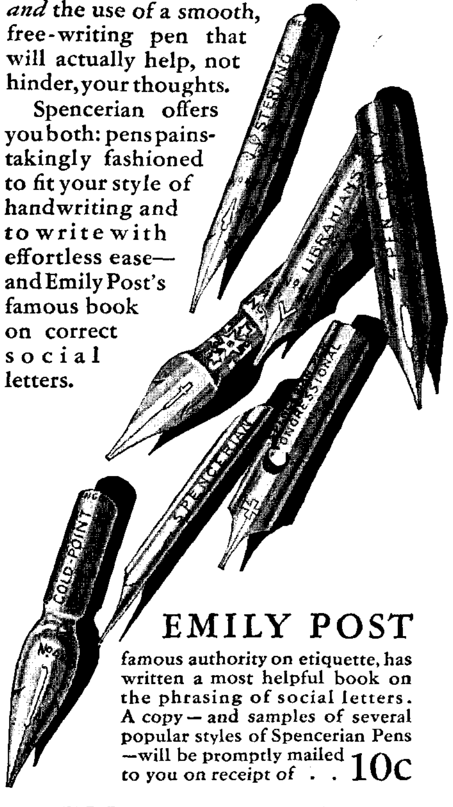

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France, Top Dog

Continued from page 24

reparations payments. But the French government took immediate steps to disabuse the Germans of that idea—also to obtain from the originator of the moratorium the assurance that he would not take any similar action in the future without first consulting France. France, top dog!

It is not alone in Germany that doubts have been shown in the post-war years as to the wisdom of French insistence on security, non-revision and reparations. Great Britain, true to her policy of playing off one continental European power against another, for the ultimate advantage of the British, has frequently favored moves tending to impair French supremacy. So has Italy. As for the United States, there has been, throughout the period since the close of the war, a body of American opinion which combats the French theory of security, scoffs at the supposed sanctity of the Versailles terms and insists that, if the burden placed upon Germany by her obligation to pay reparations becomes too heavy for German shoulders, it must be lightened for the sake of the welfare of the world, no matter what irreconcilable Frenchmen may think of such a course.

Everything's Changed Now

Such beliefs—with Germany applauding in the background—have been asserted repeatedly in the teeth of French opposition. Furious though this opposition has been, the French have been compelled again and again to knuckle down. Again and again, the British view or the American—not to be distinguished, in the eyes of many Frenchmen, from the German—has triumphed, in the years that have elapsed since the Armistice, despite French fears and the arguments based upon these fears, eloquently and insistently expressed by the statesmen of France as spokesmen of the Frenchman in the street.

The trouble has been that France was *not* top dog. Britain was—or the United States—with Germany trotting at British or American heels, confident of getting her turn at the juicy bone which her champions were preparing to wrest from France. Now, however, it is France who is top dog—let anyone trying to get the bone away from her beware!

France has always believed that she should be top dog. Her supremacy in the days of Louis XIV and Napoleon has seemed to Frenchmen something essentially logical and right, snatched away by other nations only by the cruel injustice of circumstances.

All peoples are patriotically convinced of their own excellence—none so much so, however, as the French. Natives of other countries often crave the society of foreigners; they are receptive to foreign ideas; they like to study foreign forms of culture, read foreign literature, listen to foreign music. Not so the French. To a degree unequaled elsewhere, the average Frenchman is satisfied to go through life meeting none but French men and women, assimilating none but French forms of culture, studying only French forms of art.

The stranger in France has this constantly brought home to him—almost invariably with courtesy, but quite unmistakably, for all that.

Once I was traveling on a French steamship whose captain—one of the *most charming of men*—had commanded a French transport in the war. Plying between Marseilles and eastern Mediterranean ports, he had conveyed aboard his ship numerous officers of the Allied nations—French, British, American, Italian.

"Which did you like best?" I asked.

"Oh, the French!"

It was said without the slightest desire to give offense—as if something axiomatic and indisputable were being stated. And another Frenchman, a music critic, about to depart from Paris for the Wagner festival at Bayreuth in Germany, confessed to me:

"Do you know, my fellow countrymen reproach me with being far too much interested in foreign countries. They do not consider me a good Frenchman."

The German is thoroughly convinced of Teutonic superiority over other nations; yet, at the same time, he is astonishingly receptive to foreign ideas. If he thinks that something American or French or English is better than his own brand of the same thing, he will throw the latter overboard. His appetite for foreign books and plays is insatiable; the number of these translated into German, in comparison with the foreign books and plays published in French versions, must be something like three to one.

Similarly, the Britisher is one of the most self-centered of human beings; yet, in spite of this trait, he is curiously liberal in his outlook upon foreigners. The idea that his island home is not the hub of the universe is something so ridiculous to him as to be beneath discussion; yet, despite this super-patriotism, he is singularly interested in other lands and other peoples.

He is the world's greatest traveler. Long before travel was general, long before there were comfortable hotels for tourists and speedy steamships and luxurious trains, the Englishman, with his monocle and tweeds, was wandering over the European and all other continents. And he has never ceased doing so. He is accused of taking England with him to whatever places he may go—the fact remains that *he goes to places*. Though an islander, the Briton is continental-minded; though a continental, the Frenchman is insular-minded.

Those Peculiar Americans

As for the average American, he combines with the receptivity of the German and the globe-trotting propensities of the Briton a certain humility in the face of foreign ideas. At one moment he will be positively jingoistic in his Americanism; at the next, he will take a foreign estimate, especially of things in the cultural and artistic domain, as absolutely final. The American abroad often becomes furious at the remarks of foreigners about American roughness and rawness; yet, deep down in his heart, he often wonders whether there is not some truth in these remarks.

The average Frenchman, on the other hand, is supremely satisfied with France and all things French. He has little desire to travel. He has little interest in foreign ideas. Small indeed is the *proportion* of plays translated from foreign tongues to be seen in the theaters of France; weak indeed is the showing of translated books in the show windows of French book shops compared with that of French literature.

The average native of France feels little need to study foreign ideas, much less to assimilate them. The "Americanization" of France, noticeable within the past few years, has filled him with alarm and disgust; and one of the most pleasing features to him, of the situa-

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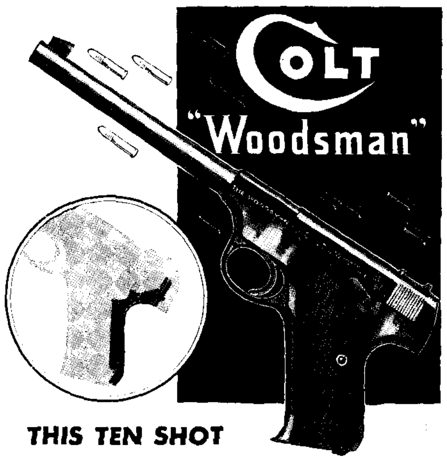

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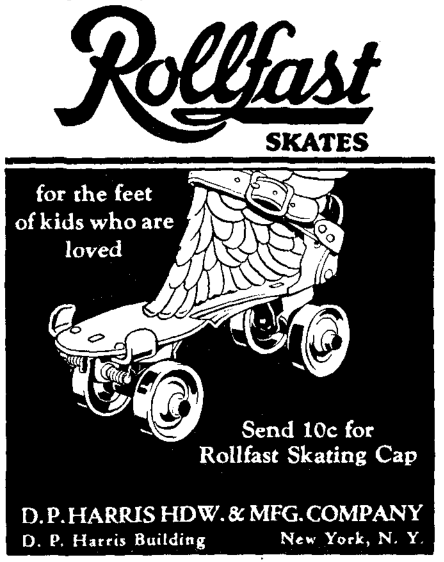

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tion in the world of today which has made France top dog, is the tendency of this "Americanization" to disappear from France. It is as if those sponsoring it had seen the error of their ways, thinks the average Frenchman; as if they had shamefacedly crawled away into the background, with their American-made ideas and methods.

So the average Frenchman hails with delight the latest twist in world affairs, whereby nations which have been lording it over his native land by force of circumstances now proved to have been quite illogical and temporary (or so he hopes) are relegated to second and third and fourth place, with France, in her turn, lording it over them. "Quite as it should be!" he says.

Let Nothing be Changed

Hence, France's renewed insistence on her doctrine of "security"—which, often before now, has annoyed some people in other nations. Hence, the repetition, by French speech-makers and newspaper writers, of the theory that the Treaty of Versailles is sacred and unchangeable. Hence, the satisfaction among the French, when nothing was said to Premier Laval by President Hoover about the Polish Corridor and other matters which many people in many lands consider dangerous breeders of future trouble, but which the French deem corner-stones of French supremacy in Europe.

Hence, also, the stubborn attitude of the French against every attempt to place German private debts to foreigners ahead of the obligation of Germany to pay reparations to France. The Frenchman's way of looking at this thorny question was well summed up recently by a French publicist as follows:

"Short-term credits to Germany represent loans made by English and American banks to German interests.

"These credits are frozen at present, and the Germans are unable to meet their obligations.

"Why is there a feeling that France should step in?

"France might retort: 'This matter does not interest me at all, or very little, since my part in these credits runs to only about six per cent of their total.'

"But if France said that, the reply would be:

"'If you do not help, Germany will declare herself bankrupt. American and English banks will fail. The financial crisis will grow so acute that it will soon affect France.'

"This threat is not as serious as those making it would like us to think. Germany has not been paying anything since last July. Yet there has been no financial catastrophe!

"Whereupon this other argument is presented to us:

"'Should Germany make payment to some extent on her frozen credits it will be impossible for her to pay reparations. Will you French do nothing to save for yourselves the reparations payments to which you attach such importance? Will not the bankers of America and Britain, irritated by your stand, demand that the governments of their countries insist upon the payment of your war debts to Britain and America?'

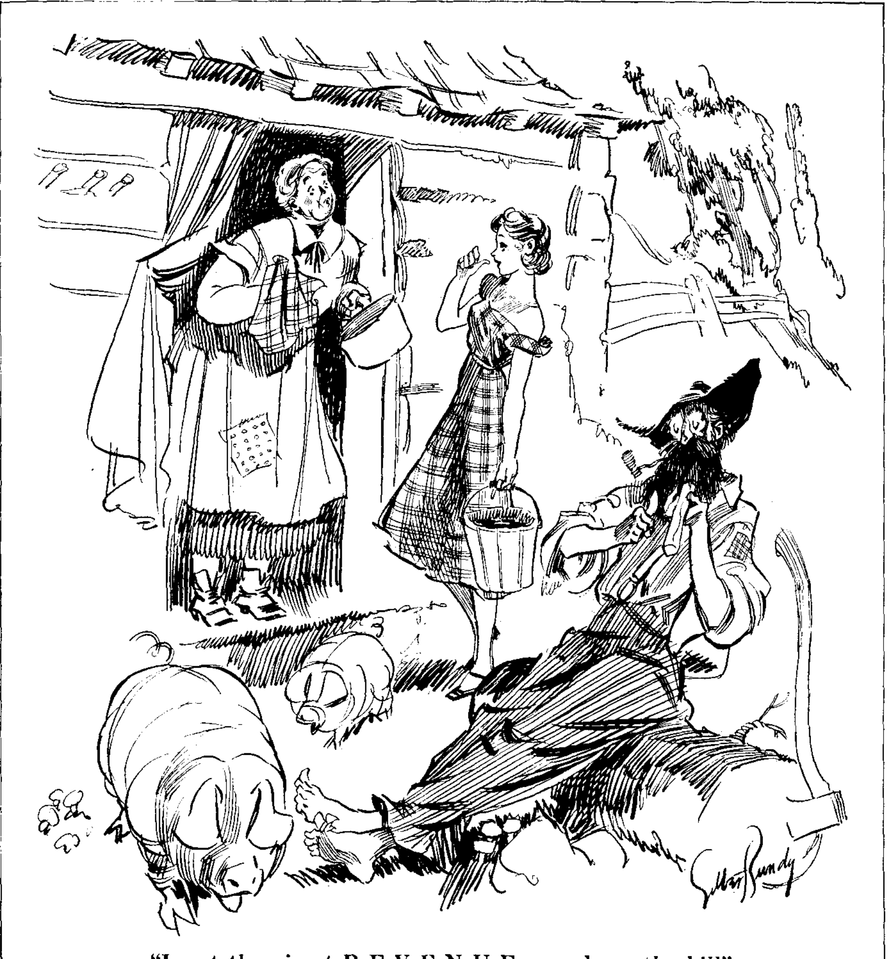
"Another threat. Frenchmen should not be frightened by it. French public opinion is against supplying money to Germany in order to save reparations. France knows that a new arrangement regarding reparations would not last long, since Germany would soon declare herself bankrupt again.

"What we ought to do is to repeat firmly:

"'*We will not pay war debts to the United States, if Germany does not pay reparations.*'"

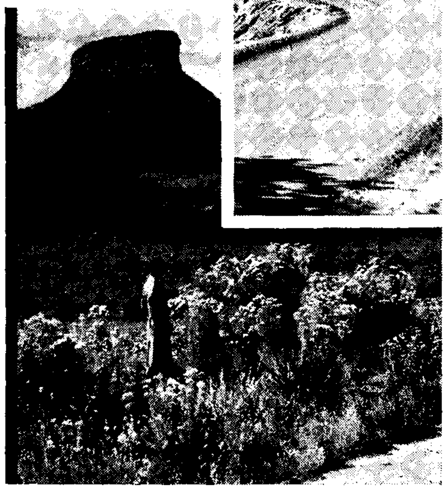
From that attitude the average Frenchman will budge only with extreme reluctance. Security, the sanctity of the Versailles Treaty, the necessity that Germany continue to pay France the full price of German defeat in the war—those are the three essential conditions under which France can remain top dog in Europe and the average Frenchman knows it and becomes adamant in opposition when anybody seeks to tamper with them.

(Continued on page 54)



"I met the nicest R-E-V-E-N-U-E man down the hill"

Gilbert Bundy



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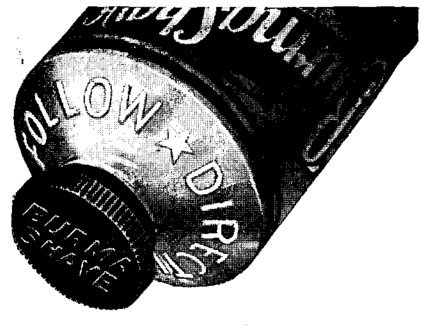

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(Continued from page 53)

In thinking of present-day France, it is well not to consider her as merely one of a number of continental European powers. She is also the center of a great colonial empire. Much of it lies in Africa, just across the Mediterranean from the French coast.

France-in-Africa has made enormous strides forward within the past few years. Even among Frenchmen the truth about this progress is little realized. One of the principal reasons for the Colonial Exposition, held in Paris last year, was to bring home to Frenchmen and foreigners the extent and possibilities of France's overseas empire, both as a source of wealth and of manpower for French armies. The value of the French territories in Africa as providers of dusky soldiers is ever-present in the minds of French military men. One of the latter said to me in Paris:

"Practically every serious invasion of France has come from the direction of Asia; only one, that of the Moors in the 8th century A. D., came from Africa. Out of Asia came the Huns under Attila; out of the north of Europe came those descendants of Asiatics, the Goths; and, within our own era, the Germans. On the road between Asia and Europe are the Russian Bolsheviki, menacing not alone France, but the whole capitalistic world.

France's Military Back Yard

"Alive to the peril north and east of us, we French are busily training an African army to be used in conjunction with the regular French army against the menace from the direction of Asia. In the next war, if it should come, we confidently expect to have big forces of Africans fighting side by side with Frenchmen."

In the World War, France made a *successful beginning* at using African soldiers against her European foes.

Encouraged by the record made by these troops, the French now aim to place in the field, if need be, African contingents far outnumbering those who saw service in France between 1914 and 1918. Assuming that French drill-masters can render available, for a future conflict, a proportion of the population of French Africa only half as great as the total number of natives of France-in-Europe mobilized in the course of the World War, France will have a colonial army about 4,000,000 strong to add to her European army. The African ports, from which these swarthy warriors will embark for France, are only a few hundred miles away from Marseilles and Toulon, on France's Mediterranean coast. And, as points of concentration whence these troops may be transferred to the coast of Northern Africa, for shipment to European soil, France plans to use stations along the great Trans-Sahara railroad, approaching every year nearer completion, which will eventually link French Northern Africa with the French African domain lying to the southward.

The parts of Africa held directly or indirectly by France comprise a big strip of Northern Africa's coast-line along the Mediterranean — Algeria, Tunisia, Syria (under a French mandate) and the portion of Morocco under French tutelage—and also huge tracts farther south. These last form a solid block of French territory extending all the way to the river Niger and Lake Chad. In addition, France controls, in Africa, French Somaliland and the big island of Madagascar, off the east coast of the African continent. The total area of this French African Empire is over 5,300,000 square miles—or twenty-five times that of France proper. Its population is close to 40,000,000, practically the same as that of France-in-Europe.

So, if one visualizes France not merely as France-in-Europe, but as mistress, in addition, of this vast African empire, one gets a very different mental picture. No longer does she appear merely as a country on the continent of Europe, inferior in population to two of her immediate continental neighbors — Germany and Italy — and also to England, separated from her only by a thin strip of blue water.

England, to be sure, is still the center of the greatest empire in the world. Yet none of her overseas dominions or colonies is as near to the English motherland as is France's African domain to France-in-Europe.

As for Germany, shorn of her colonies as a result of her defeat in the World War—she has, in Europe, 60,000,000 inhabitants, as against France's 41,000,000. But, if the population of France-in-Africa be added to that of France-in-Europe, the total will be some 80,000,000 for the two, as against only 60,000,000 for Germany.

And Italy, though her population now surpasses that of France-in-Europe (it is about 42,000,000, according to recent statistics), possesses in Africa only about 1,000,000 square miles of territory, as against France's great empire of more than 5,000,000 square miles, and a colonial population of little more than 2,000,000, as against the 40,000,000 peopling French Africa.

For generations the British Empire helped Britain to lord it over the European continent. Now, with Britain in the grip of acute economic distress, and seriously at variance with certain elements in her overseas domain, the French are bending every effort to make their African empire an important factor in keeping France paramount in Europe.

"Now that we are once more where we belong among the nations of the world," says the average Frenchman to his friends, as they sit at the window of their favorite café, quizzically watching foreigners hurry past, "we must see to it that France still further assures her security."

"And allow nobody to make changes in the stipulations of the Versailles Treaty," chimes in one of his friends.

"And keep reparations payments flowing into France from Germany."

"Or, if not, keep war-debt payments from flowing out of France."

"And preserve the Polish Corridor—and prevent the union of Austria with Germany."

"And spoil all attempts to use French gold for wiping out the financial mistakes of other nations!"

The New French Complacency

That last remark causes an especially strong access of approving head-nodding and beard-wagging.

"*Mais certainement, mon vieux!* Nothing doing! Let the Germans and the British and the Americans get themselves out of the hole into which they have stumbled simply because they have been blind!"

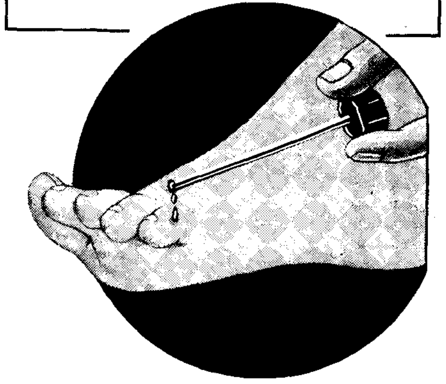
Solemnly, French chins bob up and down and French beards wag in complete agreement—chins and beards belonging to Frenchmen of every shade of political opinion, except to those so extreme that they believe in un-French things like internationalism and even disarmament.

Then, one by one, the sippers of apéritifs call the waiter, and pay what they owe, and drift away to their various pursuits, murmuring to themselves, as they go, the French equivalent of:

"France is top dog in the world today. We must see that she remains top dog tomorrow."

NOW STOP PAIN QUICKEST WAY

Just one drop does it — then corn lifts off



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A Man Must Fight

Continued from page 17

With my back to the ropes I slipped and blocked five or six blows that he threw in my direction as he followed me. Neither of us had yet landed a clean blow. Both had landed several light blows in the clinches. The referee was between us now. I circled around the referee to the center of the ring and Dempsey, following on his toes, leaned slightly forward as though teetering off balance. I sensed he was thinking that he would have to lengthen his left hook in order to nail me as I stepped back when he led it.

My object in stepping outside and backing up was to make the champion believe I was nervous and afraid. This was different from the brazenness of my statements before the fight. A new psychology altogether. I hoped, by making him think I was scared of him, he would get a little anxious to hit me and finish the job. I wanted him to become a little overconfident.

The Punch That Won a Fight

We were out in the center of the ring now. The moment had arrived for me to come out of my shell and attempt to win the fight. I felt comfortable as I dug my right heel into the canvas for a firm foothold. I feinted him once; he blinked. I feinted him again. Thinking that I was again going to step outside of his lead, he took an extra hitch to give it more length as he started his left hook. As it came, I stepped in, instead of out, and with everything I had in my right hand hit Jack on the cheek bone. Shucks, too high for a knockout. His knees sagged, and in the short exchange that followed he was very unsteady and dazed. He later said that if I had followed up this advantage I would have won the fight in the first round. I did follow up my advantage but Jack had not been ten years in the ring for nothing. He covered.

That first blow won the fight for me. Jack was very ineffective after that. He hit me but one hard blow during the whole contest; it was a terrific left hook in the sixth round, landing on my "Adam's apple." The cartilage was pushed into my throat and lacerated the mucous membrane on the side. I coughed blood and was hoarse for several days.

When the decision was rendered at the end of the tenth round, Jack, with the assistance of Gene Normile, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and another handler, was helped to the center of the ring to shake hands with his conqueror. It was a splendid gesture, and his muttered message of "All right, Gene! Good luck," was most touching. He was on the verge of collapse.

This fight attracted the largest crowd that ever attended a sports event up to that time; 145,000 came from all corners of the globe.

After the excitement in the dressing-room subsided, I went to a small hotel, and had several pots of tea. At the end of a few hours' conversation, I went to bed, being very tired. I was soon asleep.

Upon awakening in the morning, I wondered if the proceedings of the night before had been a dream. It was hard to believe that I was the world's heavyweight champion. My thoughts went back to the early days in France; to the later struggle in getting started after my discharge from the service. I thought of the first time I met Jack Dempsey, coming across the Hudson on a Jersey Central ferryboat. He was gracious, kindly and mirthful. I was a young, unknown kid, just starting. Though there was but eleven months' difference in our ages we seemed like the king and the page-boy. He seemed generous, democratic and invincible. He looked the part of the great champion he was. The consciousness of his position did not keep him from sitting with the unknown beginners during the twenty minutes it took to cross the river. That was the first impression I had of Jack Dempsey, and the most lasting. I pictured him as he was led from his corner, battered, bruised and blind from his own blood, to the center of the ring to congratulate his conqueror. What a contrast!

I thought that one day a young pugilist would dethrone me as I had Dempsey. I felt how sincere would be my gratitude if, on the following day when all the shouts and cheers were for my conqueror, he would take a few minutes out to drop in to see me. I decided that, though the world might have started forgetting the king that was, I would drop in sometime during the day to pay my respects to the fellow that had been so thoughtful and considerate to the kid on the ferryboat one day back in 1920. He had still one championship that had not been at stake at the Sesquicentennial stadium. He was still that champion to me. When I told my desire to a friend, he said, "What a great newspaper story that will make."

"No, unless it can be done quietly, it won't be done at all," I remarked. Sometime after lunch, I went to the Adelphia Hotel, where Dempsey's party made its headquarters. I was ushered up to a suite of rooms. After passing through four or five doors, I found myself in a large sitting-room. In it was Gene Normile, disheveled and weeping, in a silk dressing gown. He was in his bare feet. Before him was a half-empty bottle of Scotch whisky. Tommy Laird, a San Francisco newspaper man, and Jerry the Greek, Dempsey's trainer, were the only others I knew. I was not in the room two minutes before I experienced for the first time the resentment that some of the experts and followers of boxing felt over my defeat of Dempsey.

A Champion in Defeat

Jerry, in his broken English, kept repeating, "You cann' licka the chump." He continued to repeat this until Gene Normile made it plain to Jerry that he would not have "a guest of his insulted in such a way." Poor Jerry was heartbroken over Dempsey's defeat. Normile sat there, a pathetic figure in contrast with the contented, humorous and witty fellow that I had first met in California, who upon telling me that Wills had no chance to get a match with Dempsey said, "I put the sacks in on the spade" (meaning that he had eliminated Wills from consideration for a match with Dempsey).

There was great disorder and confusion in the room. Somebody had gone to another part of the hotel to inform Dempsey that I had stepped in to see him. The messenger came back and asked me to follow him. I climbed a flight of stairs, walked through a long hall with several turns and was led into a room that was empty. I was advised to sit down. Dempsey would be in presently. In about five minutes Jack came into the room from the hall. He looked the worse for wear. Unless my face after the first Greb match was as bad a looking sight as his, I have never seen its equal. He seemed heartbroken over the loss of his title. Hearing from me

(Continued on page 56)

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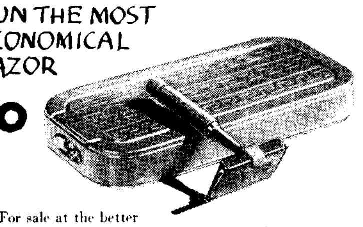

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Collier's Radio Hour

Every Sunday Evening

(Continued from page 55)

that he had hit me some hard blows, he seemed to cheer up a bit.

As I was leaving, Jack said wearily: "Gene, your troubles are just beginning, whether you know it or not. Every time you turn around you'll find a process server."

I took my leave with the thought that I had never known a more gracious loser. I was soon to learn that Dempsey was right. Not to stint myself with regard to troubles, I made mistake after mistake. I seemed to enjoy making them.

At one time, I had four lawsuits against me aggregating $2,150,000.

The first three discontinued their actions, and the fourth went to trial and after hearing evidence for ten days the jury returned a verdict in my favor in twenty minutes.

A good lawyer is more important to a champion nowadays than all the managers. I am convinced that had the law firm of Chadbourne, Stanchfield & Levy not taken over my affairs, at the behest of Dudley Field Malone, who had to return to his European practice, the parasites would have left me penniless.

The Seeds of Unpopularity

The following day at a luncheon in my first contact with metropolitan newspaper men after the fight, I made the error of criticizing their attitude toward my victory in a smarty-smarty manner. This may have been justified, but it certainly was unwise. Practically overnight I became the most unpopular of all the heavyweight champions. Had I been at all diplomatic this friction with the newspaper men might have been avoided. Moreover, looking back from this distance, I could have been a more gracious winner. I goaded and gloated. I richly deserved what I got. There seems to be a curious attitude in public psychology with regard to champions. Most of the champions become unpopular. None to my knowledge, however, ever received the almost general disapproval as rapidly as I did. This was new to me.

I got my first real demonstration of it in Madison Square Garden about two weeks after winning the championship. The Metropolitan Boxing Writers' Association presented belts to both Dempsey and me emblematic of the world's heavyweight championship on this occasion.

They had not been able to make the presentation to Dempsey while he was champion because of his ineligibility in the state of New York, which forbade his getting into a ring anywhere in the state.

Dempsey, who exactly six weeks earlier was actually booed out of Madison Square Garden because of Harry Wills' presence, was now cheered as an ex-champion and I, his conqueror, was jeered.

Before I left the ring I had planned a psychological defense for all future jeers. Climbing through the ropes, I was unable to suppress a smile.

I had determined that for the next booing I would get fifty cents of every dollar the booers paid for the privilege. In the future there would be no free boos.

I never entered a New York boxing ring again until I retired unless I was given fifty per cent of the gate receipts! This rule was broken once or twice away from New York.

Those first few months of crown wearing developed a martyr complex. I imagined myself as Atlas with the worries of the world on my back. Fortunately, I gradually began to see the ridiculousness of this attitude. I was lending too much importance to the new position. Justifiable ridicule helped me to see light. The new path I was traveling was leading directly to the land of "self-importance"—that impossible mental state.

I tried my hand at vaudeville. After a week I decided that the theater would have to get along without my thespian ability. Pursuing the vaudevillian art was as boring to me as the wearing of a ten-gallon hat is to Cal Coolidge. I had signed a fourteen-week contract which I hoped to buy myself out of to the advantage of all parties. Alas, there was no going back. It was fourteen weeks or "dishonor" to me and my booking agent, dear old William Morris. At least that was Mr. Morris' story. He was justified in being upset at my decision. I changed it. My "histrionic" career continued to the end of the contract.

In the meantime, Tex Rickard's heavyweight elimination tournament was on. Jack Sharkey and Jimmy Maloney stood out as the most likely contenders. Upon eliminating Maloney, Sharkey was matched with Dempsey, who had decided upon attempting to regain his lost crown.

Dempsey outgamed Sharkey. Broken in morale by what he claimed was partiality on the part of the referee, Sharkey heard himself counted out. This was a most unusual way for a championship contender to sulk. Had the positions been reversed I am sure Dempsey would have gotten up and fought both the referee and his opponent. That is the margin between a great fighter and a good fighter.

Dempsey was rewarded with a return match with me. The date was set for September 22, 1927, at Soldiers' Field, Chicago—one year but for a day after the first match.

Rickard was convinced that Dempsey was the greatest drawing card of all time. He appointed Leo P. Flynn, his former match-maker at Madison Square Garden, as Jack's manager. This, in itself, would indicate how closely allied Rickard and Dempsey were; but the Garden's records—the vouchers covering Rickard's expenses—show that Rickard paid Flynn's expenses to Chicago. Obviously Tex's interest in Jack was deeper and more material than mere admiration for Dempsey's gate-receipts value.

You Can't Fool a Fighter

Flynn engaged William Duffy, who, while Thomas Mott Osborne was warden of Sing Sing prison, was known as Osborne's "trusted boy Bill," to help safeguard Dempsey's interests. Duffy is now Primo Carnera's American manager. The Flynn-Duffy combination caused a little apprehension in my camp.

Moreover, there had been many rumors and stories printed, intimating that Jack had tossed the Philadelphia fight because of a huge betting coup. Some people identified me with it. Others said I was too simple. After the Philadelphia fight, in a conference with Grantland Rice, whom I have always admired and respected, I said: "But Grant, do you think I wouldn't know whether Dempsey was trying? There is one fellow that a fighter can't deceive about the honesty of his efforts and that is his opponent. I tell you there is no sum that could have bought the championship from Dempsey. In trying to persuade Jack to give us the fight instead of Wills, Gibson offered to let Jack have the whole purse in the event that I was successful in winning the title. It would have meant $200,000 more. But Jack evidently did not think I had sufficient chance of winning to justify his bothering with our offer."

Grant was not convinced until I got off the floor in the seventh round in

Chicago. There were many converts made during that seventh round.

I established my training headquarters at Speculator, New York, where I remained until September first.

During the early part of this training period I had a very curious experience. One day while boxing with a sparring partner, Frank Muskie, we bumped heads. The part of my skull which is the thinnest, near the temple, struck the toughest part of his, the top. I was terribly dazed. As I straightened up a long, hard right swing landed on my jaw. Without going down or staggering I lost all consciousness of what I was doing, and instinctively proceeded to knock Muskie out.

Another sparring partner, Eddie Eagan, entered the ring; we boxed three rounds. I have no recollection of this, nor have I any recollection of anything that occurred until the next morning when I awakened in my little cabin by the water's edge, wondering who I was and what I was doing there.

An Argument for Retirement

As I lay in this awful state of returning consciousness I became greatly frightened. Gradually my name came to me. That I was a pugilist soon followed, then the thought of being champion—impossible—unbelievable. I must have had a long dream. Gradually came the realization that I had not been dreaming. I rose and asked guarded questions. I wanted to know all about the events of the day before. For three days I could not recall the names of my most intimate acquaintances. I had to stop training. I did not leave my cabin, except to eat or take a short walk. On these occasions all seemed queer. I was unable to orient myself. The sensation I had was as though hot water had been poured through a hole in my skull and flowed down over the brain to my eyes, leaving a hot film. There were three newspaper men at camp reporting my activities. They had to be deceived. This story was too sensational to permit it to get out.

I confided my condition to no one but Eddie Egan. He was keeping a diary. It is amusing now to read his notes of those few goofy days.

After returning to normal, I decided that any sport in which such accidents could occur was dangerous. I realized I had had a concussion. The first seed of retirement was sown then. The possibility of becoming "punch-drunk" haunted me for weeks.

To try to avoid a repetition of the ugly rumors that followed the Philadelphia match, and at the same time protect myself in Chicago, I insisted that the following clauses be incorporated in the new contract:

"The parties hereto in the performance of their obligations hereunder will use all reasonable efforts to have the contest conducted with utmost fairness and to discover and expose to the other any circumstances, facts or transactions involving any persons whatsoever which might interfere with the fairness of such contest and the management and decision thereof, and upon such information being conveyed from one to the other as required hereunder, the parties mutually agree to take such steps as are in their power to preserve the fairness of said contest in every particular.

"The parties agree to use their best efforts, subject to the consent of the State Athletic Commission of the State of Illinois, to provide that taping and bandaging of the hands will be done in similar manner as was done in the contest in Philadelphia between said Tunney and William Harrison Dempsey, that the kind and quantity of tape used on each of the contestants' hands and the type of bandage used will be the same for each contestant, and that the contestants will apply said tape and bandage in public in the ring before said contest, and the Club agrees to use its best efforts to insert this provision in any contract which it may make with Tunney's opponent for said contest."

When I arrived in Illinois early in September I was in fairly good boxing condition. After three weeks more training at Lake Villa, I was in excellent shape; and but for a slight eye injury, fitter than I was in Philadelphia. Dempsey arrived in Chicago some two or three weeks before I left Speculator. He had pitched camp at a race track outside the city limits.

Word reached me at Speculator that some gamblers and crooked politicians were attempting to get an edge for Dempsey in the fight. I knew that the underworld, its politicians and the boxing elements in Chicago fraternized. There was apparently little distinction between a gangster and a manager; both had rackets, it was thought.

When Billy Gibson came to me and asked did I not think it time for him to go out and select a training-camp site, I told him I did, but that he must be very careful with whom he associated in Chicago. I advised him that under no circumstances should he have anything to do with known racketeers. I told him to see a certain well-known and honorable Chicago newspaper man. I knew that he could be depended upon.

When Billy arrived in Chicago he saw this journalist and through mutual friends met Mayor Anton J. Cermak, then Chairman of the Board of Cook County Commissioners. Mr. Cermak told Billy he knew of a newly organized country club up at Lake Villa that he thought would make a wonderful training camp for me. Billy drove up with Mr. Cermak and after looking the place over decided it would make splendid headquarters and training camp. After the lease was signed, Billy came East with pictures of clubhouse and grounds, and lots of information about the chiseling going on in Chicago.

Sure-Thing Gamblers

I knew that to protect myself against this situation was as important as protecting myself in the ring. Before every important heavyweight title fight, there are as many sure-thing gamblers snooping around looking for an edge as you will find on all the race tracks together. These sure-thing fellows go the limit to get an "ace in the hole"—an advantage. Sometimes they have the effrontery to go to the principals with a proposition. Personally, I have never received a proposition before a fight from anyone. Dempsey, in a recent article, said he was approached in Chicago by a person who assured him that for the payment of $125,000 he would be declared winner. Naturally, Dempsey turned it down. I am positive Jack was not interested in winning unless he could win fairly.

These fellows who came to Dempsey were undoubtedly a few of those sure-thing boys. They probably would have taken Dempsey's $125,000 and with it attempted to buy the referee and judges. If they were successful, all the money they could borrow or steal would be on Dempsey. What a killing! If they were not successful, they stood to lose nothing.

It was not long after my arrival in Illinois that I knew how the racketeers stood. According to Sergeant Smith, of the Chicago Police Department, who was appointed my bodyguard, not one visited my camp during the whole period of my training.

(Continued on page 58)

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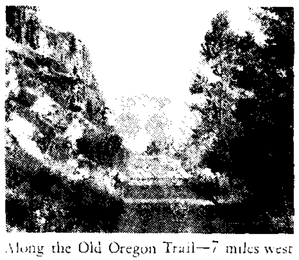

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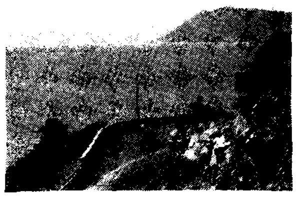

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The Old Oregon Trail . . . the route of the pioneers and the "Course of Empire," extends east of the Columbia River Highway. Along this route, historical markers designate the scenes of thrilling episodes which took place during the early covered wagon days.

The John Day Highway, 300 miles long, passes through the vast range section of Eastern Oregon and on this trip the fossil beds at Dayville, the most famous in America, may be explored.

The Pacific Highway, paved like a city street from the Canadian border to the Mexican line, runs north and south through the state for 345 miles. The Dalles-California Highway, on the high plateau of Central Oregon, another "290 mile street" passes through the Cascade Mountain Playground—a region that is unsurpassed by the Alps in Switzerland for beautiful vistas and snow-capped mountains.

The Oregon Coast Highway for 408 miles parallels the mighty Pacific, reveals magnificent seascapes . . . passes through great virgin forests and joins the famous Redwood Highway to California!

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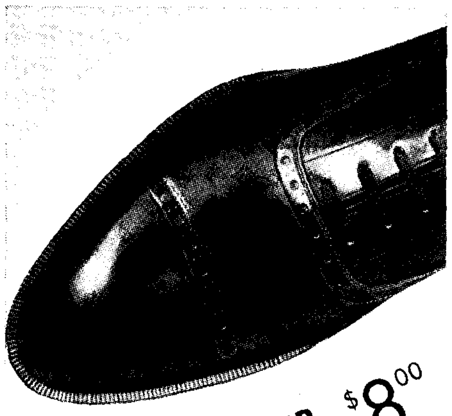

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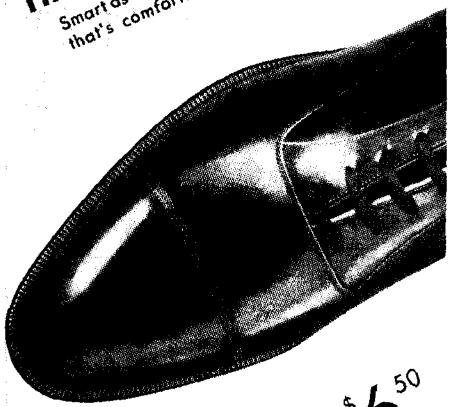

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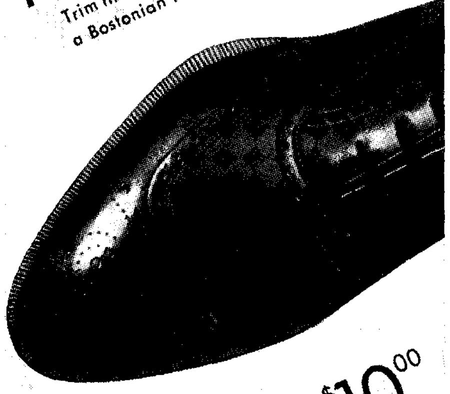

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(Continued from page 57)

Chicago was rife with rumors, some that Dempsey was going to lie down, and others that I had sold out. Captain Grady, who had met me at the station in Chicago and drove our party out to the training camp, had heard these rumors before I arrived. When we got to the camp he called me into a private room and said: "Gene, there is a rumor around Chicago that you are going to take a dive for Dempsey. I have bet my money on you and want to know if this is true."

"It is purely rumor," I replied. "Though I think I am going to lick Dempsey, I am not positive that I will. But no matter what happens I will be in there trying to win until the finish. I never advise anyone to bet on me, however."

"All right," he said, "that is enough for me."

Leo Flynn, manager for Dempsey, upon arriving in Chicago naïvely engaged as his lawyer the brother of John Righeimer, Chairman of the Illinois Boxing Commission. There were many legal and incidental matters to be argued before the fight took place, so Leo foresightedly provided himself with an able lawyer. Lawyer Righeimer remained Flynn's attorney until after the fight.

One day after a workout, Bronson, Gibson and I sat down to discuss who might prove a competent and square referee; one who would remain fair in the face of any threats from sure-thing gamblers or racketeers. Bronson said that he thought Dave Miller would make an honest referee, as Miller was a brother Shriner, and Jimmy felt that Miller would not double-cross a lodge brother. Gibson said he was not so confident of Miller; whereupon Bronson turned to me and said, "Gene, there is no use in your worrying about this thing. I think any Chicago referee will be on the square. There is too much at stake for any crookedness in front of all those people. It would be professional suicide. There is but one Chicago referee," continued Jimmy, "that I hope is not appointed to referee this fight, and I would hold out against him if I were you."

"Who is he?" I asked.

Any Referee But Barry!

"Dave Barry. Dave is honest, but I fought him twenty rounds about fifteen years ago, and he has never forgiven me for the beating I gave him."

I had never seen or met Dave Barry but decided it might be wise to follow Jimmy Bronson's advice in objecting to him as a referee.

Things got so hot and beyond our control about a week before the fight that I sent word to a close friend, and my personal attorney, George Whiteside, to exert every effort to come to Chicago a few days before the fight. When they arrived I informed them what was going on. My friend went to see the publishers of a few Chicago newspapers. He advised them of my frame of mind, caused by the ugly rumors. They were interested in the possibility of a new scandal in Chicago and the accompanying bad publicity.

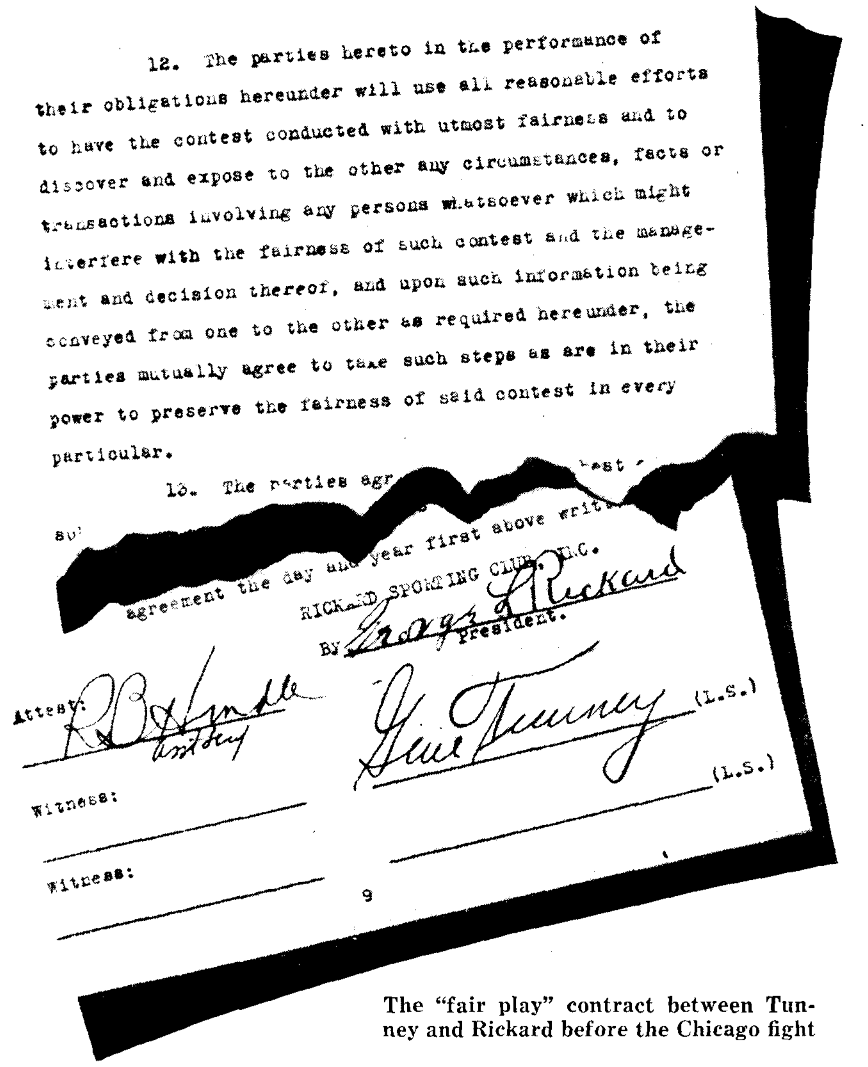
Mr. Whiteside paid a visit to Tex Rickard's headquarters in the Blackstone Hotel. Getting Rickard alone in a room, Whiteside said: "Tex, there's a strong report that a plot has been perpetrated to steal the title from Tunney. You have as much at stake in seeing that this fight is being contested honestly as Tunney. In protecting Tunney from any plot to steal his title, you are protecting your own interests. Unless I am able to track down this plot I am going to advise Tunney's lawyer, who is in Chicago. He will probably stand on the terms of the contract."

Tex replied: "I am doing all that I can. The commission has taken the thing out of my hands and will appoint its own officials."

Commissioner Cermak, who was living in a summer home close to our camp, hearing that the gangsters and sure-thing gamblers had fixed the contest, left a sick bed to come to our camp and discuss the situation. He then drove into Chicago to speak with Edward Kelly, who was chairman of the South Park Board of Commissioners.

Stemming the Tide of Rumors

It was through Commissioner Kelly that Tex Rickard received permission to use Soldiers' Field. It was under the jurisdiction of the Board of which he was chairman and still is. Without his consent the match could never have been held there. His Board had power to rescind its permission. Mr. Cermak thought that, rather than have a scandal, it would be better for Chicago not to have the fight. Kelly had heard many rumors, but was unable to trace any of them. He had, however, ascertained that Al Capone had bet in the neighborhood of $50,000 that Dempsey would win. He had also heard that one of Capone's lieutenants had said that Dave Miller was going to be appointed referee. It was discovered that Miller's brother had bet $50,000 on Dempsey.



12. The parties hereto in the performance of their obligations hereunder will use all reasonable efforts to have the contest conducted with utmost fairness and to discover and expose to the other any circumstances, facts or transactions involving any persons whatsoever which might interfere with the fairness of such contest and the management and decision thereof, and upon such information being conveyed from one to the other as required hereunder, the parties mutually agree to take such steps as are in their power to preserve the fairness of said contest in every particular.

13. The parties agr est

su year first above writ
agreement the day and

RICKARD SPORTING CLUB, INC.
BY Geo. L. Rickard
President.

Attest: R B Antony
Gene Tunney (L.S.)
(L.S.)
Witness:
Witness:

9

The "fair play" contract between Tunney and Rickard before the Chicago fight

The most persistent rumor going around was that I was going to take a dive (feign a knockout) in the seventh round. Mayor Frank Hague, of Jersey City, arrived in Chicago the day before the fight. Hearing this rumor and several others, he telephoned to my training camp at Lake Villa, and said, "Gene, there is a rumor going around Chicago that you are going to lose by a knockout in the seventh round. I know this is not true, but I want to know what kind of shape you are in. There are all kinds of rumors about an injury to your eye, to your hands, and I want you to tell me if there is anything to these rumors."

Now I had known Frank Hague rather intimately since the early days of my career. I made his acquaintance shortly after I was discharged from service. I felt his interest sincere.

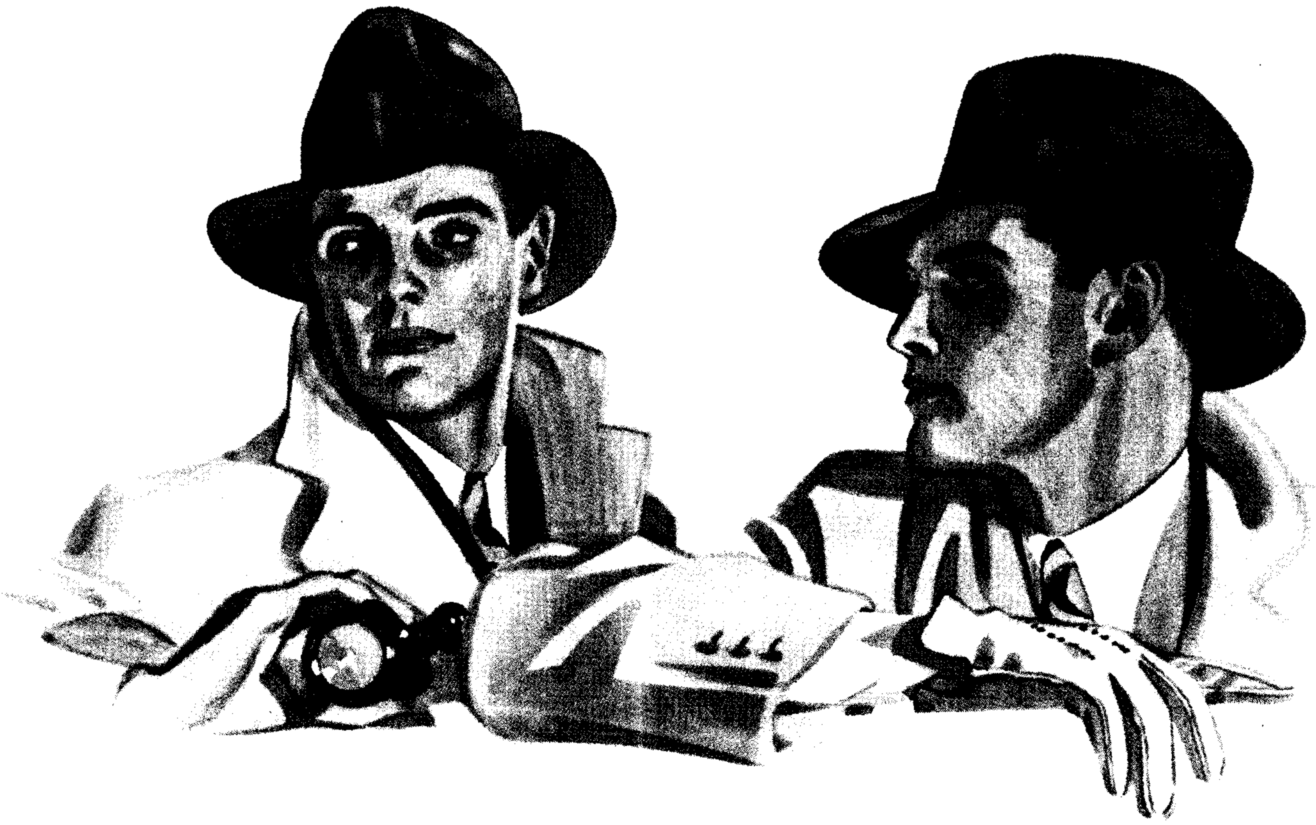
I replied, "Mayor, I do not know anything about the rumors. If I am knocked out in the seventh round, it will be because Dempsey knocked me out. There will be no feigning on my part."

Frank Hague then went to Commissioner Kelly and told him he would have to snap the commission out of its lethargy or else rescind the permission to hold the match at Soldiers' Field. He was convinced that a steal was being perpetrated in which neither Dempsey nor Tunney had a part; gangsters and sure-thing gamblers were plotting the biggest coup in sporting history.

Realizing the importance of definite action, Commissioner Kelly went, on the following morning, to the office of John Righeimer, Chairman of the Illinois Boxing Commission, and said: "The hoodlums are planning a steal tonight. If any man of bad reputation is put in that ring as referee, I am going to expose the whole thing. I warn you, I have already written a statement for release to the press and in it have stated that this sinister plot has been called to your attention by me."

Commissioner Righeimer advised Kelly that he was excited and "het up" over rumors that had no foundation in fact. At three o'clock that afternoon, rumors now being whispered as actual inside information, Commissioner Kelly again went to Righeimer's office and repeated his warning.

Mr. Tunney will conclude the story of his career as a boxer in next week's Collier's.



Winners both——these lightweight felt hats by Dobbs. Luxurious, easy to wear...soft and mellow...conforming to the head...becoming...smart...long-lasting. LEISURE LIGHT, *on the right, the perennial favorite of well-dressed men everywhere, fashioned by the exclusive, Felted Welt Edge Process. $10....* WONDER LIGHT *...a new and worthy companion...combining unusual comfort with utmost in style...snap brim. $7.50. Both slightly wider in brim, in keeping with style tendencies in finer hats. In green, the new and correct color, they are particularly smart when worn with tan camel's hair coats.*

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On Easter Sunday, March 27, what more fitting remembrance to an absent one than a lovely plant or bouquet of flowers! Make your selection now, at an F. T. D. florist's! This *bonded* service will speed your gift across the miles, swiftly and unerringly.

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THE "MERCURY" WAY
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Look for this emblem whenever you order flowers by wire. It indicates a member of Florists' Telegraph Delivery Assn.

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The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 19

If you're married, the papers will get it sooner or later, and not much later, either. Why not be nice and let me know all about it in advance?"

As he stared at her, she went on:

"Mrs. Clayborne is on this train. You're waiting on the platform. Don't make me put two and two together, Mr. Resolve. You add it up for me."

Through the train gates Resolve could see porters running down the platform. The train had come to a stop. In a moment Rita would appear. He didn't want this young woman to be present when he and Rita met after these months of separation. Strangers might note the meeting, but they wouldn't know who the beautiful young woman was; they wouldn't be looking for blushes, for sweet embarrassments. . . .

"WILL you let us alone—now—if I answer you?"

"Of course," smiled the girl.

"Then we're to be married by Dr. Lewis—you know—this afternoon. Now—that's all there is to be said. You promised."

The girl giggled.

"These eyes shall not intrude upon your meeting. Much obliged, Mr. Resolve. You've been a good sport. I'll do as much for you some day."

She was gone, and Dean turned back to the gate. There was Rita now. Two porters staggered beneath her bags, and behind her, also laden, came her maid. She reached the gate, looked uncertainly around, and her eyes met Dean's.

Over her cheeks, more like marble than ever, swept a crimson tide. Then she passed through the gate, and his outstretched hand held hers.

"My dearest," he murmured.

"My dearest," she replied.

He hesitated a moment. But what did it matter that a thousand strangers were present? He drew her into his arms and kissed her.

She released herself swiftly, laughing, blushing and near to tears at the same time. He nodded to the grinning porters and the curious maid. They started for the street. And as they came clear of the crowd, a woman screamed.

Rita and Dean stopped. As they did so the roar of a pistol sounded hollowly through the great edifice. Twenty feet away, hidden by the forms of a score of people, a man collapsed. Police and attendants came running. There were cries of "Stop him!"

From all over the station people surged.

"Some fracas," commented Dean. "Let's get out of it."

This was achieved with little difficulty and at the taxi-rack he engaged two motors.

"We're catching a seven o'clock train for Florida," he told Rita. "I think your maid had better go right to the station, check the bags—"

Rita cried out in dismay.

"But I'll want to change my things. I can't be—married—in this dress."

He grinned at her.

"Darling, public officials care little for private cares. The license bureau will probably close in a few minutes. And there won't be much time before the train leaves. Dr. Lewis will require two or three minutes, you know, to pronounce the fatal words. And you can't tell me, Rita my love, that you own a prettier frock than the one you have on right now."

She smiled at him.

"But to be married in—"

"And I suppose you want me to wear a silk hat, and—you need bossing around, Rita, and I'm beginning it now." He turned to the maid and gave her swift instructions. Then he turned back to Rita. He took her arm and propelled her gently toward a taxi. Smilingly she yielded.

Within an hour his Gracious Lady would belong to him. He slipped an arm about her.

"Dean. Not in a taxi," she protested.

"In a taxi," he said firmly, "if the whole world looks on."

"If you muss my hair I'll not marry you," she threatened.

But he didn't muss her hair. He kissed her gently and released her.

"Don't you admire my restraint?" he asked.

"I admire," she said with sudden earnestness, "everything about you, Dean."

For a moment solemnity beset them both. In all their conversations Rita had been chary of endearments. She had gone further, it seemed to him, in her recent letters and telegrams than ever in her speech. She was one of those persons whose love is in their eyes, in their manner, rather than in their words. Love, he realized, rendered her almost inarticulate, and her avowal now meant more than another woman's violent protestations could have meant. He was almost awed by the intensity of her voice. And for several blocks neither of them spoke. Then he broke the silence.

"I've asked Jinny Carpenter and Wallie Curtis to meet us at Dr. Lewis'," he said. "And—oh!"

From his waistcoat pocket he produced the tiny box that he had acquired at Martine's. He opened it and took out the upper of two carefully wrapped little packages. A whimsicality of an hour or so ago came back to him.

"Rita, will you marry me?" he asked.

Her lips pursed, and her eyebrows puckered faintly.

"I thought," she said, "that was the plot of the piece."

"It is," he chuckled, "but we couldn't really have been engaged before—" He paused, embarrassed. Somehow, what he had just said didn't seem in the best of taste. He hurried on. "Anyway, I've never given you an engagement ring, so—"

SHE exclaimed rapturously at sight of the square diamond. He slipped it on her finger, and she twisted her hand, as women do, murmuring ecstatically as each movement caught, through the taxi window, the rays of the afternoon sun and flashed them back.

"I suppose you even thought of the wedding ring," she said.

"Elephants and Dean Resolve—they never forget," he said.

She shuddered suddenly.

"Oh, Dean, I want to forget. Dean, beloved, will you make me forget—everything?"

"Everything," he promised. "Life, my sweet, begins for us today."

She sighed and leaned slightly toward him, and again they were silent.

At the Municipal Building the taxi finally halted. The chauffeur, scenting romance, grinned at them.

"You might as well let me wait," he suggested. "You got to go back uptown, you know."

"Okay," said Dean.

A lounger directed them, and they went up a flight of stairs, and along a corridor until they found the license bureau. Within, at a dozen tables, young couples, middle-aged couples and elderly couples pored over documents. From a clerk Dean procured the blanks which must be filled out. Ten minutes later—thus expeditiously does society permit people to enter matrimony, a state from which society will not as easily let them depart—the sovereign state of New York had granted them permission to marry. And five minutes later they were in their taxi again, and were racing uptown.

DEAN stared frankly at the girl who, within another half hour, would be his wife. He savored, as he had never done before, the charm of her. She met his gaze calmly, and once again he marveled that eyes that were so boldly frank could also be so gentle. It was as though she combined weakness and strength, and as though each quality was an essential of a balanced character.

"May I call you Mrs. Resolve?" he asked.

The sweet lips curved deliciously.

"I can't think of a nicer name," she replied.

"In just a few minutes," he exulted, "you'll *be* Mrs. Resolve. Oh, Rita, we've waited so long."

"We've waited so long," she murmured.

"And it's over," he cried.

"It's over," she echoed.

He took her hand, and she permitted her fingers to rest in his palm. He knew, instinctively, that she wanted no further endearments now, nor did he want to pay them. Just to sit beside her, to know that through the years to come his Gracious Lady would be beside him . . .

"I can wait here as well as I waited downtown," said the grinning taximan, scenting that tip which a bridegroom could naturally be expected to offer. He had stopped before Dr. Lewis' rectory and had descended to the sidewalk in order to throw open the door with a flourish.

"Okay again," said Dean. He gave a hand to Rita, and she emerged from the machine. It seemed to Dean that the fingers he touched were cold, and that they shook with nervousness. He tucked her hand through his arm, and pressed her forearm reassuringly. She smiled up at him, and they crossed the sidewalk, and he rang the rector's bell.

A maid admitted them; she smiled knowingly.

"Dr. Lewis was called out, but he'll be back any moment. But a lady and gentleman are waiting for you, Mr. Resolve."

She ushered them into a drawing-room where Jinny and Wallie sat. Jinny crossed the room swiftly. Her arms went about Rita and they kissed. Wallie gripped Dean's hand and wrung it fiercely.

"Lucky lad, lucky lad," he said. He grinned at Rita. "Be a good sport, Mrs. Clayborne. Make Jinny marry me today."

"Where's your license?" scoffed Dean.

"Oh, Dr. Lewis seems like a good sport. He might let us get it afterward," said Wallie.

"Huh. I always distrusted you. Want an illegal marriage, eh?" said Jinny.

"Where *is* the good doctor?" asked Dean.

"He *had* to go out. Someone's desperately ill, and a clergyman is as necessary as a physician sometimes. But he'll be back before six. He promised faithfully," said Jinny. "Rita won't run away, will you, Rita?"

Rita smiled.

"I'll not run away," she said.

Dean was lighting a cigarette when the maid entered.

"A young lady to see you, Mr. Resolve," she said doubtfully.

"A young lady?"

Wallie Curtis' eyes beamed with delight.

"Ah-ha, Dean. Your sins have caught up with you, eh? Young woman bursts in and stops ceremony."

DEAN frowned Wallie's exuberance into silence. He spoke to the maid:

"Did she give her name?"

"Miss Stone of the Glass," she said. "She's a reporter. She—she says it's absolutely vital that she see you, sir."

"Have her in. Have—her—in," said Wallie. "I've always wanted to be present at a scene like this. Miss Stone of the Glass. There ought to be a swell pun in that somewhere."

Jinny frowned at him, and he lapsed into quick silence. Dean looked bewildered.

"She saw me at the train, Rita. Promised to let you alone if I'd tell her when we were to be married. Seemed nice—" He paused uncertainly.

Rita smiled at him.

"She can't *do* anything," she said. "Why not see her?"

Dean shrugged. The fact that he and Rita were to be married was a private matter; it was none of the public's business. And yet . . . Then the decision was taken from him. Miss Stone—of the Glass—pushed by the maid and entered the room.

She nodded breezily to Dean.

"Sorry to interrupt—have I interrupted? I don't see Dr. Lewis."

"He's not here yet," said Dean coolly.

The girl lifted her shoulders.

"Well, I'm not sure that's good or bad. Guess I'll never be a good reporter. Let my feelings interfere with my assignments. A *good* reporter would have waited until she was dead sure that the ceremony had been performed, and then have burst in. But I figured that you were pretty decent people—you were civil to me today, Mr. Resolve, and—well, you might want to postpone the ceremony—"

"Will you be good enough, Miss Stone," said Dean in exasperation, "to tell us exactly what you are driving at?"

"You're sure you don't know?" The girl eyed him closely.

"I'm quite sure," said Dean.

The girl nodded. "Didn't notice any commotion in the station, did you?"

"Commotion?" Dean stared at her. Something extraordinary in the girl's manner penetrated his consciousness. This was not a woman who, for the sheer sake of being impertinent, would intrude on such an occasion.

"Yes, commotion," she repeated.

"Why, yes, of course we did," cried Rita. She estimated Miss Stone's character, being a woman, more readily than did Dean. "We thought we heard a shot."

"I mentioned it to Mrs. Clayborne," said Dean. "Quite a crowd gathered. What was it?"

"A murder," the girl replied.

"A murder?" He and Rita gasped the words simultaneously.

Then, staring at her, and vaguely understanding implications of her manner, Dean whitened.

"Who—who was killed?" he asked.

She evaded a direct answer.

"If I hadn't been content with your word as to where you were being married—if I'd only waited to see Mrs. Clayborne—well, I might have seen it pulled off. The man was killed only a few yards from where you stood, Mr. Resolve."

"Well?" He still stared at her.

Once again the girl evaded a direct response.

"I phoned my office, oh, about half an hour after I spoke to you, Mr. Resolve. Told my city editor that you were to be married this afternoon. He almost screamed at me. He wanted to know where, and when I told him, he told me to dash right up here, to wait until you were married—he's an unfeeling brute, Mr. Resolve—and then—"

"Then what?" cried Dean.

Unconsciously Rita had stepped near to him, and equally unconsciously his arm had gone about her. It was as though she asked protection and he gave it.

The woman reporter eyed them both. One felt that she was mentally photographing the scene, that every inflection of their voices, every expression of their faces, every movement of their bodies, was registered on her memory.

"Why, then," said the girl, "he wanted me to tell you that Sam Clayborne had been murdered in the Grand Central this afternoon, and to ask you two what you knew about it."

She may have yielded—as she had maintained—to a certain sympathy, may have let her feelings interfere with her assignment. But right now she had lost all that sympathy, was not permitting her feelings to interfere. Her voice was hard and her eyes were harder.

"Clayborne—murdered?" Dean was first to find his voice.

"And right near you. With a gun in his own hand. And the question is, Mr. Resolve, what was he doing there? Another question is—whom was he going to shoot? Not the man that killed him, Mr. Resolve, because he was shot in the back. He never saw the man who killed him. Was it you that he was going to kill, Mr. Resolve? Or was it his wife here? Or was it both of you?"

DEAN felt Rita's body sway against him. In alarm he looked at her. Her face, always pale, was colorless now, and for a moment he feared that she would faint.

But even as he murmured something inarticulate, she got command of herself.

"How—how would we know?" she asked.

"Exactly," said Miss Stone crisply. "I don't suppose you saw him, Mrs. Clayborne?"

Rita shook her head.

"How about you, Mr. Resolve? Have any idea Clayborne was in the neighborhood?"

"Certainly not," he said.

"I didn't think so. You don't look like that type to me," said the girl. "But—after all—to get married—and have this sprung on you—well, I'm tough, but not as tough as my editor. I couldn't go for that. So—thinking you'd like to know—beforehand—well, I've been telling you."

Dean stared at Rita.

"We—can't be married—now," she said.

"Why not?" he demanded.

He felt a hatred toward Clayborne, dead, greater than any he had felt toward the living man. Even in death he interfered, reached forth a hand to separate Rita and himself.

"Make a swell story if you do," said Miss Stone.

"We can't," said Rita.

"I—I suppose not," conceded Dean reluctantly.

"You wouldn't get far on your honeymoon," said Miss Stone brusquely. "You see, the police are looking for both of you now."

(To be continued next week)

White Rock
White Rock Water
Pale-Dry
White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale
FOR DINNER
(AND AFTER DINNER)
ENJOYMENT

WHITE ROCK served before dinner dispels fatigue and encourages appetites—White Rock at dinner increases the enjoyment of the meal—and White Rock after dinner keeps over eating from dulling pleasure. Slightly alkaline and super-sparkling. White Rock is an aid to digestion and a pleasant spur to greater activity.

As for ginger ale—you can best please your guests with White Rock Pale Dry, the only ginger ale made with White Rock.

White Rock
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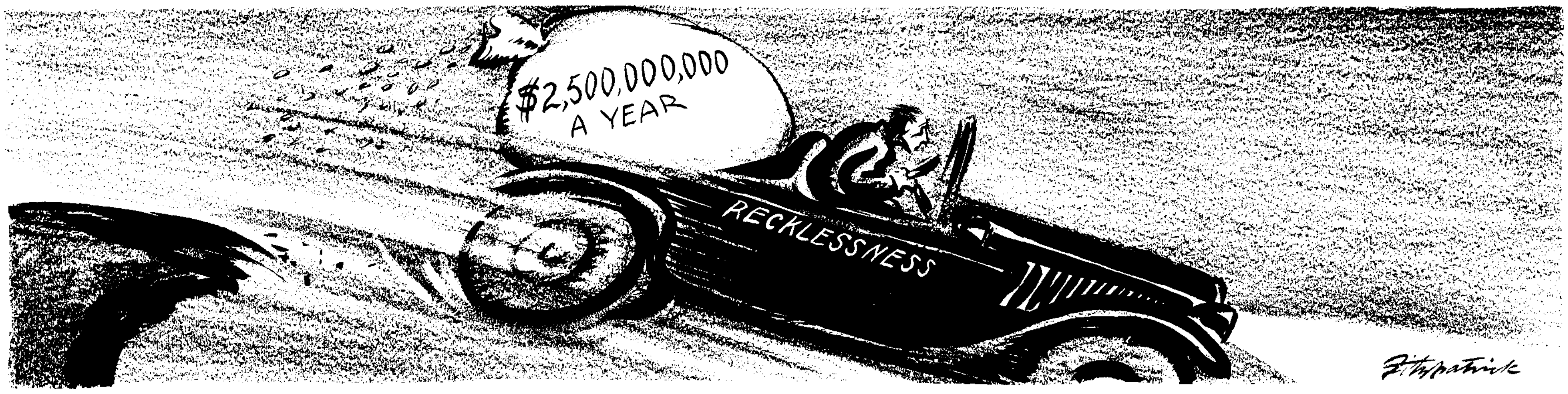


Taxing the Bootlegger

MR. WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO proposes that we tax the bootleggers. Bootleggers, he says, earn a billion dollars a year. Tax them 100 per cent. There's a neat billion.

The idea is gaining popularity here and there. Men are beginning to envy the only gentlemen in business who can read the accounts of rising taxes without annoyance. A New Jersey town, hunting for more budget food, proposed to tax speakeasies. One hundred and fifty "proprietors" descended on City Hall and protested. It seems that the speakeasies have been having a hard time.

"The old racket is not what it used to be," one of the protestants observed, according to the Associated Press. We should think it is not. One hundred and fifty speakeasies in one small town is really too many from the point of view of good business. Before prohibition abolished liquor that town probably had no more than twenty-five saloons interested in a liquor tax. Now there are one hundred and fifty. This is bad for the bootlegging business and makes it hard for them to pay taxes. But the same thing is true of many other lines. We have too many groceries, too many drug stores, too many banks, too many bootleggers. But they'll all be taxed this year—all but the bootleggers.

Seething Syllables

IN AMERICAN broadcasting chains they have a lingual test for announcers. It's this sentence: "The seething sea ceaseth, thus the seething sea sufficeth us." It explains why announcers are glib as a class if they can utter such an atrocity at first glance without mishap.

Perhaps it also explains why those who prescribe such a stupid test put so many other atrocities in announcers' mouths—those banal commercial credits that sound as offensive as edicts.

Liking censorship possibly less than most, we yet believe Mr. Couzens of Michigan and other ear-weary gentlemen in Congress *are* right when they demand more time for entertainment and less for exploitation over the air. The trouble with radio showmanship, or lack of it, is impatient sponsors and a too-patient public.

EVERY year from 1917 through 1931 deaths from automobile accidents have steadily increased. Last year 34,400 people were killed in automotive accidents. Nearly a million others, 997,600, were injured. Losses for a period of eighteen months ending December 31, 1931, exceeded even the American sacrifices of the World War.

The money cost, also, is prodigious. The Travelers Insurance Company reckons the annual loss at $2,500,000,000.

This is a staggering sum. It is larger than the entire cost of public education in the United States. It is far greater than the entire cost, exclusive of war debts, of the Federal government. Examination of the circumstances surrounding these accidents shows clearly that they were avoidable. Here are some of the salient facts:

More than 90 per cent of the motor vehicles involved in personal-injury accidents in 1931 were in good condition. More than 80 per cent of the accidents occurred in clear weather with dry roads. More than 90 per cent of the accidents involved drivers of more than one year's experience.

The most hazardous age for driving is under twenty.

Women apparently are safer drivers than men. One male driver out of every twenty-one licensed was involved in a personal-injury accident. Only one woman out of every eighty-six licensed was involved in an accident.

The outstanding fact is that automobiles are improperly operated. Exceeding the speed limit was the explanation of 67,080 accidents. Drivers on the wrong side of the road accounted for 62,560. Those who did not have the right of way accounted for the largest number, 119,330. Cutting in caused 33,540. Failing to signal accounted for 27,740. Driving off the roadway explained 60,630. Plain reckless driving added another 34,830.

Just one conclusion is possible. Heedless, reckless, inconsiderate driving is taking this tragic toll of life and treasure.

The remedy is not, however, to be found in drastic statutes and regulations limiting speed. That experiment has been tried and it proved an utter failure.

What is practicable is the insistence by law and by public opinion upon safe driving at all times and at all places.

The license to drive a car should be granted only after at least one examination and the license should be withdrawn if the driver is shown to be unsafe. Traffic must be more actively and more intelligently patrolled. The man or the woman who tends to drive in a way dangerous to pedestrians or other motorists should be denied a license.

Licenses must be taken from drunken drivers, incompetent drivers and reckless drivers.

Respect for the law and voluntary observation of the rules of safe driving are required. We shall be fortunate if motorists as a class organize for safety. Unless voluntary action is taken to reduce and eliminate accidents, the law will be invoked to impose its inflexible control.

Publicity

SOMEHOW we can't muster a shudder at the warning given us by Mr. Frank N. Sawyer, state adjutant of the American Legion in New Hampshire, against the presence of Miss Woolley in our delegation to the Geneva disarmament congress.

"So long as the American Legion exists," says Mr. Sawyer, "it will oppose with all its strength any attempt by long-haired men and short-haired women to reduce our defense. Miss Woolley is a publicity seeker who cannot understand that the very safeguard of our very life blood depends upon an adequate national defense."

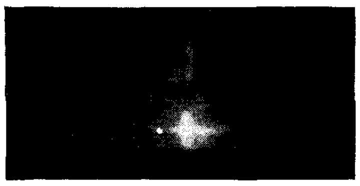
The reason we simply can't shudder is that the understanding Mr. Sawyer's ideals are as antiquated as his vocabulary.

The Worst Bank

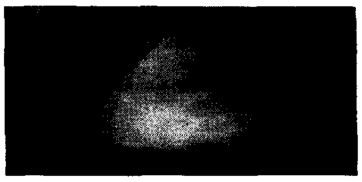
OUR idea of hard luck is the experience of the Owen sisters in Little Rock, Arkansas. They had $9,000 in a bank. The bank failed and thereafter they kept their remaining treasure—$7,520—in a tin box in their little grocery store. One night two burglars visited the store and took the tin box for a one-way ride. That sort of thing has happened before. Miss Julia McElroy had $350 in her town bank. One day it closed its beautiful bronze doors. After that the young lady put her money in the oldest of all banks—her silk stocking. A gentleman sitting opposite her in the trolley saw her little wad of $200 which had slipped down below her knee. When Miss McElroy got home she found in her pretty stocking nothing but her own well-formed limb.

Now for the sequel. The state bank examiner took over Miss McElroy's bank and she got back $300. The state also took over the clever gentleman who removed the money from her hose. But of that $200 she has, of course, recovered nothing. Nor is it recorded that the Owen sisters in Little Rock received back any part of the $7,520 taken out of their tin box. The bank is being administered and they may get back some of their losses there. Which leaves this fact standing out surely—that the worst of all banks is the one located in the sugar bowl, the mattress and the stocking—particularly the new mesh peek-a-boos.

Ethyl TRAINS *gasoline* to do its best



Through a quartz window in the cylinder head of a modern high compression motor, engineers took high-speed photographs of the actual combustion of motor fuels. The picture above shows the uneven, wasteful explosion of ordinary gasoline.



Now Ethyl Gasoline is in the same engine Note the *even* burning, the greater spread of power. Ethyl *controls* combustion ; delivers a smoothly increasing pressure to the piston —brings out the best performance of *any* car.

ONLY a dog that is trained for the task can high-jump. Only a gasoline that is controlled by Ethyl fluid can bring out the full power of the modern automobile engine.

Photographs at the left *prove* the need for Ethyl and show how it prevents uneven explosions that cause harmful knock, overheating and loss of power.

To take full advantage of the quality of Ethyl Gasoline, nearly every car manufacturer now offers high compression engines, as either standard or optional equipment. These engines require Ethyl to give you the superior performance for which they were designed.

The new improved Ethyl makes *any* car run at its best. Look for this emblem on the pump. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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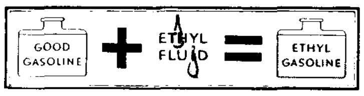
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Controls Combustion



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